MUSIC - UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
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SONGS OF THE NORTH

VOL. I.

(See page 33.)

786.1
N867

SONGS OF THE NORTH.

GATHERED TOGETHER FROM

THE HIGHLANDS AND LOWLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

THE ROYAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC TORONTO
MUSICAL Library

Edited by

A. C. MACLEOD AND HAROLD BOULTON.

The Airs by

ARRANGED BY

MALCOLM LAWSON.

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LONDON:

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SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO. LIMITED.

NEW YORK: EDWARD SCHUBERTH & CO.

AGENTS FOR SCOTLAND.

(See page 33)

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Dedicated

by

Gracious Permission

to

HER MAJESTY

The Queen.

SONGS OF THE NORTH.

(PREFACE.)

THE chief object that the editors of this volume have had in view has been to gather together in an agreeable and singable form a collection of Scottish and Highland Songs, not familiar for the most part to the many enthusiastic admirers of the minstrelsy of Scotland. They have also been fortunate enough to secure pictures by many leading artists, illustrating the subject matter of the lyrics.

That there should be any unity of time, place, or motive in the selection thus made the very nature of the subject precludes. Songs greatly dissimilar in character and in point of antiquity, and hailing from widely different localities, are here found side by side, because, out of an almost inexhaustible wealth of material, they were considered most worthy to be known to the many as they have hitherto been to the few. A certain proportion of the songs, notably some of the Highland ones, are here written down, it is believed, for the first time, and their presence is due to the good fortune of one or other of the editors in meeting with them among friends in different parts of Scotland. It will be seen that in some cases words in the Lowland Scottish language that either had no tunes or tunes unworthy of them, have been set to old Highland melodies, a proceeding which, though it might possibly be objected to by purists, has been generally acknowledged as admissible since Burns set the example. In a few instances new words have been written for melodies whose words have been lost, and in two or three songs only the melodies themselves are new.

In arranging the music for vocal purposes, care has been taken that it shall come within the compass of other than the phenomenal voices most compilers of Scottish national song-books seem to have had in view. It has often been complained that few musicians can sing Scottish Ballads well, and there is a strong presumption that this is not so much due, as is usually supposed, to the difficulties which the idiom of the language and the peculiar genius of the music present to strangers, as to the fact that the keys have often been injudiciously chosen, and that too much has been left to the discretion of the singer, who was furnished with *ad libitum* arrangements which only a few performers possess the instinct to deal with properly. Accordingly, in the present instance, the time and mode have been distinctly marked, so that everyone can sing and play the music exactly as it is written

A little thought will at once show that in setting for the pianoforte airs which were originally intended for the harp, the violin, or the pipes, it is impossible to reproduce exactly the genius of the older instrument in dealing with the one most available to the modern musician ; but care has been taken that as near an approach should be made to the original harmonies as the nature of the pianoforte will admit without making the music totally unsuited to the latter instrument.

As regards the literary side of the work, there are such abundant sources to which the curious may apply for information about the poetry and music of Scotland that it has been thought out of place to hamper this volume with copious explanatory notes. Where possible the name of the author has been added both to words and music, but notes have been limited to those which were in any particular case absolutely necessary to explain the subject and motive of the song.

Besides being printed underneath the musical notation, the words have been given upon a separate page, because in many instances it seemed a pity not to give in its entirety a fine old ballad as such, while a shorter edition of the same was more suitable for singing. The threefold nature of the book has thus been preserved, and melody, poem, and picture are presented in a form that does full justice to each individual art.

Among many kind friends who have given the assistance of their literary talent, a debt of gratitude is owing to my dear friend, the late Principal Shairp, of St. Andrew's, for the words of two songs, "The Bush aboon Traquair," and "Culloden Muir," in the former of which he has so aptly enshrined the subtle charm of the Borderland, and in the latter rendered so truthfully the deep passionate spirit of the Highlands. Professor Blackie's

translations from the Gaelic speak for themselves, and the Rev. A. Stewart, LL.D., "Nether Lochaber," has not only freely given the fruits of his genius in the same field, but has been the means of obtaining several Highland songs that have not before appeared in print.

Words reprinted from other editions are acknowledged with thanks in their proper place.

Finally, if by the publication of "Songs of the North" even a few fresh favourites are added to the already rich treasure house of Scotland's songs, the pleasant task of the editors will be amply rewarded.

H. B.

PREFACE

TO THE

SECOND EDITION

OF

SONGS OF THE NORTH.

THE great favour with which this collection of Scotch songs has been received, and the rapid sale of the whole of the first impression, have encouraged the compilers to issue a second edition, from which, with the exception of Mr. Sandys' beautiful illustration of "Proud Maisie," retained as a frontispiece, the pictures are omitted. It has thus become possible to produce the Songs at a price that will place the work within the reach of a far greater number of the public than an *édition de luxe* like the first could hope to touch. If the present issue meets with anything like the same measure of success that attended their former venture, the editors will have good reason to be satisfied.

H. B.

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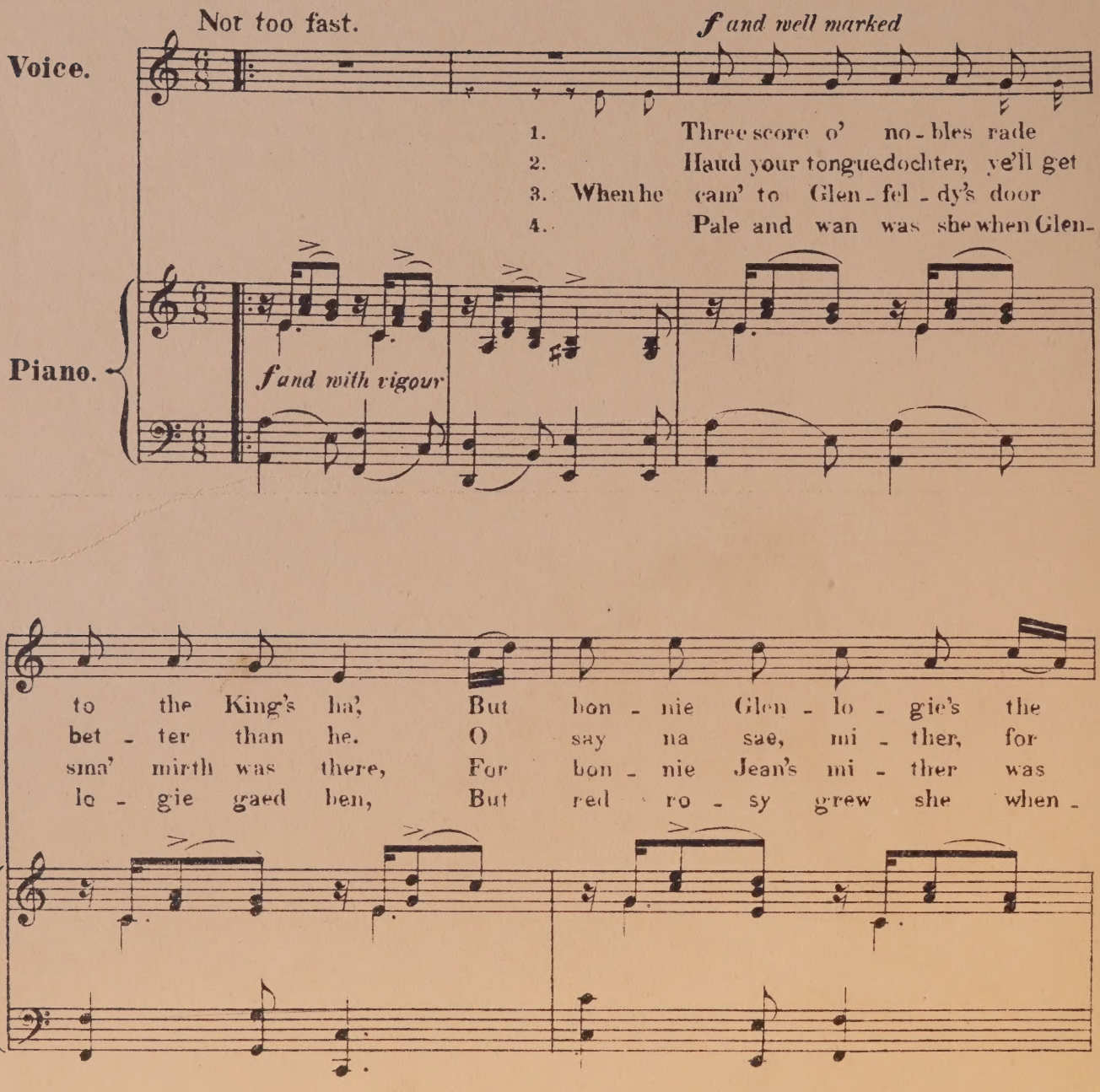
THE "Songs of the North" are published in separate form by Messrs. J. B. Cramer & Co. Ltd: 139, New Bond St., London, W. and may be had of all music sellers.

Glenlogie.

I.

'GLENLOGIE.

Old Scottish Ballad.

Arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Not too fast.
f and well marked
Voice.
1. Three score o' no - bles rade
2. Haud your tongue dochter, ye'll get
3. When he cam' to Glen - fel - dy's door
4. Pale and wan was she when Glen -
Piano.
f and with vigour
to the King's ha', But bon - nie Glen - lo - gie's the
bet - ter than he. O say na sae, mi - ther, for
sma' mirth was there, For bon - nie Jean's mi - ther was
lo - gie gaed ben, But red ro - sy grew she when -

*Melody taken from Maver's Collection of Genuine Scottish Melodies, by permission of the publisher Robert Maver, Glasgow.

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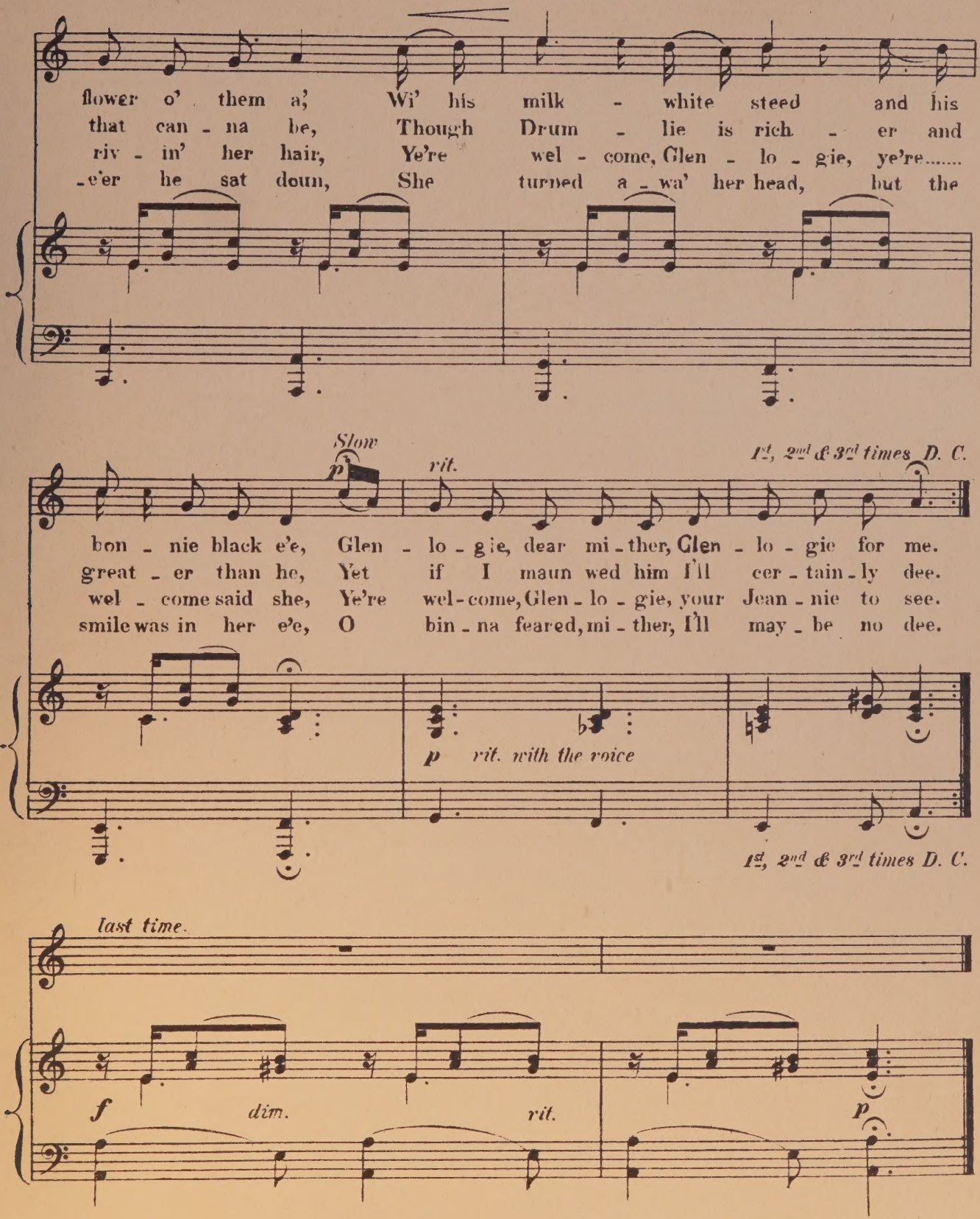

flower o' them a', Wi' his milk - white steed and his
that can - na be, Though Drum - lie is rich - er and
riv - in' her hair, Ye're wel - come, Glen - lo - gie, ye're.....
-e'er he sat doun, She turned a - wa' her head, but the
Slow
p
rit.
1st, 2nd & 3rd times D. C.
bon - nie black e'e, Glen - lo - gie, dear mi - ther, Glen - lo - gie for me.
great - er than he, Yet if I maun wed him I'll cer - tain - ly dee.
wel - come said she, Ye're wel - come, Glen - lo - gie, your Jean - nie to see.
smile was in her e'e, O bin - na feared, mi - ther, I'll may - be no dee.
p rit. with the voice
1st, 2nd & 3rd times D. C.
last time.
f
dim.
rit.
p

GLENLOGIE.

THREESCORE o' nobles rade to the King's ha',
But bonnie Glenlogie's the flower o' them a',
Wi' his milk-white steed, and his bonnie black e'e,
"Glenlogie, dear mither, Glenlogie for me."

"O haud your tongue, dochter, ye'll get better than he.'
"O say na sae, mither, for that canna be.
Though Drumlie is richer and greater than he,
Yet if I maun wed him I'll certainly dee."

"Where will I get a bonnie boy to win hose and shoon,
Will gae to Glenlogie and come again soon?"
"O here am I, a bonnie boy, to win hose and shoon,
Will gae to Glenlogie and come again soon."

When he gaed to Glenlogie 'twas "Wash and go dine,"
'Twas "Wash ye my pretty boy, wash and go dine."
"O 'twas ne'er my father's fashion and it ne'er shall be mine
To gar a lady's errand wait till I dine;

But there is, Glenlogie, a letter for thee."
The first line he read a low smile gi'ed he,
The neist line he read the tear blindit his e'e,
But the last line he read he gart the table flee.

"Gae saddle the black horse, gae saddle the brown,
Gae saddle the swiftest steed e'er rade frae toun."
But lang ere the horse was brocht round to the green,
O bonnie Glenlogie was twa mile his lane.

When he cam' to Glenfeldy's door sma' mirth was there,
Bonnie Jean's mither was rivin' her hair.
"Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, ye're welcome," said she,
"Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, your Jeanie to see."

Pale and wan was she when Glenlogie gaed ben,
But red rosy grew she whene'er he sat doun;
She turned awa' her head, but the smile was in her e'e,
"O binna feared, mither, I'll maybe no dee."

Old Scottish Ballad

Joy of my Heart.

('STU MO RUN)

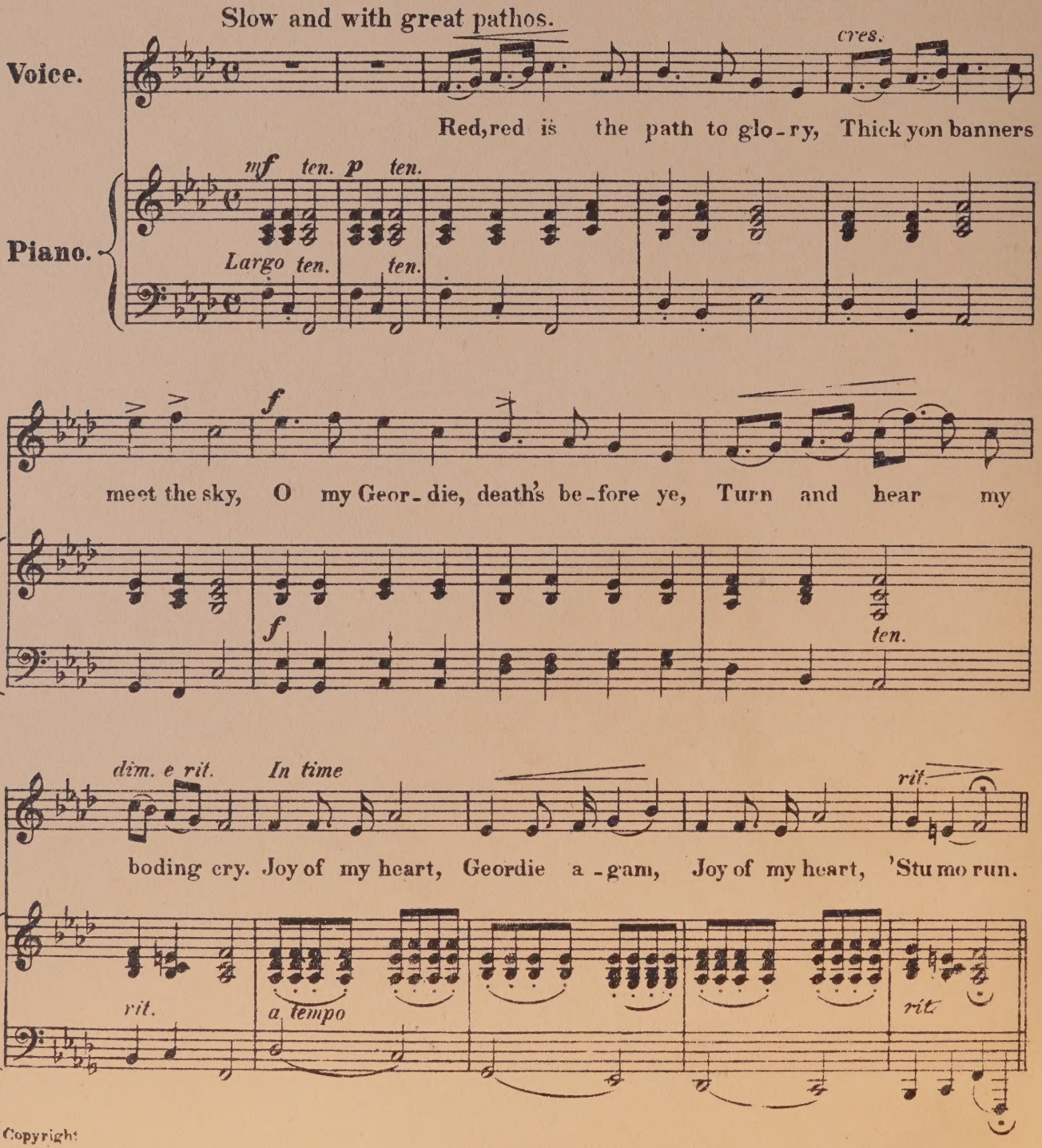
II.

JOY OF MY HEART.

('STU MO RUN.)

Words by
Dr Robert Couper of Fochabers.

Old Highland Melody arranged by
Malcolm Lawson.



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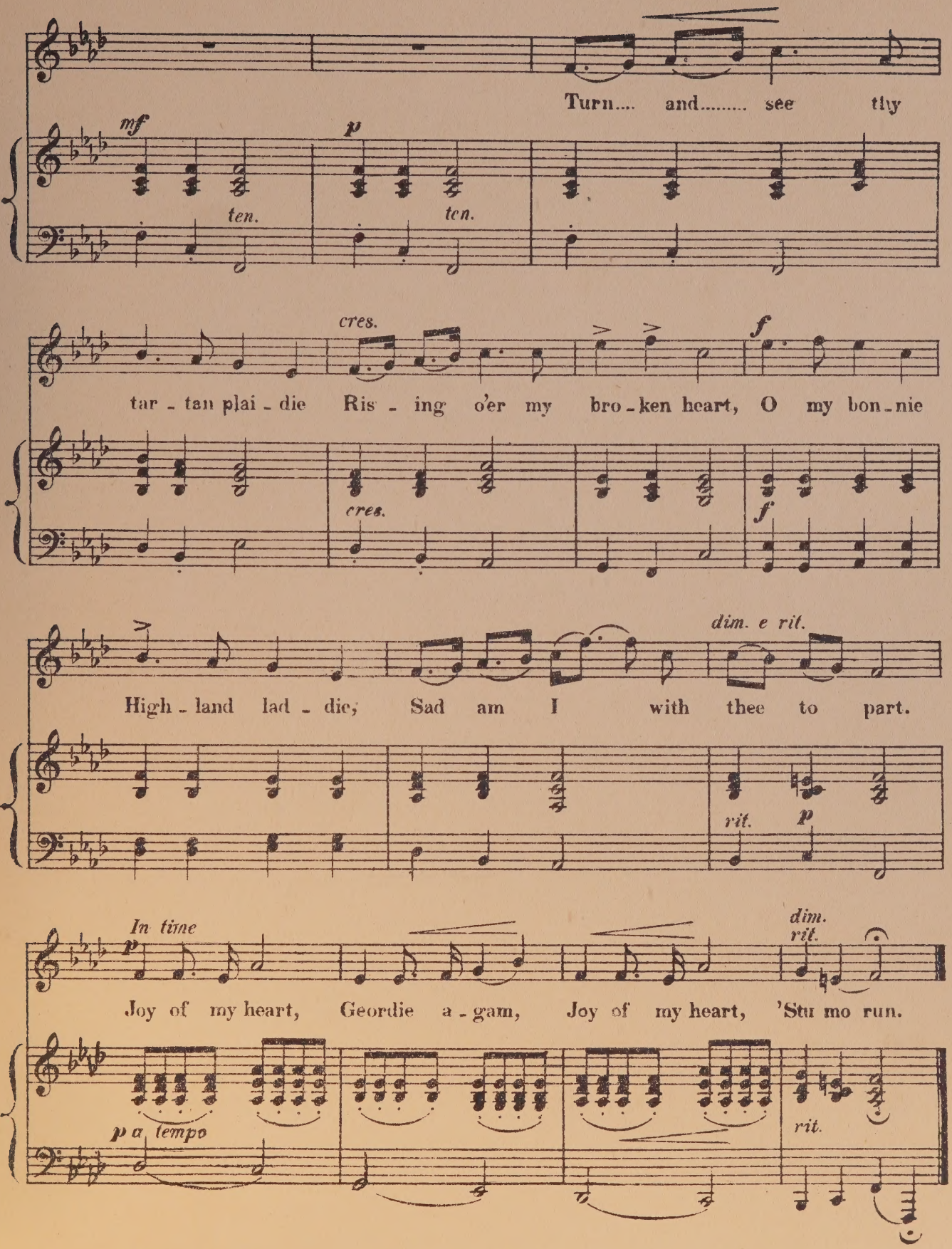

Turn.... and..... see thy
mf
p
ten.
ten.
cres.
tar - tan plai - die Ris - ing o'er my bro - ken heart, O my bon - nie
f
cres.
f
dim. e rit.
High - land lad - die; Sad am I with thee to part.
rit.
p
In time
p
dim.
rit.
Joy of my heart, Geordie a - gam, Joy of my heart, 'Stu mo run.
p a tempo
rit.

JOY OF MY HEART.

('STU MO RUN.)

RED, red is the path to glory,
Thick yon banners meet the sky,
O my Geordie, death's before ye,
Turn and hear my boding cry.
Joy of my heart, Geordie agam,
Joy of my heart, 'stu mo run.

Turn and see thy tartan plaidie
Rising o'er my broken heart,
O my bonnie Highland laddie
Sad am I with thee to part.
Joy of my heart, Geordie agam,
Joy of my heart, 'stu mo run.

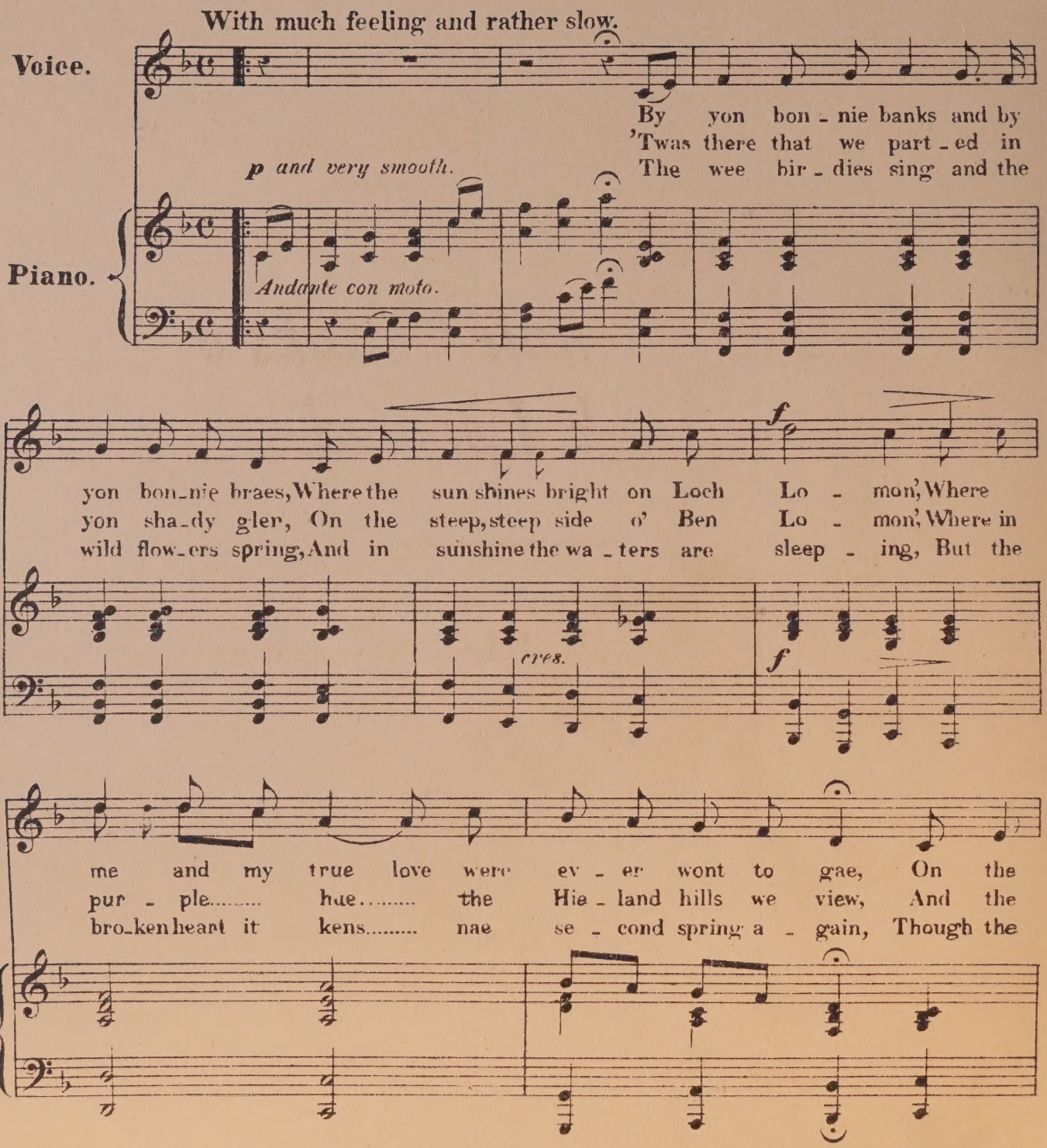
DR. ROBERT COUPER,
of Fochabers, 1799.

The Bonnie Banks o Loch Lomond.

III.

LOCH LOMOND.

Old Scottish Song.

Traditional Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

With much feeling and rather slow.
Voice.
By yon bon - nie banks and by
'Twas there that we part - ed in
The wee bir - dies sing and the
p and very smooth.
Piano.
Andante con moto.
yon bon-nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mon', Where
yon sha-dy gler, On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lo - mon', Where in
wild flow-ers spring, And in sunshine the wa - ters are sleep - ing, But the
cres.
f
me and my true love were ev - er wont to gae, On the
pur - ple..... hue..... the Hie - land hills we view, And the
bro-ken heart it kens..... nae se - cond spring a - gain, Though the

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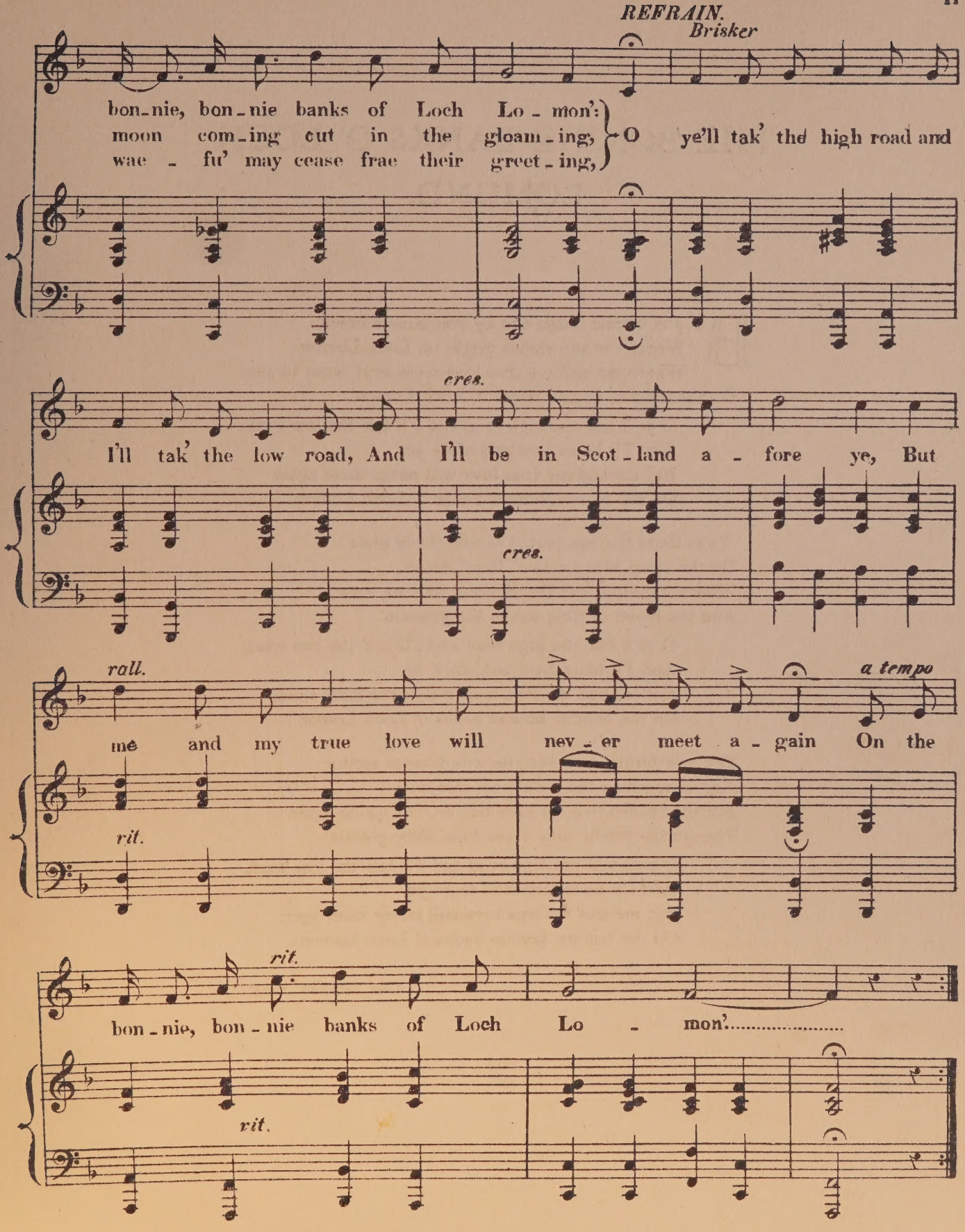

REFRAIN.
Brisker
bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo-mon':
moon com-ing out in the gloam-ing,
wae-fu' may cease frae their greet-ing,
O ye'll tak' the high road and
cres.
I'll tak' the low road, And I'll be in Scot-land a-fore ye, But
cres.
roll.
a tempo
me and my true love will nev-er meet a-gain On the
rit.
rit.
bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo-mon'.....
rit.

THE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMOND.

BY yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomon',
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

O ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomon',
Where in purple hue the Hieland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloamin'.

O ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleepin';
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again
Though the waefu' may cease from their greetin'.

O ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

Old Scottish Song.

O can ye sew Cushions?

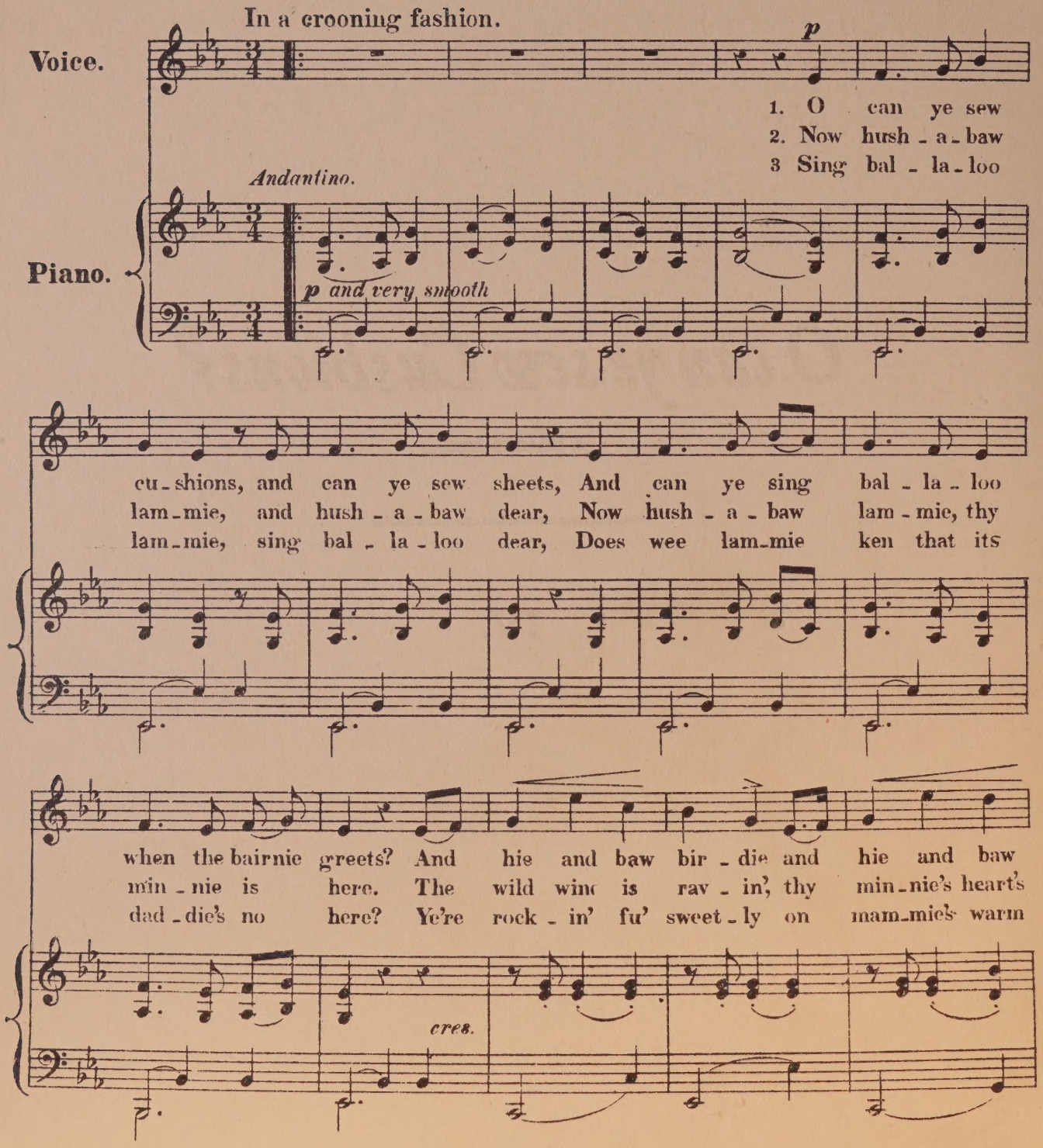
(A CRADLE SONG.)

IV.

O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS.

(CRADLE SONG.)

Old Scottish Song.

Traditional Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

In a crooning fashion.
Voice.
p
1. O can ye sew
2. Now hush - a - baw
3 Sing bal - la - loo
Andantino.
Piano.
p and very smooth
cu - shions, and can ye sew sheets, And can ye sing bal - la - loo
lam - mie, and hush - a - baw dear, Now hush - a - baw lam - mie, thy
lam - mie, sing bal - la - loo dear, Does wee lam - mie ken that its
when the bairnie greets? And hie and baw bir - die and hie and baw
min - nie is here. The wild wind is rav - in', thy min - nie's heart's
dad - die's no here? Ye're rock - in' fu' sweet - ly on mam - mie's warm
cres.

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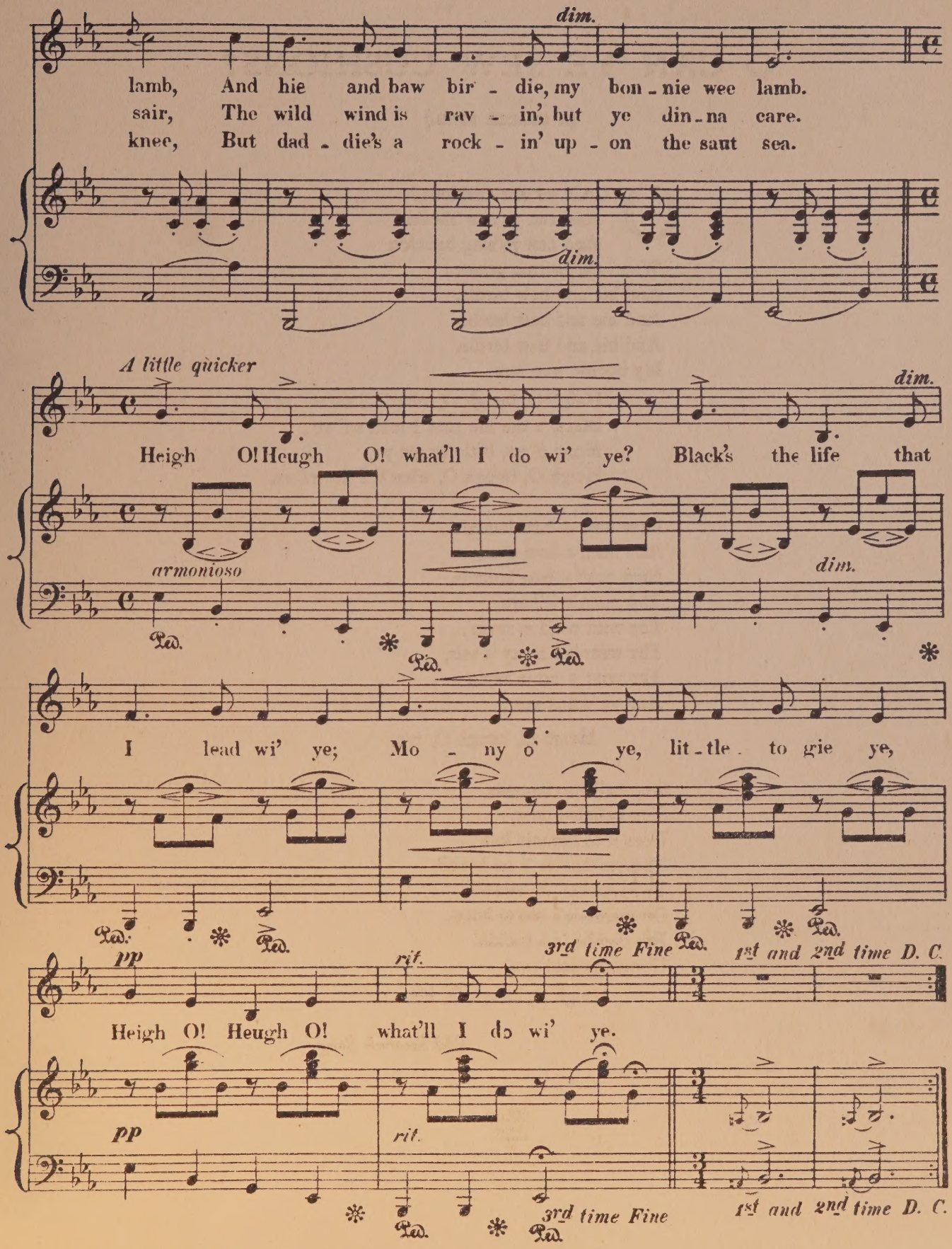

dim.
lamb, And hie and baw bir - die, my bon - nie wee lamb.
sair, The wild wind is rav - in', but ye din - na care.
knee, But dad - die's a rock - in' up - on the saut sea.
dim.
A little quicker
dim.
Heigh O! Heugh O! what'll I do wi' ye? Black's the life that
armonioso
dim.
Ped.
I lead wi' ye; Mo - ny o' ye, lit - tle to gie ye,
pp
rit.
3rd time Fine
1st and 2nd time D. C.
Heigh O! Heugh O! what'll I do wi' ye.
pp
rit.
3rd time Fine
1st and 2nd time D. C.

O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS?

(A CRADLE SONG.)

O CAN ye sew cushions?
And can ye sew sheets?
And can ye sing ballaloo
When the bairnie greets?
And hie and baw birdie,
And hie and baw lamb,
And hie and baw birdie,
My bonnie wee lam

Heigh O, heugh O, what'll I do wi' ye?
Black 's the life that I lead wi' ye;
Mony o' ye, little to gie ye,
Heigh O, heugh O, what'll I do wi' ve.

Now hush-a-baw lammie,
And hush-a-baw dear,
Now hush-a-baw lammie,
Thy minnie is here.
The wild wind is ravin',
Thy minnie's heart 's sair,
The wild wind is ravin'
And ye dinna care.

Heigh O, heugh O, &c.

Sing ballaloo lammie,
Sing ballaloo dear,
Does wee lammie ken
That its daddie 's no here?
Ye're rockin' fu' sweetly
On mammie's warm knee,
But daddie 's a rockin'
Upon the saut sea.

Heigh O, heugh O, &c.

Old Scottish Song

Skye Boat Song.

(JACOBITE.)

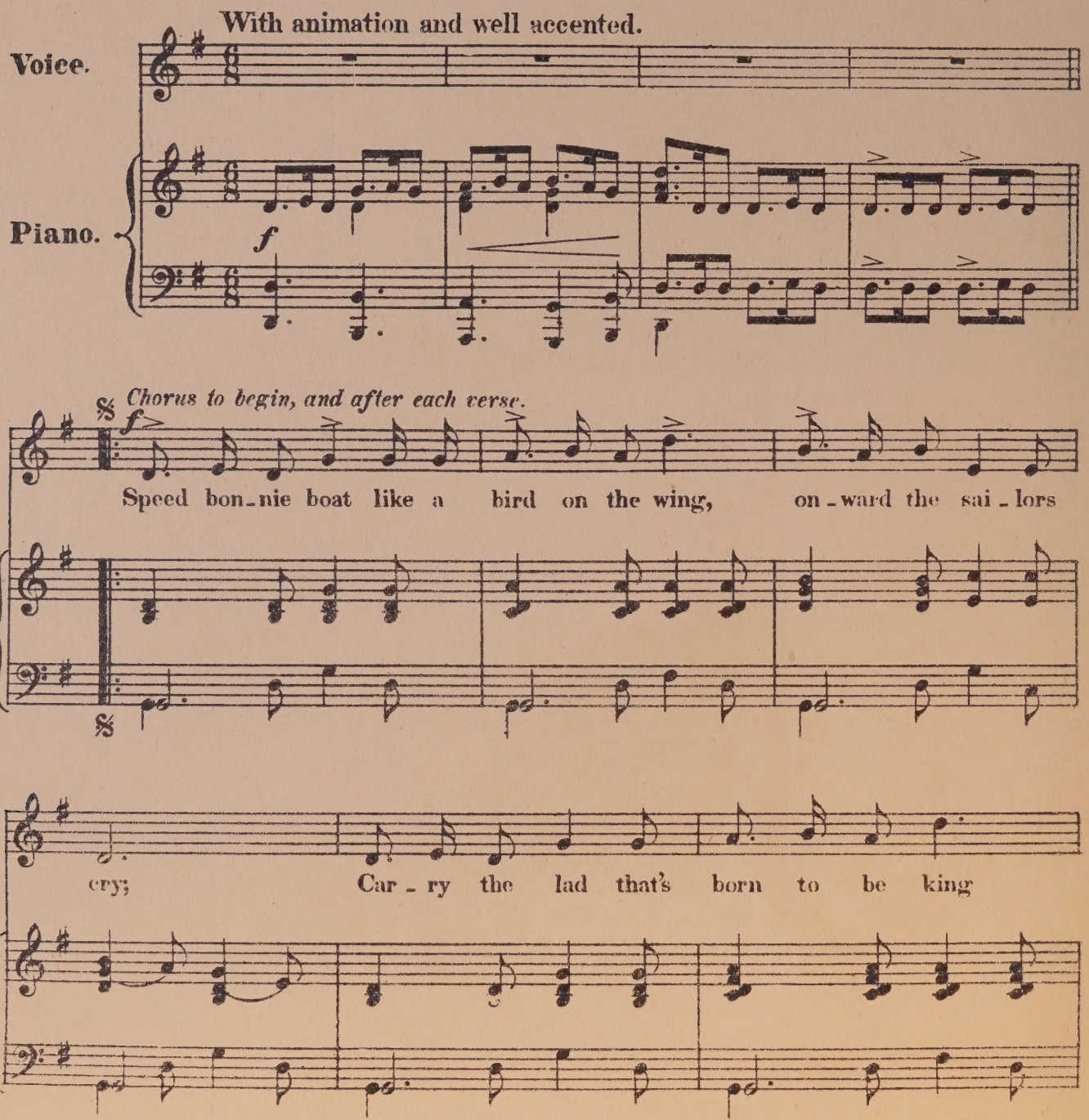
V.

SKYE BOAT SONG.

*)(JACOBITE.)

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Four bars taken down from Hebridean boatmen
four bars added by A.C. Macleod.
MALCOLM LAWSON.


With animation and well accented.
Voice.
Piano.
f
Chorus to begin, and after each verse.
f
Speed bon-nie boat like a bird on the wing, on-ward the sai-lors
cry; Car-ry the lad that's born to be king

*) This song illustrates an episode in the wanderings of Prince Charlie in the winter of 1745-6, when he made his escape from the net his enemies had spread for him, by putting out to sea with Flora Macdonald and a few devoted Highland boatmen in a rising storm, an example which his pursuers, though well provided with boats, did not venture to imitate.

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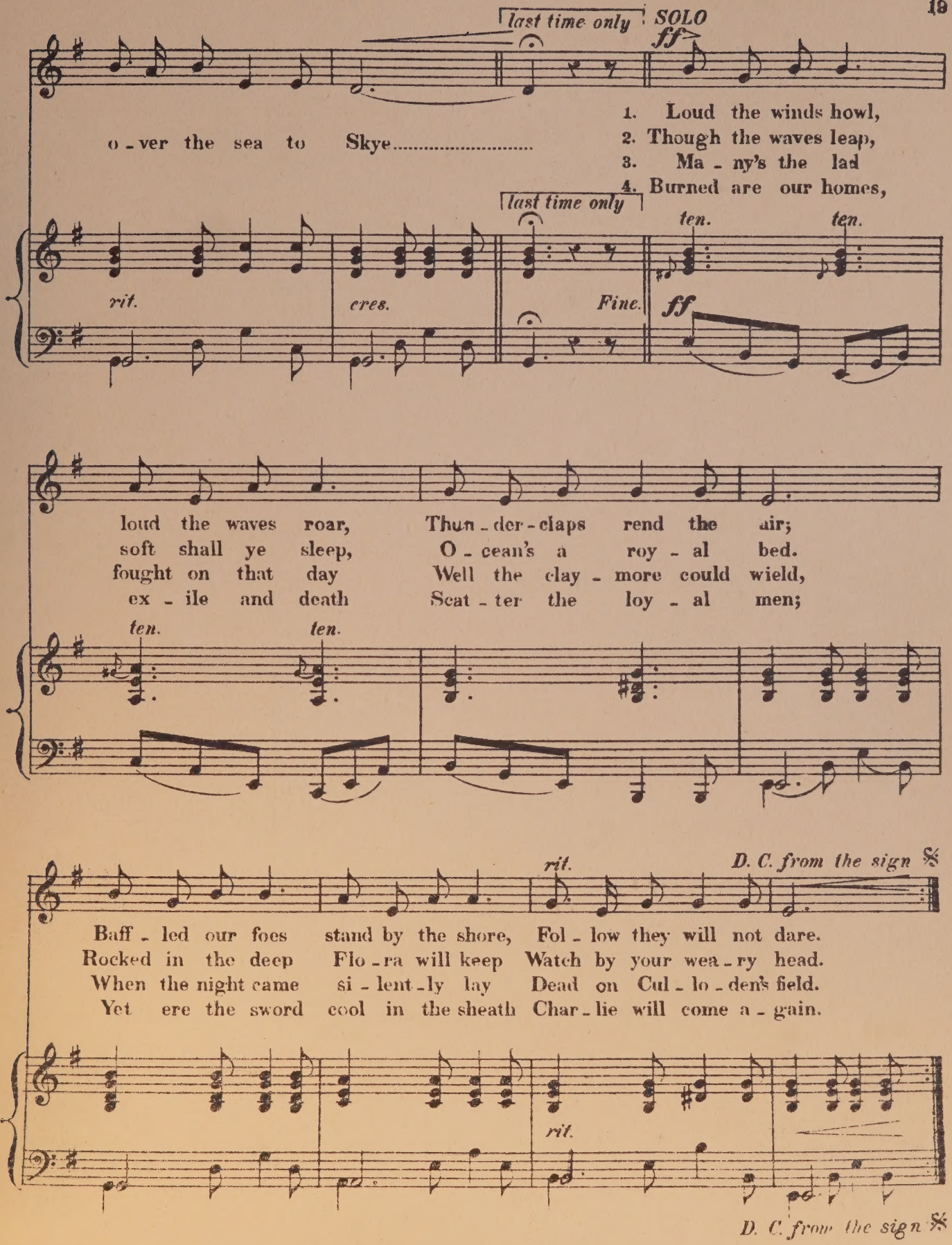

last time only
SOLO
ff
o - ver the sea to Skye.....
1. Loud the winds howl,
2. Though the waves leap,
3. Ma - ny's the lad
4. Burned are our homes,
last time only
ten.
ten.
rit.
cres.
Fine.
ff
loud the waves roar, Thun - der - claps rend the air;
soft shall ye sleep, O - cean's a roy - al bed.
fought on that day Well the clay - more could wield,
ex - ile and death Scat - ter the loy - al men;
ten.
ten.
rit.
D. C. from the sign 𝄋
Baff - led our foes stand by the shore, Fol - low they will not dare.
Rocked in the deep Flo - ra will keep Watch by your wea - ry head.
When the night came si - lent - ly lay Dead on Cul - lo - den's field.
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath Char - lie will come a - gain.
rit.
D. C. from the sign 𝄋

SKYE BOAT SONG.

Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing,
"Onward" the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye.

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
Thunderclaps rend the air;
Baffled our foes stand by the shore,
Follow they will not dare.
Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing
"Onward" the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye.

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,
Ocean's a royal bed.
Rocked in the deep Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head.
Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing
"Onward" the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye.

Many's the lad fought on that day
Well the claymore could wield
When the night came silently lay
Dead on Culloden's field
Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing,
"Onward" the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye.

Burned are our homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men;
Yet, ere the sword cool in the sheath,
Charlie will come again.
Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing,
"Onward" the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye.

Harold Boulton.

IORRAM SGITHEANACH.

Siubhail, a bhìrlinn, mar eun air an sgéith,
"Siuthad," a dh'éibh na seòid;
Giulain an laoch bu chòir bhi 'na rìgh
Thairis gu Tìr a' Cheò.

Séideadh gaoth chruaidh, beucadh na stuaidh'
Tàirneach a' sguabadh neòil;
Nàmhaid fo ghruaim 'sealltuinn thar chuan,
Gealtach thug suas an tòir.
Siubhail, a bhìrlinn, mar eun air an sgéith,
"Siuthad," a dh'éibh na seòid;
Giulain an laoch bu chòir bhi 'na rìgh
Thairis gu Tìr a' Cheò.

Sèimh tha do shuain dh'aindeoin guth stuadh
'S rìoghail do chluan fo shèol;
Ainnir nam buadh tàrladh a luaidh,
Faire do chuailein òir.
Siubhail, a bhìrlinn, mar eun air an sgéith
"Siuthad," a dh'éibh na seòid;
Giulain an laoch bu chòir bhi 'na rìgh
Thairis gu Tìr a' Cheò.

'S ioma fear treun chaidh anns an streup
Claidheamh air ghleus gu lèon;
Fhuaradh a chré aig ciaradh gréin,'
Sìnt air Cuil-lodair reòt.
Siubhail, a bhìrlinn, mar eun air an sgéith
"Siuthad," a dh'éibh na seòid;
Giulain an laoch bu chòir bhi 'na rìgh
Thairis gu Tìr a' Cheò.

Dachaidhean fàs, faondradh is bàs,
Sgaoilte na sàir bu teòm';
Mum fuaraich lann 's an truaill ach gann
Tillidh ruinn Tearlach Og.
Siubhail, a bhìrlinn, mar eun air an sgéith
"Siuthad," a dh'éibh na seòid;
Giulain an laoch bu chòir bhi 'na rìgh
Thairis gu Tìr a' Cheò.

Gaelic Translation by
NEIL SHAW.
(only authorised translation)

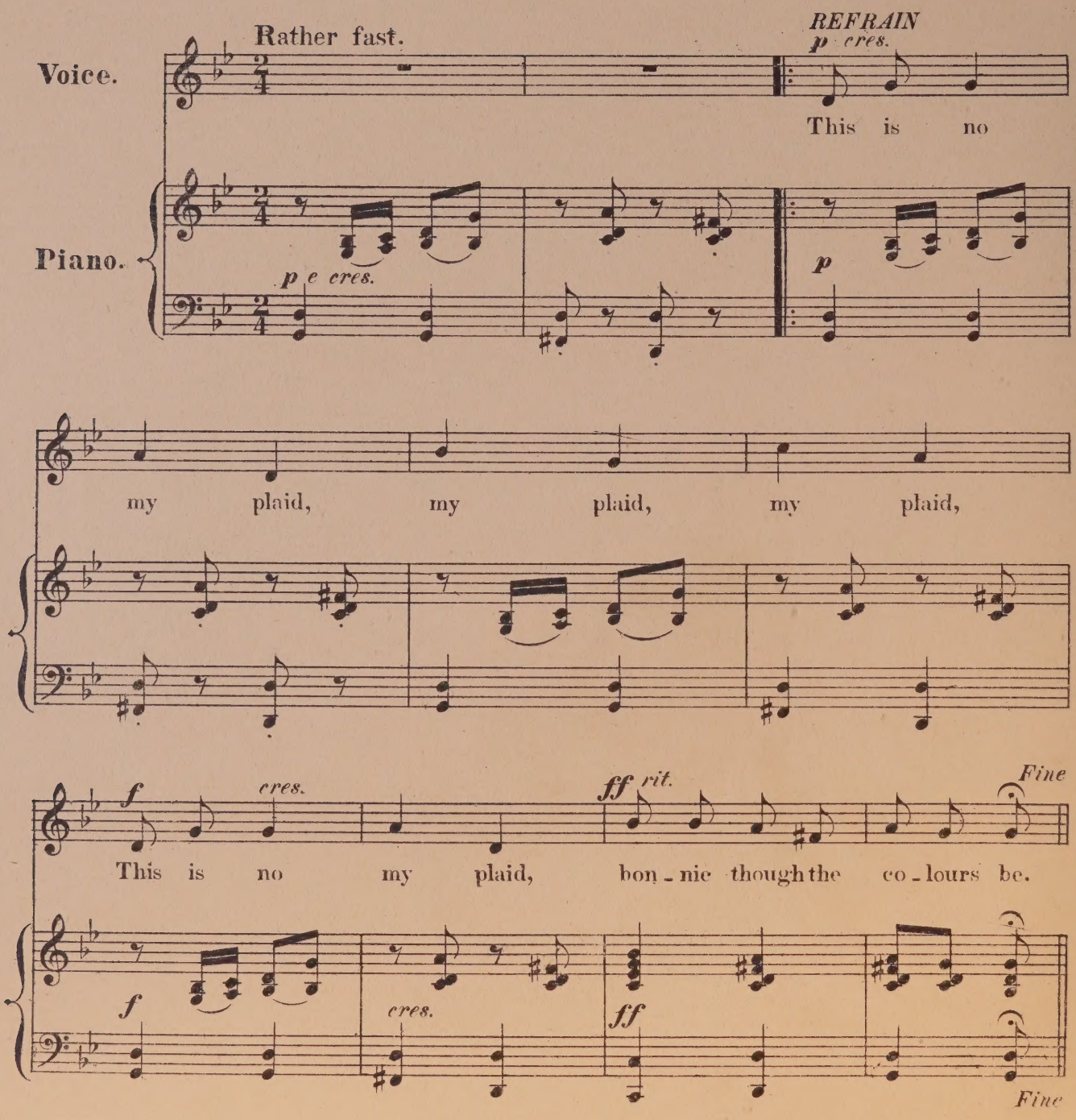
This is no my Plaid.

VI.

THIS IS NO MY PLAID.

Words by
W. Haley.

Traditional Air arranged by
Malcolm Lawson.



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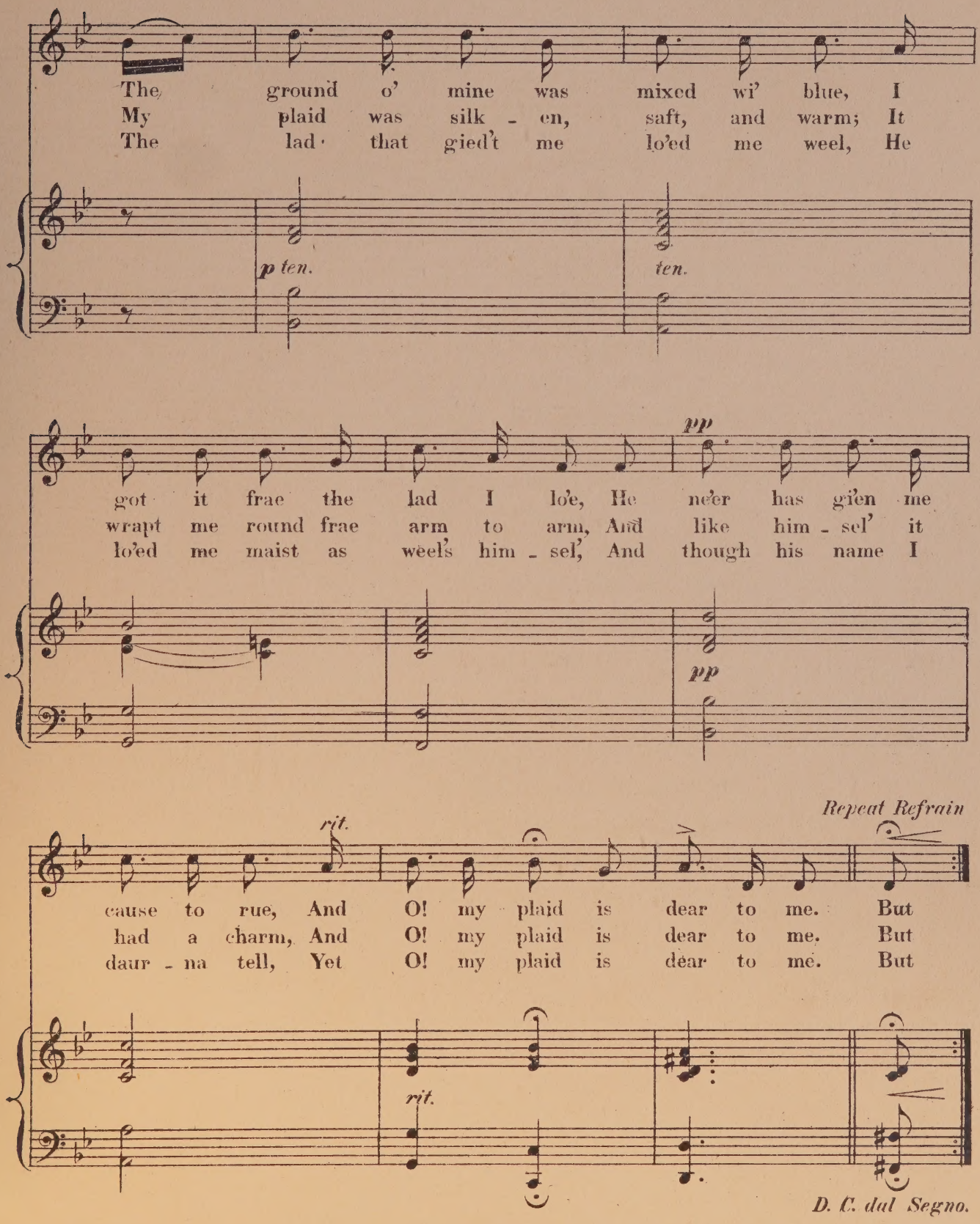

The ground o' mine was mixed wi' blue, I
My plaid was silk - en, saft, and warm; It
The lad that gied't me lo'ed me weel, He
p ten.
ten.
got it frae the lad I lo'e, He ne'er has gi'en me
wrapt me round frae arm to arm, And like him - sel' it
lo'ed me maist as weel's him - sel', And though his name I
pp
pp
Repeat Refrain
rit.
cause to rue, And O! my plaid is dear to me. But
had a charm, And O! my plaid is dear to me. But
daur - na tell, Yet O! my plaid is dear to me. But
rit.
D. C. dal Segno.

THIS IS NO MY PLAID.

THIS is no my plaid, my plaid, my plaid,
This is no my plaid, bonnie though the colours be.
The ground 'o mine was mixed wi' blue,
I got it frae the lad I lo'e,
He ne'er has gie'n me cause to rue,
And O! my plaid is dear to me.
But this is no my plaid, my plaid, my plaid,
This is no my plaid, bonnie though the colours be.

My plaid was silken, saft and warm,
It wrapt me round frae arm to arm,
And like himsel' it had a charm,
And O! my plaid was dear to me.
But this is no my plaid, my plaid, my plaid,
This is no my plaid, bonnie though the colours be.

The lad that gied 't me lo'ed me weel,
He lo'ed me maist as weel 's himsel',
And though his name I daurna tell,
Yet o' my plaid is dear to me.
But this is no my plaid, my plaid, my plaid,
This is no my plaid, bonnie though the colours be.

W. HALEY

Helen of Kirkconnel.

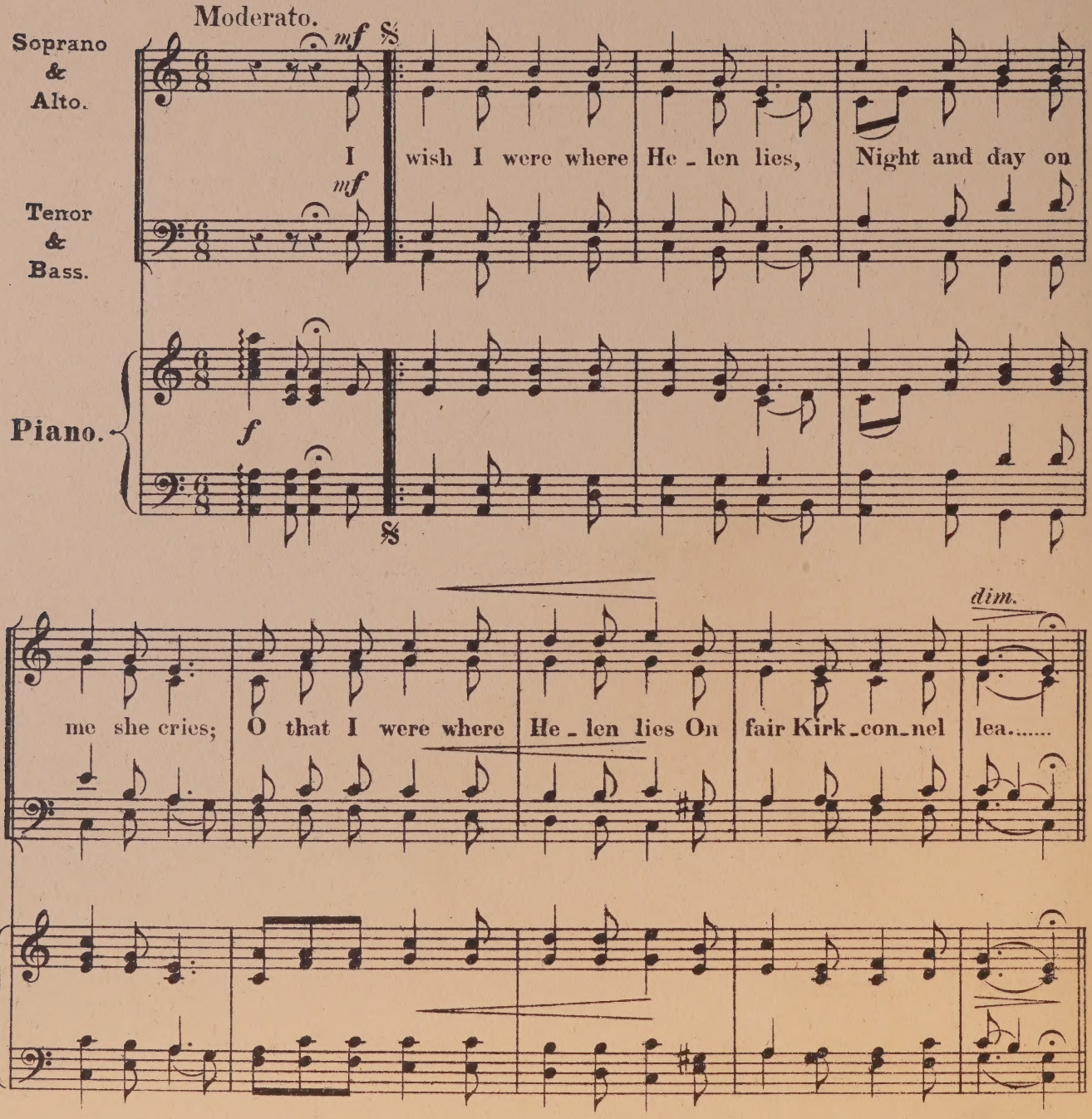
VII.

HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL.

Old Scottish Ballad.

Old Highland Melody arranged by
Malcolm Lawson.

Refrain sung first, and at the end of each verse.


Moderato.
Soprano & Alto.
Tenor & Bass.
Piano.
mf
f
I wish I were where He - len lies, Night and day on
me she cries; O that I were where He - len lies On fair Kirk - con - nel lea.....
dim.

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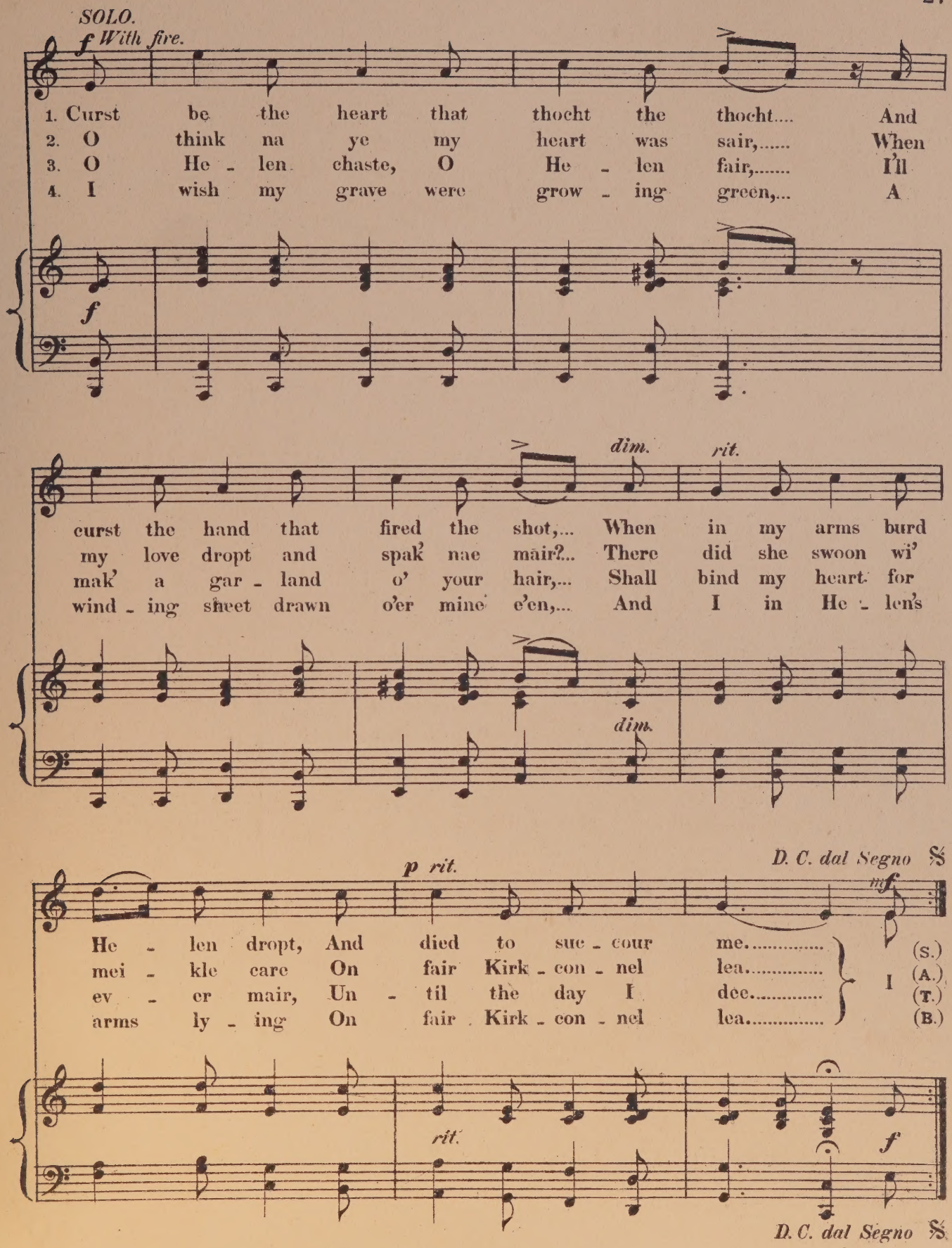

SOLO.
f With fire.
1. Curst be the heart that thocht the thocht.... And
2. O think na ye my heart was sair,..... When
3. O He - len chaste, O He - len fair,..... I'll
4. I wish my grave were grow - ing green,... A
f
curst the hand that fired the shot,... When in my arms burd
my love dropt and spak' nae mair?... There did she swoon wi'
mak' a gar - land o' your hair,... Shall bind my heart for
wind - ing sheet drawn o'er mine e'en,... And I in He - len's
dim.
rit.
dim.
D. C. dal Segno 𝄋
p rit.
mf
He - len dropt, And died to suc - cour me.....
mei - kle care On fair Kirk - con - nel lea.....
ev - er mair, Un - til the day I dee.....
arms ly - ing On fair Kirk - con - nel lea.....
I (S.) (A.) (T.) (B.)
rit.
f
D. C. dal Segno 𝄋

HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL.

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirkconnel lea!

Curst be the heart that thocht the thocht,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt
And died to succour me.

O think na ye my heart was sair
When my love dropt and spak' nae mair?
There did she swoon wi' meikle care
On fair Kirkconnel lea.

As I gaed down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide
On fair Kirkconnel lea,

I cross'd the stream, my sword did draw
I hack'd him into pieces sma,
I hack'd him into pieces sma'
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen chaste, O Helen fair,
I'll mak' a garland o' your hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I dee.

Would that my grave were growing green,
A winding sheet drawn o'er my e'en,
And I in Helen's arms lyin'
On fair Kirkconnel lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries,
And I am weary of the skies
Since Helen died for me.

Old Scottish Ballad

Willie 's gane to Melville Castle.

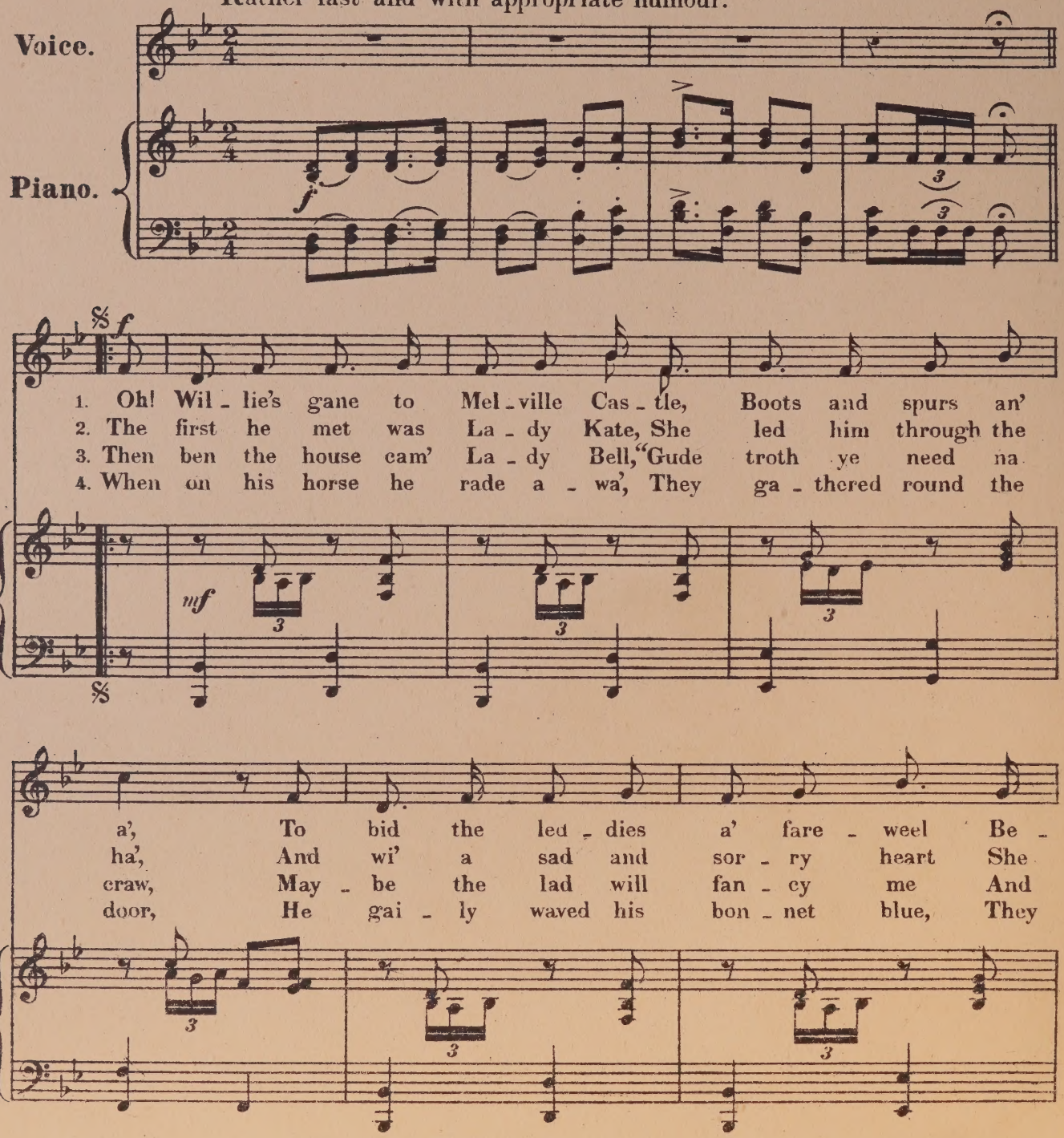
VIII.

WILLIE'S GANE TO MELVILLE CASTLE.

Old Scottish Song.

Scottish Air arranged by
Malcolm Lawson.

Rather fast and with appropriate humour.


Voice.
Piano.
f
1. Oh! Wil - lie's gane to Mel - ville Cas - tle, Boots and spurs an'
2. The first he met was La - dy Kate, She led him through the
3. Then ben the house cam' La - dy Bell, "Gude troth ye need na
4. When on his horse he rade a - wa', They ga - thered round the
mf
a', To bid the led - dies a' fare - weel Be -
ha', And wi' a sad and sor - ry heart She
craw, May - be the lad will fan - cy me And
door, He gai - ly waved his bon - net blue, They

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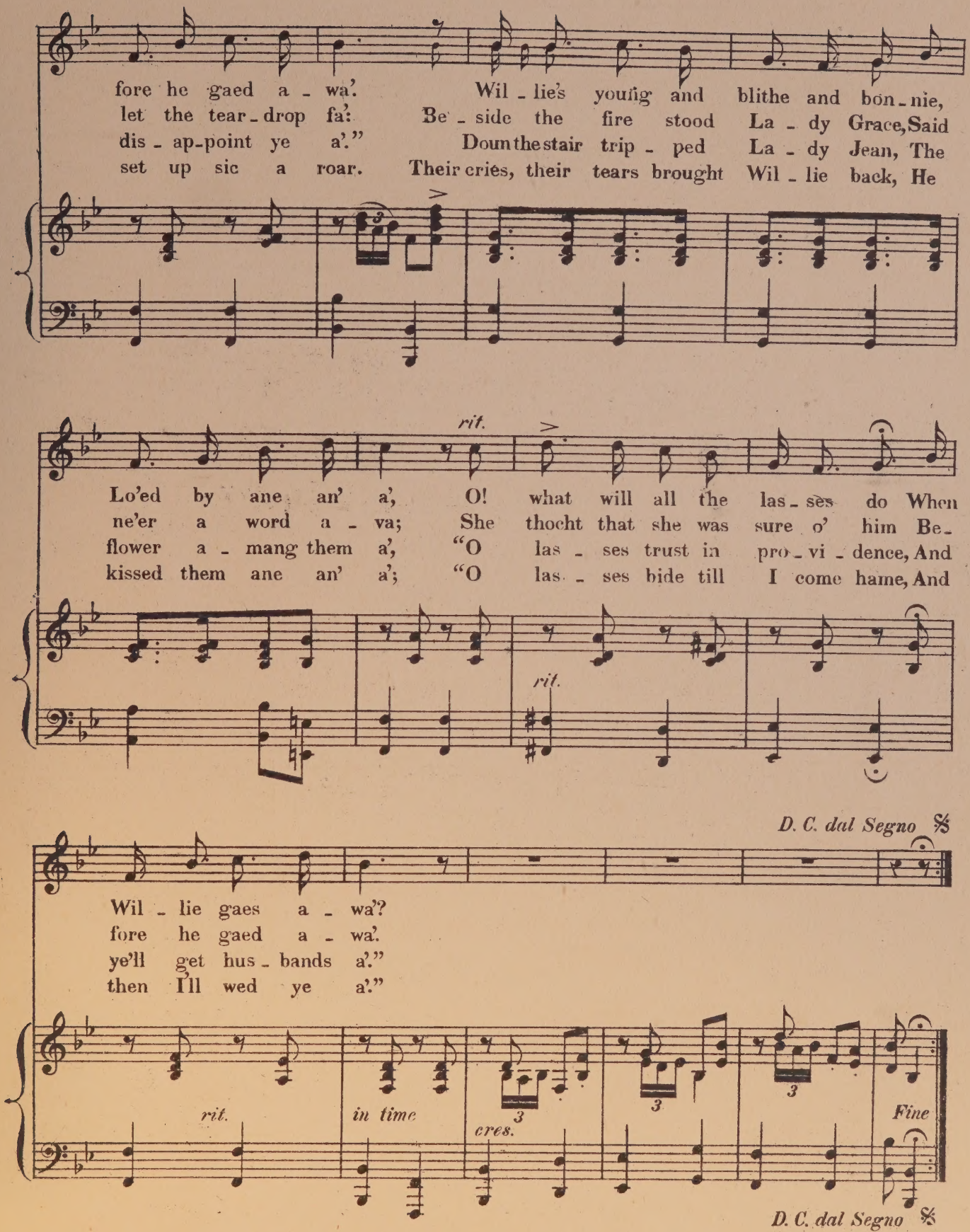

fore he gaed a - wa'. Wil - lie's young and blithe and bon - nie,
let the tear - drop fa': Be - side the fire stood La - dy Grace, Said
dis - ap - point ye a'." Down the stair trip - ped La - dy Jean, The
set up sic a roar. Their cries, their tears brought Wil - lie back, He
rit.
Lo'ed by ane an' a', O! what will all the las - ses do When
ne'er a word a - va; She thocht that she was sure o' him Be -
flower a - mang them a', "O las - ses trust in pro - vi - dence, And
kissed them ane an' a'; "O las - ses bide till I come hame, And
rit.
D. C. dal Segno
Wil - lie gaes a - wa'?
fore he gaed a - wa'.
ye'll get hus - bands a'."
then I'll wed ye a'."
rit.
in time
cres.
Fine
D. C. dal Segno

WILLIE 'S GANE TO MELVILLE CASTLE.

O WILLIE 's gane to Melville Castle,
Boots and spurs an' a',
To bid the leddies a' fareweel
Before he gaed awa'.
Willie 's young and blithe and bonnie,
Lo'ed by ane an' a',
O what will a' the lasses do
When Willie gangs awa' ?

The first he met was Lady Kate,
She led him through the ha',
And wi' a sad and sorry heart
She loot the tear-drop fa'.
Beside the fire stood Lady Grace,
Said ne'er a word ava ;
She thocht that she was sure o' him
Before he gaed awa'.

Then ben the house cam' Lady Bell,
"Gude troth ye need na craw,
Maybe the lad will fancy me,
And disappoint ye a'."
Doun the stair tripped Lady Jean,
The flower amang them a',
"O lasses trust in Providence
An' ye'll get husbands a'."

When on his horse he rade awa'
They gathered round the door,
He gaily waved his bonnet blue,
They set up sic a roar,
Their cries, their tears brocht Willie back,
He kissed them ane an' a',
"O lasses bide till I come hame
And then I'll wed ye a'."

Old Scottish Ballad.

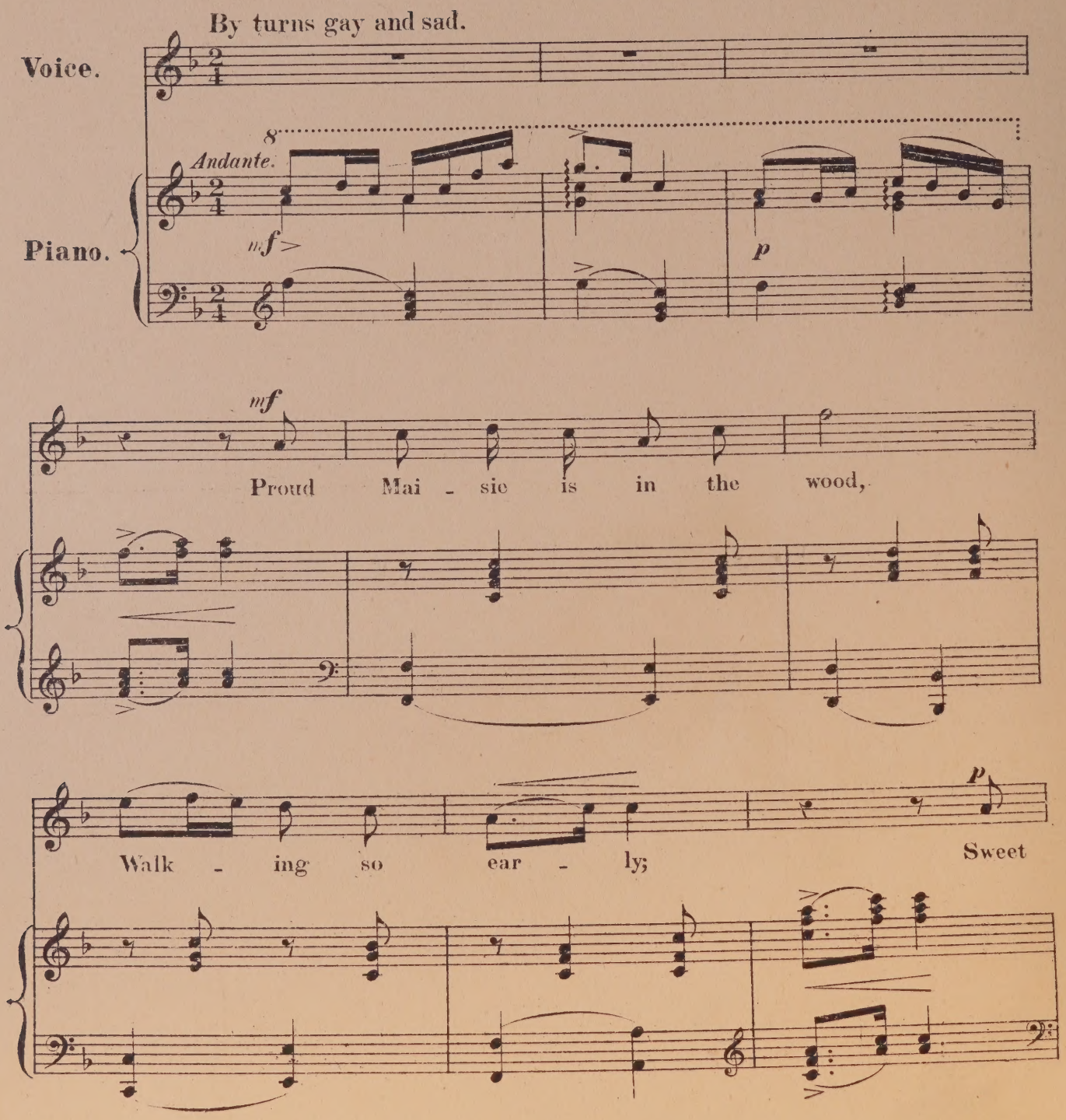
Proud Maisie.

IX.

PROUD MAISIE.

Words by
Sir WALTER SCOTT.

Music by
MALCOLM LAWSON.



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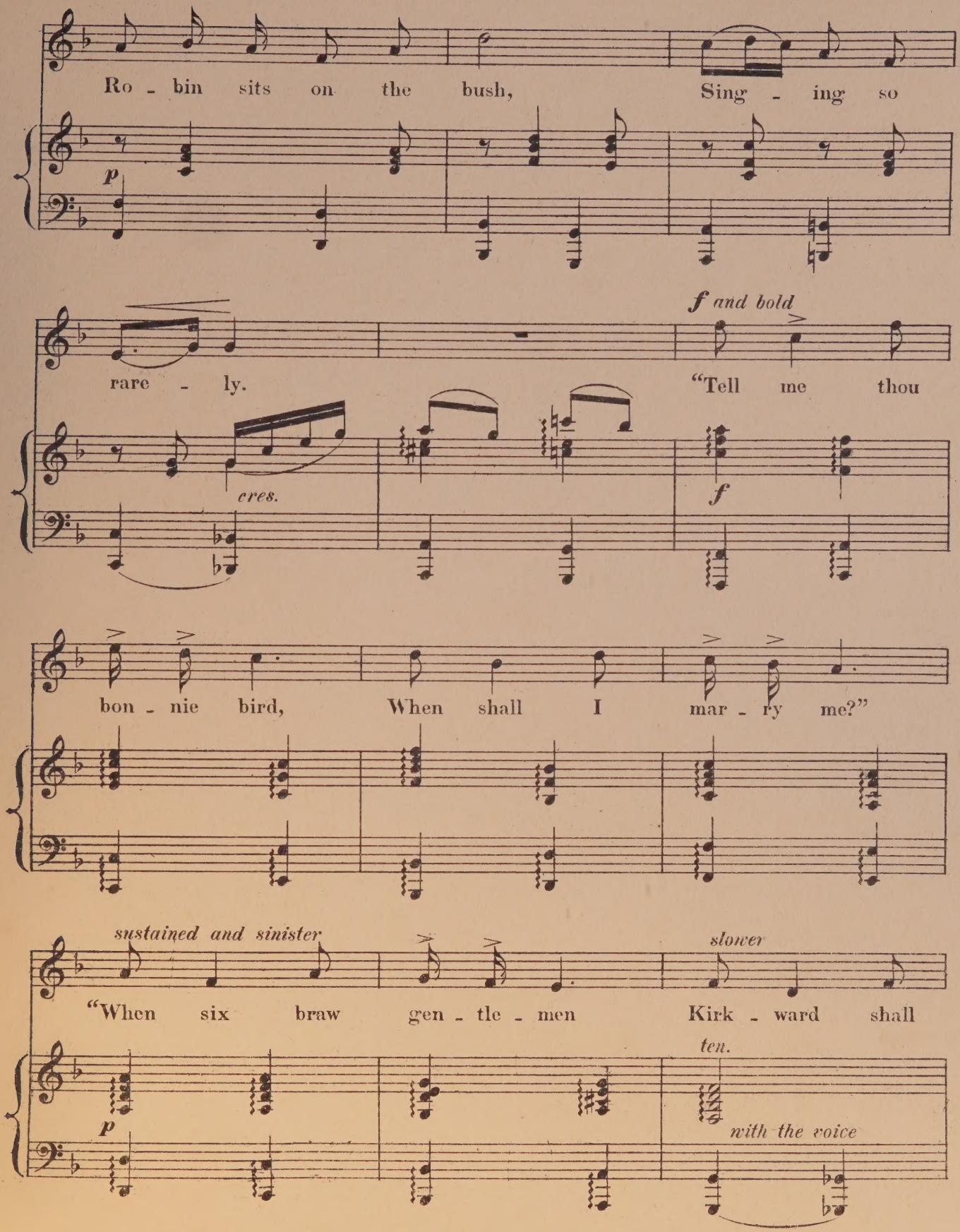
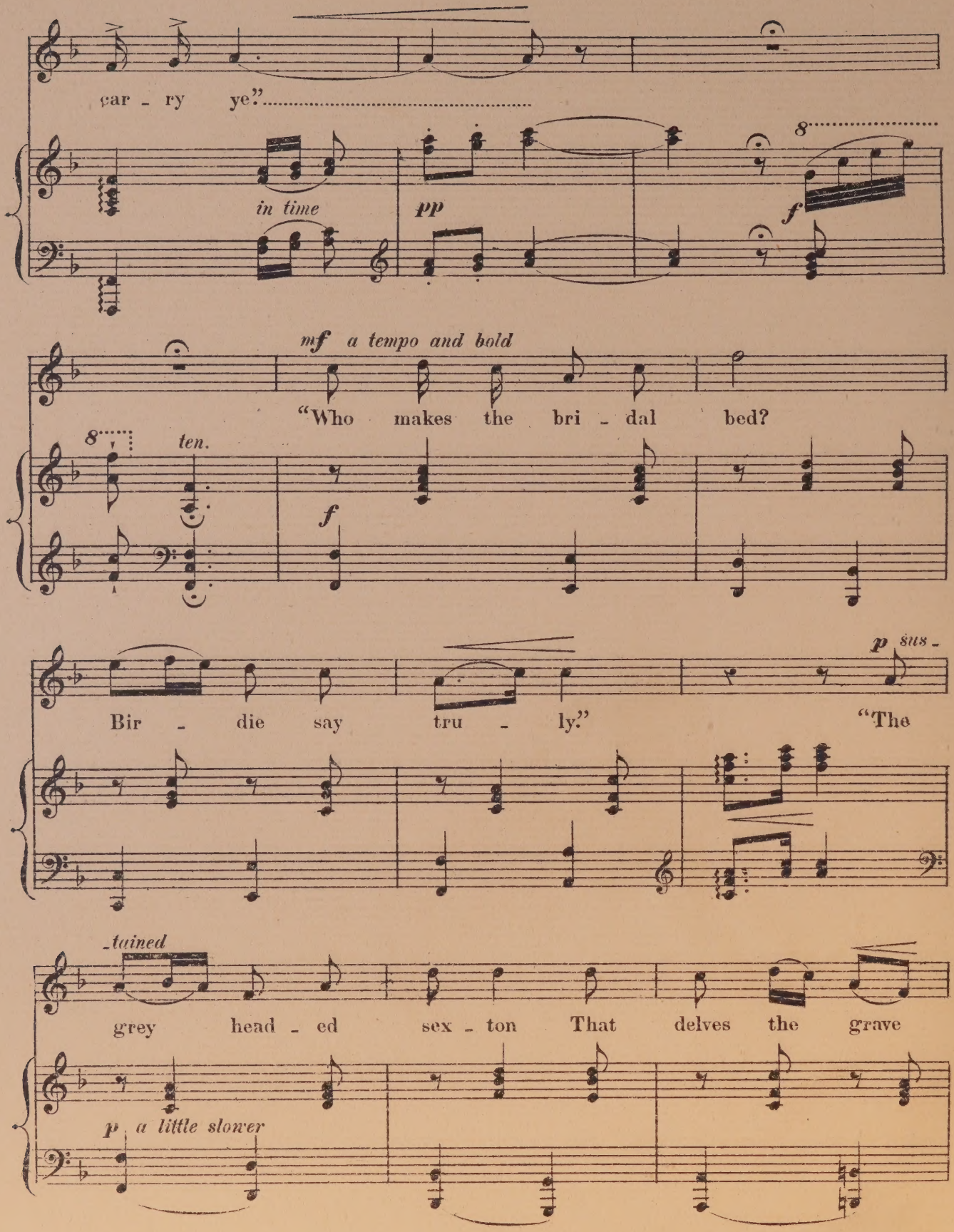
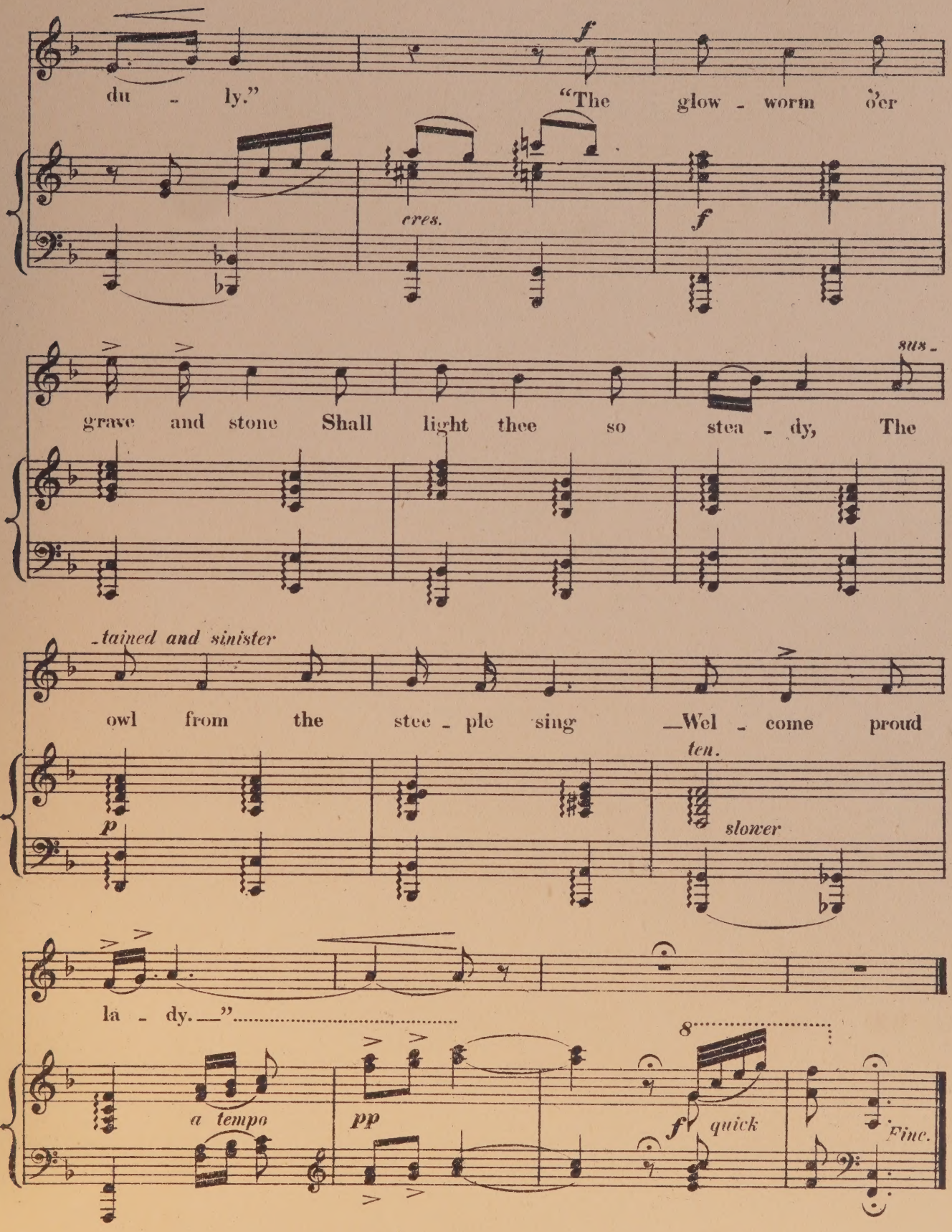

Ro - bin sits on the bush, Sing - ing so
p
rare - ly.
f and bold
"Tell me thou
cres.
f
bon - nie bird, When shall I mar - ry me?"
sustained and sinister
"When six braw gen - tle - men Kirk - ward shall
slower
ten.
p
with the voice


car - ry ye."
in time
pp
8
f
mf a tempo and bold
"Who makes the bri - dal bed?
8
ten.
f
p sus -
Bir - die say tru - ly."
"The
-tained
grey head - ed sex - ton That delves the grave
p a little slower


du - ly."
"The glow - worm o'er
cres.
f
grave and stone Shall light thee so stea - dy, The
sus -
-tained and sinister
owl from the stee - ple sing —Wel - come proud
p
ten.
slower
la - dy.—"
a tempo
pp
8
f quick
Fine.

PROUD MAISIE.

(Frontispiece.)

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED SANDYS.

PROUD Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early,
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonnie bird,
When shall I marry me?"
"When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed?
Birdie, say truly."
"The grey-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady.
The owl from the steeple sing
'Welcome, proud lady.'"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

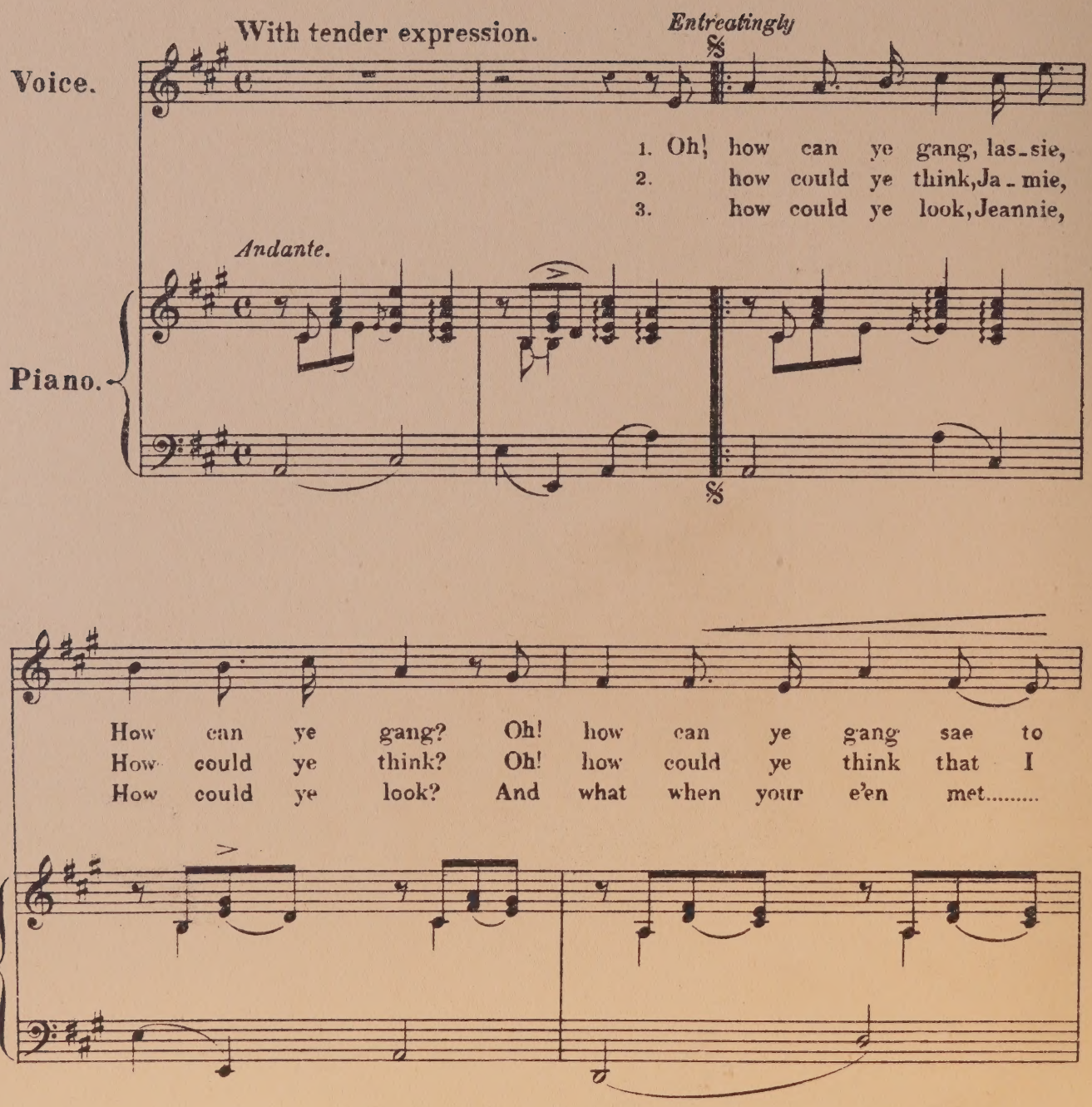
"How can ye gang, Lassie?"

X.

HOW CAN YE GANG LASSIE.

Old Scottish Ballad.

Traditional Air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.


With tender expression.
Entreatingly
Voice.
1. Oh! how can ye gang, las-sie,
2. how could ye think, Ja-mie,
3. how could ye look, Jeannie,
Andante.
Piano.
How can ye gang? Oh! how can ye gang sae to
How could ye think? Oh! how could ye think that I
How could ye look? And what when your e'en met.....

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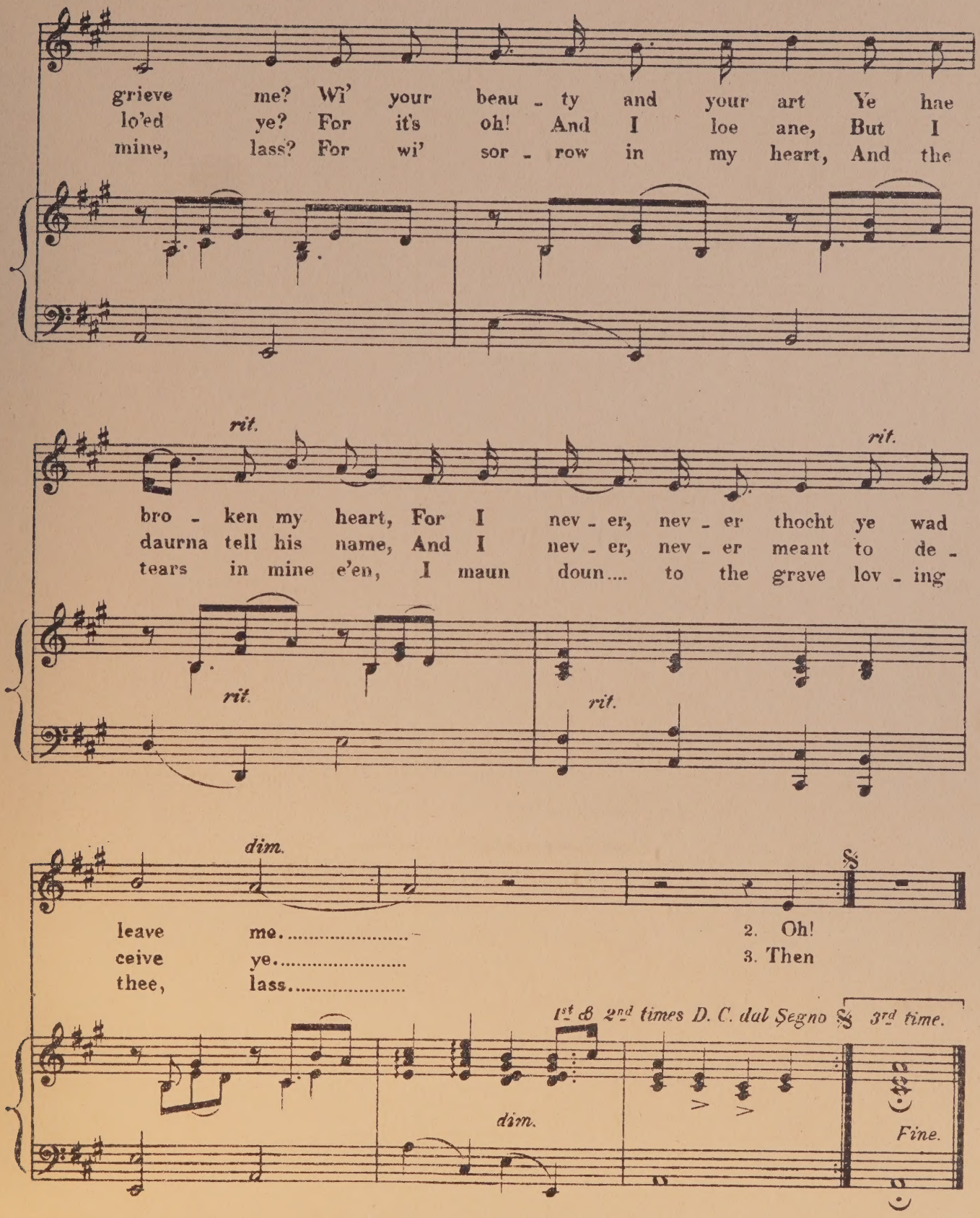

grieve me? Wi' your beau - ty and your art Ye hae
lo'ed ye? For it's oh! And I loe ane, But I
mine, lass? For wi' sor - row in my heart, And the
rit.
rit.
bro - ken my heart, For I nev - er, nev - er thocht ye wad
daurna tell his name, And I nev - er, nev - er meant to de -
tears in mine e'en, I maun doun.... to the grave lov - ing
rit.
rit.
dim.
leave me.....
ceive ye.....
thee, lass.....
2. Oh!
3. Then
1st & 2nd times D. C. dal Segno 3rd time.
dim.
Fine.

"HOW CAN YE GANG LASSIE?"

O, HOW can ye gang, lassie?
How can ye gang?
O, how can ye gang sae to grieve me?
Wi' your beauty and your art
Ye hae broken my heart,
For I never, never thocht 'ye wad leave me."

"O, how could ye think, Jamie,
How could ye think,
O, how could ye think that I lo'ed ye?
For its O and I lo'e ane,
But I daurna tell his name,
And I never, never meant to deceive ye."

"Then how could ye look, Jeannie,
How could ye look?
And what when your e'en met mine, lass?
For wi' sorrow in my heart,
And the tears in my e'en,
I maun down to the grave loving thee, lass."

Scottish Song.

Fair Young Mary.

(MAIRI BHAN OG.)

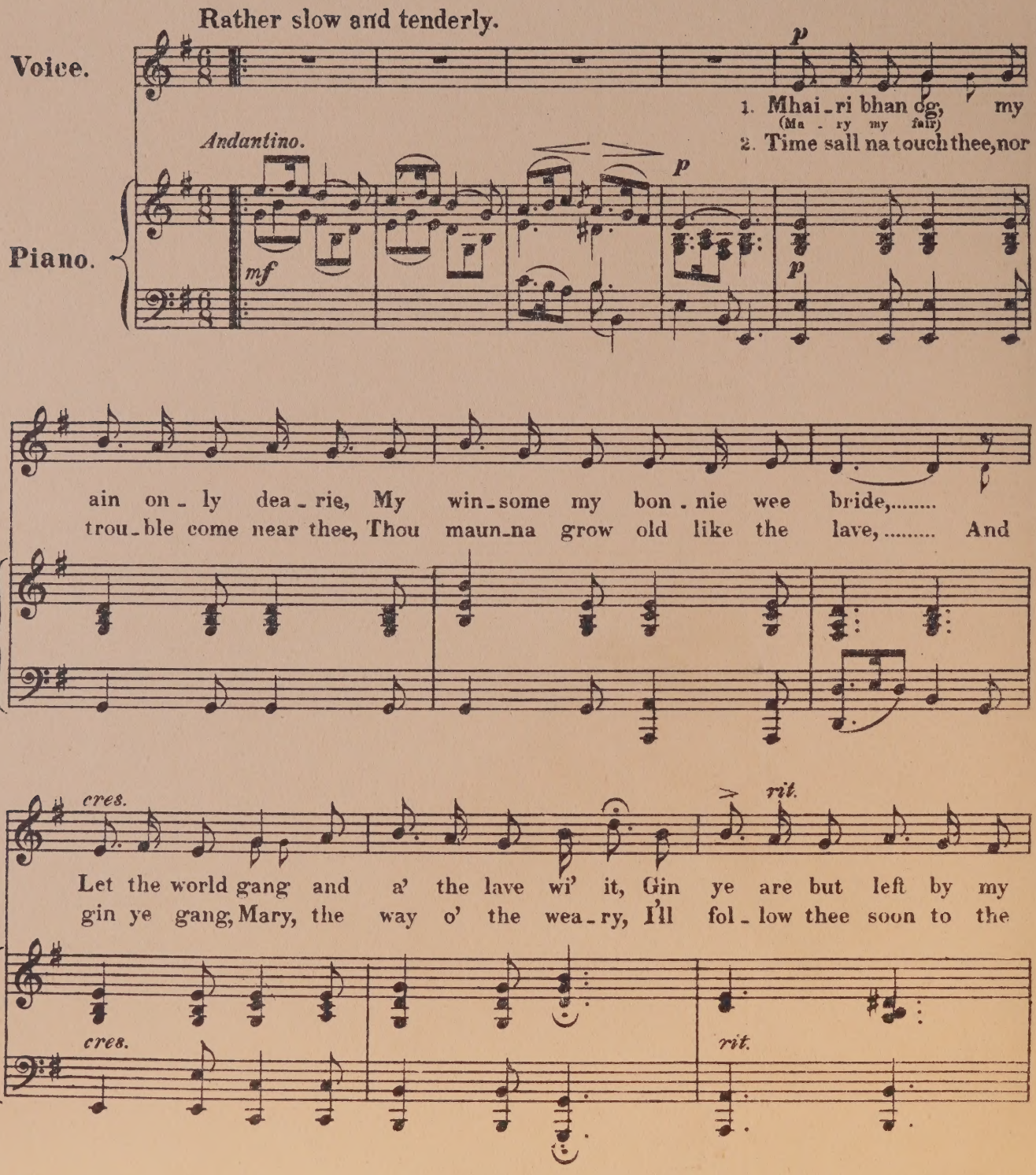
XI.

FAIR YOUNG MARY.

(MAIRI BHAN OG.)

Words by
A. C. Macleod.

Old Highland Melody arranged by
Malcolm Lawson.


Rather slow and tenderly.
Voice.
Piano.
p
1. Mhai_ri bhan og, my
(Ma_ry my fair)
2. Time sall na touch thee, nor
Andantino.
mf
p
p
ain on_ly dea_rie, My win_some my bon_nie wee bride,.....
trou_ble come near thee, Thou maun_na grow old like the lave, ... And
cres.
rit.
Let the world gang and a' the lave wi' it, Gin ye are but left by my
gin ye gang, Mary, the way o' the wea_ry, I'll fol_low thee soon to the
cres.
rit.

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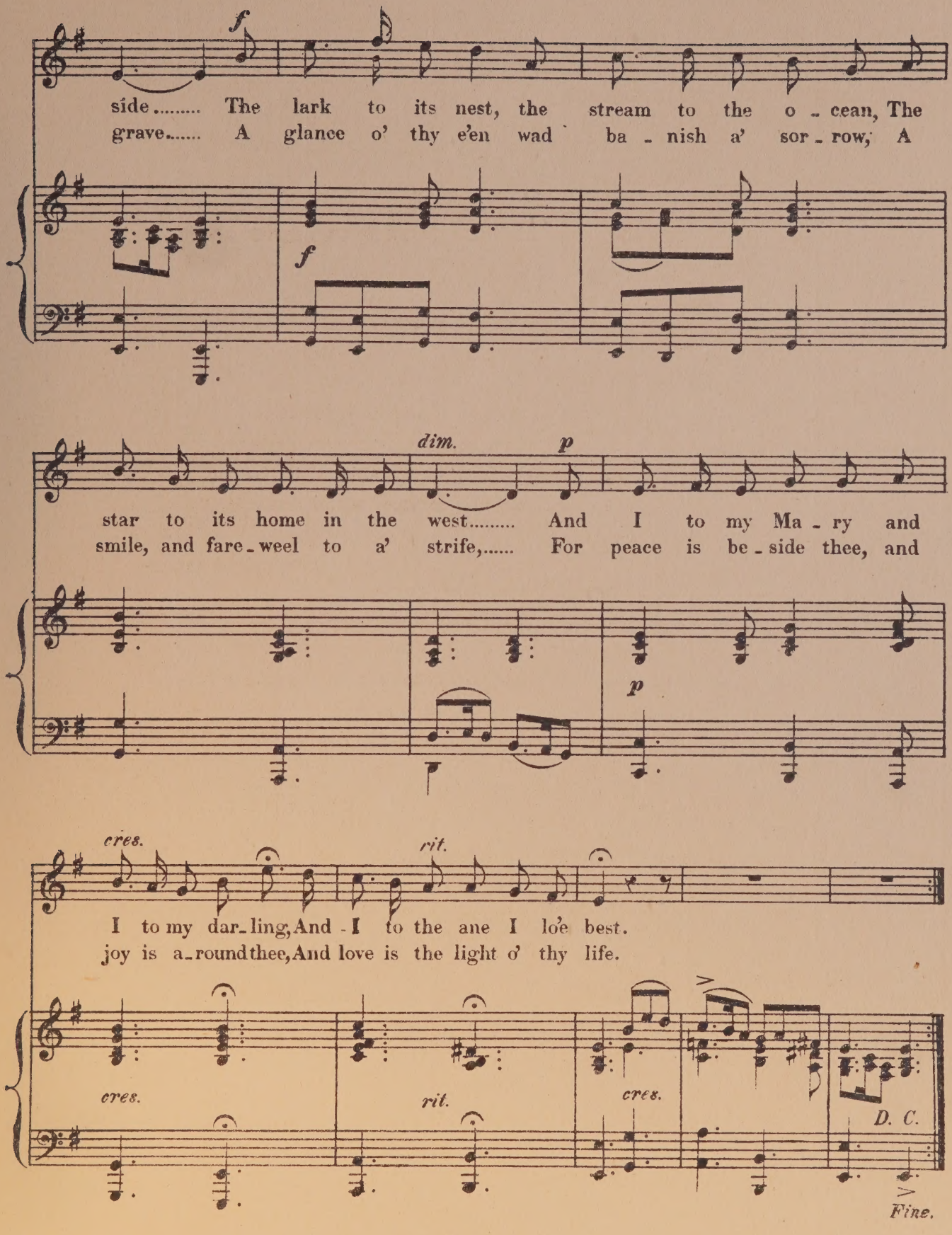

f
side..... The lark to its nest, the stream to the o - cean, The
grave..... A glance o' thy e'en wad ba - nish a' sor - row, A
f
dim.
p
star to its home in the west..... And I to my Ma - ry and
smile, and fare - weel to a' strife,..... For peace is be - side thee, and
p
cres.
rit.
I to my dar - ling, And - I to the ane I loe best.
joy is a - round thee, And love is the light o' thy life.
cres.
rit.
cres.
D. C.
Fine.

FAIR YOUNG MARY.

(MAIRI BHAN OG.)

MHAIRI bhan og, my ain only dearie,
My winsome, my bonnie wee bride,
Let the warld gang and a' the lave wi' it
Gin ye are but left by my side.
The lark to its nest, the stream to the ocean,
The star to its home in the west,
And I to my Mary, and I to my darling,
And I to the ane I lo'e best.

Time sall na touch thee, nor trouble come near thee,
Thou maunna grow old like the lave,
And gin ye gang, Mary, the way o' the weary,
I'll follow thee soon to the grave.
A glance o' thy e'en wad banish a' sorrow,
A smile, and fareweel to a strife,
For peace is beside thee, and joy is around thee,
And love is the light o' thy life.

A. C. MACLEOD.

The Boatman.

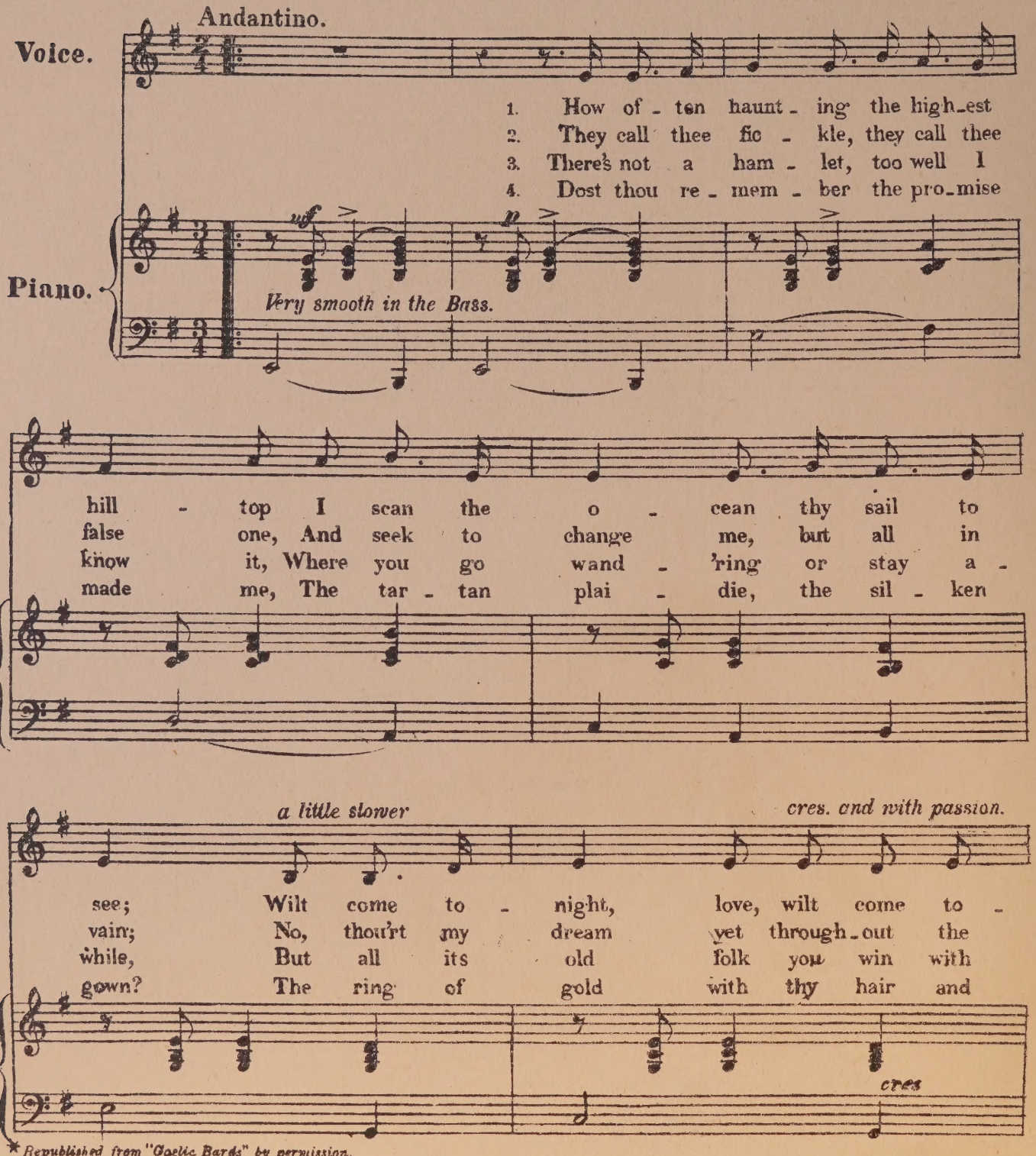
(FEAR A BHATA.)

XII.

THE BOATMAN.

(FEAR A BHATA.)

Words translated from the Gaelic by
THOMAS PATTISON,

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON

Andantino.
Voice.
1. How of - ten haunt - ing the high-est
2. They call thee fic - kle, they call thee
3. There's not a ham - let, too well I
4. Dost thou re - mem - ber the pro-mise
Piano.
uff
p
Very smooth in the Bass.
hill - top I scan the o - cean thy sail to
false one, And seek to change me, but all in
know it, Where you go wand - 'ring or stay a -
made me, The tar - tan plai - die, the sil - ken
a little slower
cres. and with passion.
see; Wilt come to - night, love, wilt come to -
vain; No, thou'rt my dream yet through-out the
while, But all its old folk you win with
gown? The ring of gold with thy hair and
cres

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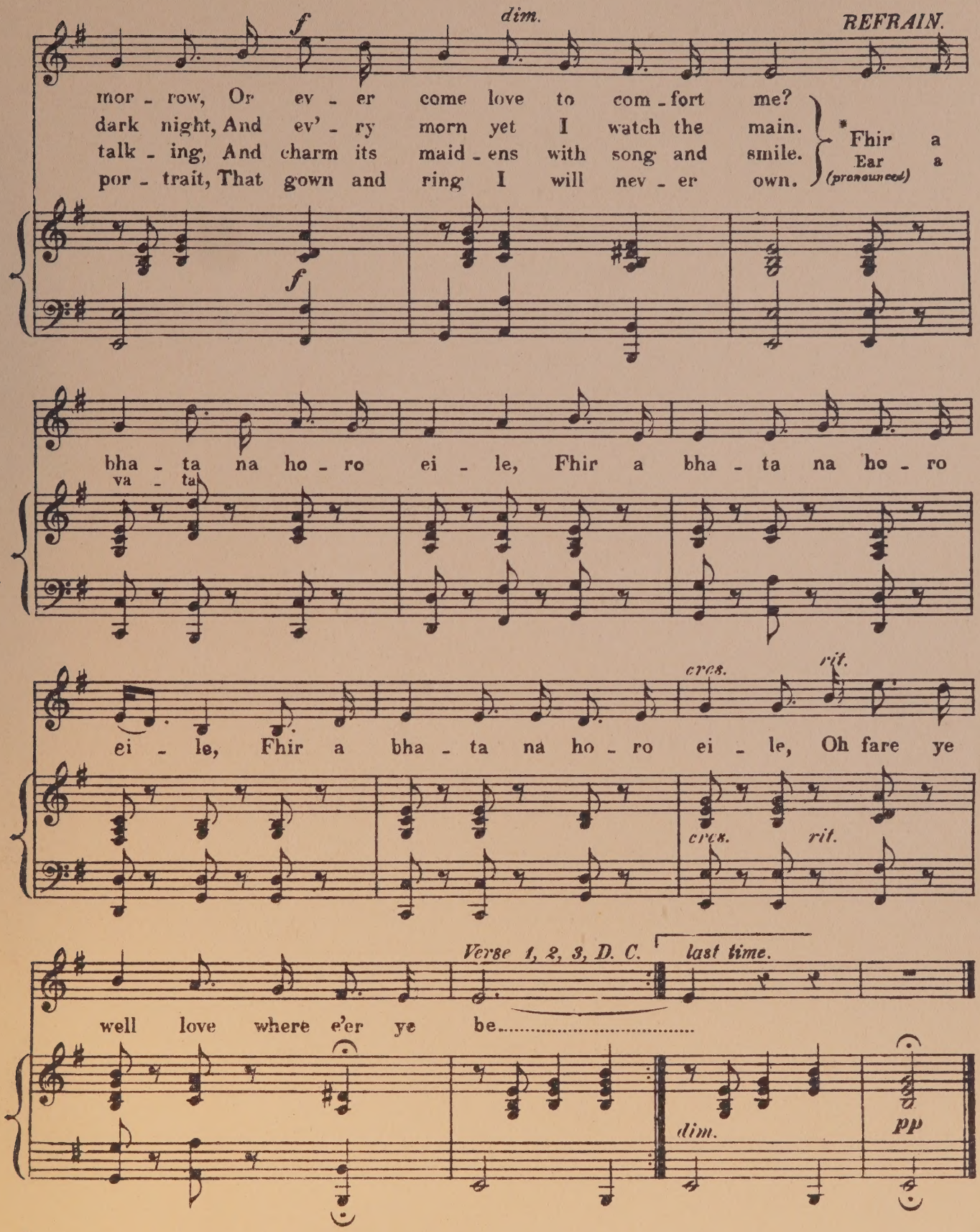

REFRAIN.
f
dim.
mor - row, Or ev - er come love to com - fort me?
dark night, And ev' - ry morn yet I watch the main.
talk - ing, And charm its maid - ens with song and smile.
por - trait, That gown and ring I will nev - er own.
* Fhir a
Ear a
(pronounced)
f
bha - ta na ho - ro ei - le, Fhir a bha - ta na ho - ro
va - ta
ei - le, Fhir a bha - ta na ho - ro ei - le, Oh fare ye
cres.
rit.
cres.
rit.
Verse 1, 2, 3, D. C.
last time.
well love where e'er ye be.....
dim.
pp

* *Fhir a bhata (pronounced Ear a vata,) means: "O Boatman." Na horo eile is merely a call.*

THE BOATMAN.

(FEAR A BHATA.)

HOW often haunting the highest hilltop,
I scan the ocean thy sail to see ;
Wilt come to-night, love ? wilt come to-morrow ?
Wilt ever come, love, to comfort me ?

Fhir a bhata, na horo eile,
Fhir a bhata, na horo eile,
Fhir a bhata, na horo eile,
O fare ye well, love, where'er ye be.

They call thee fickle, they call thee false one,
And seek to change me, but all in vain ;
No, thou'rt my dream yet throughout the dark night,
And every morn yet I watch the main.

Fhir a bhata, &c.

There 's not a hamlet—too well I know it—
Where you go wandering or stay awhile,
But all its old folk you win with talking,
And charm its maidens with song and smile.

Fhir a bhata, &c.

Dost thou remember the promise made me,
The tartan plaidie, the silken gown,
The ring of gold with thy hair and portrait ?
That gown and ring I will never own.

Fhir a bhata, &c.

Translated from the Gaelic by THOMAS PATTISON,

Inserted by permission.

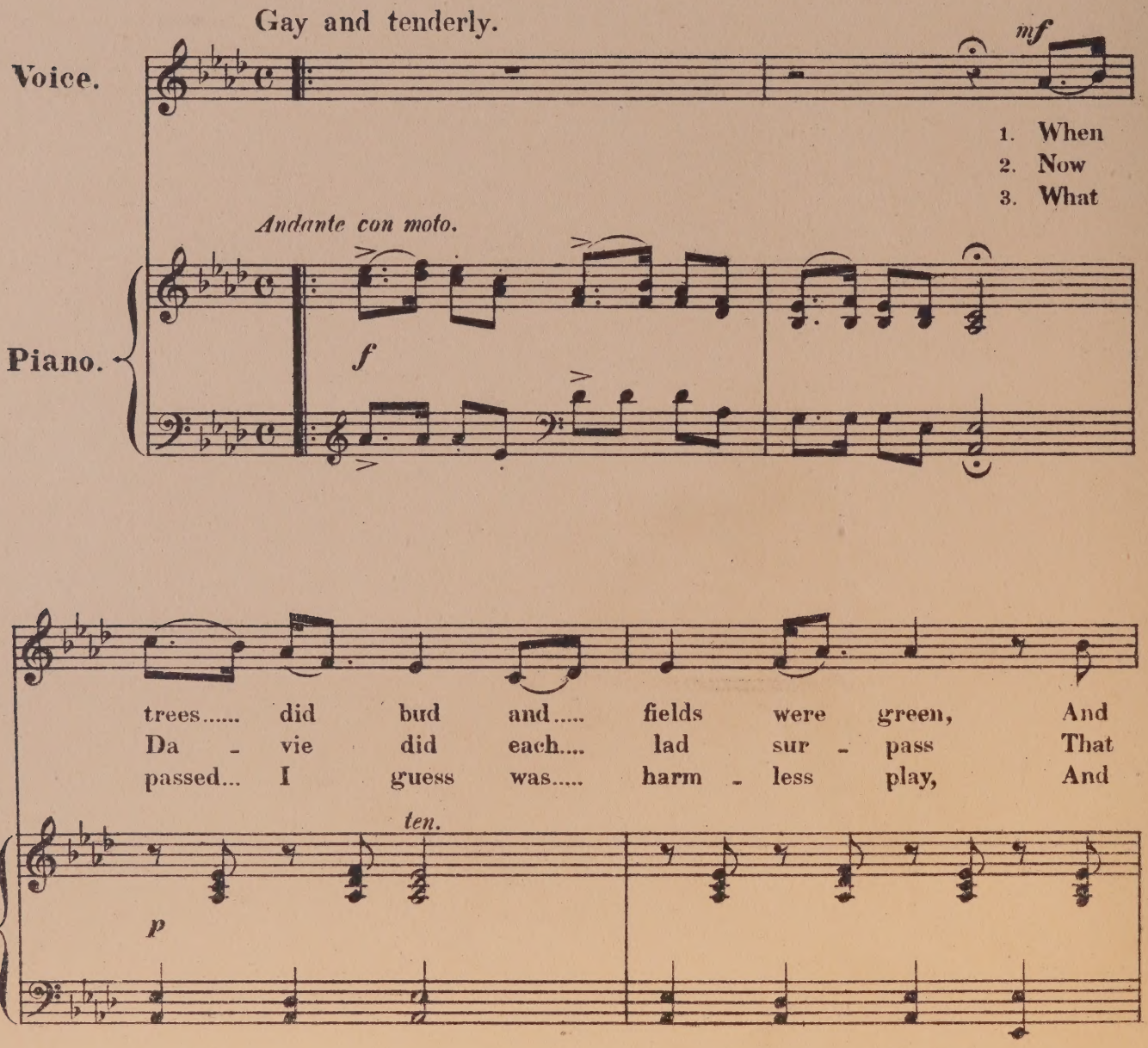
Doun the Burn Davie.

XIII.

DOUN THE BURN DAVIE.

Words by
ROBERT CRAWFORD.

Old Scottish Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.



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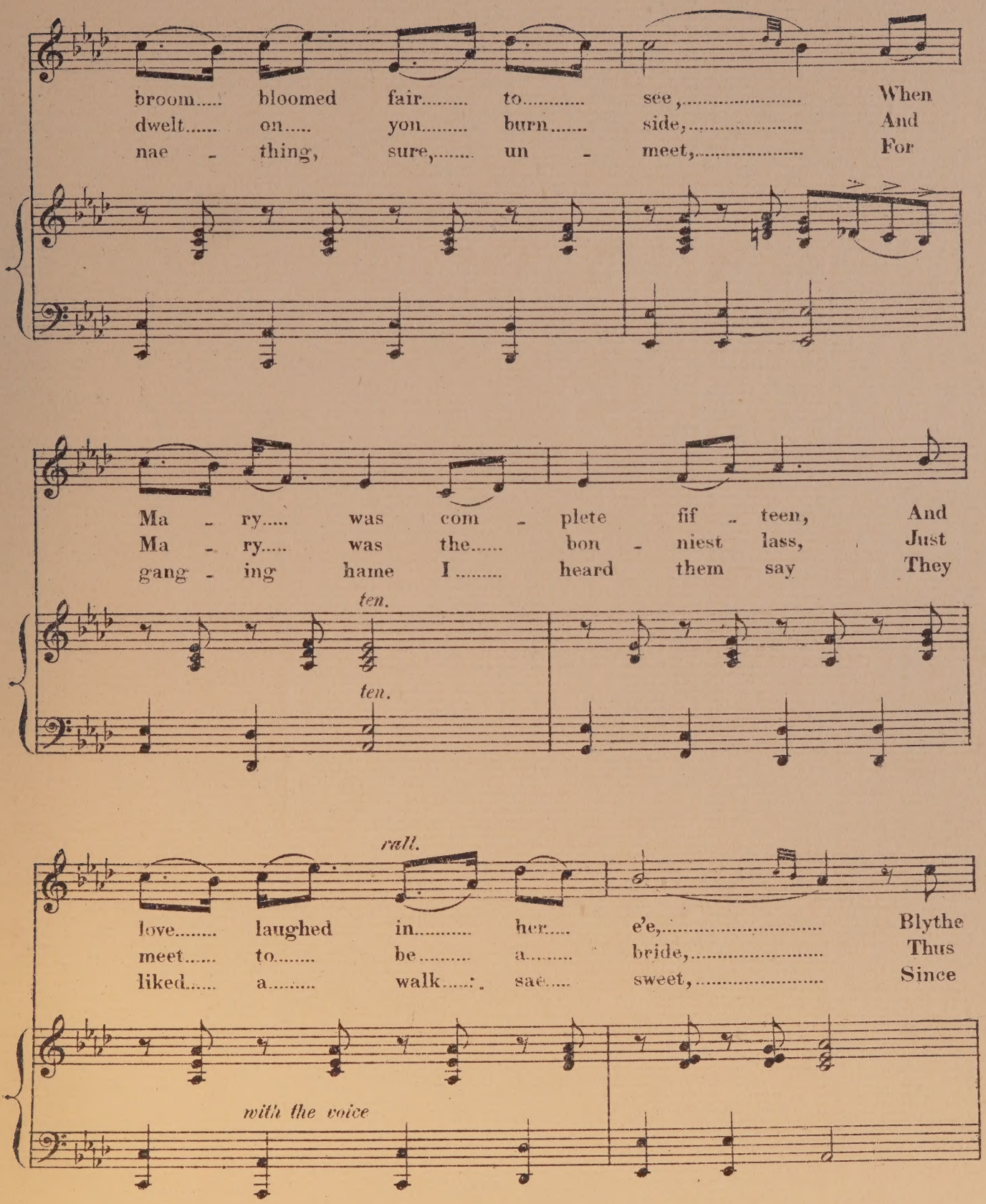
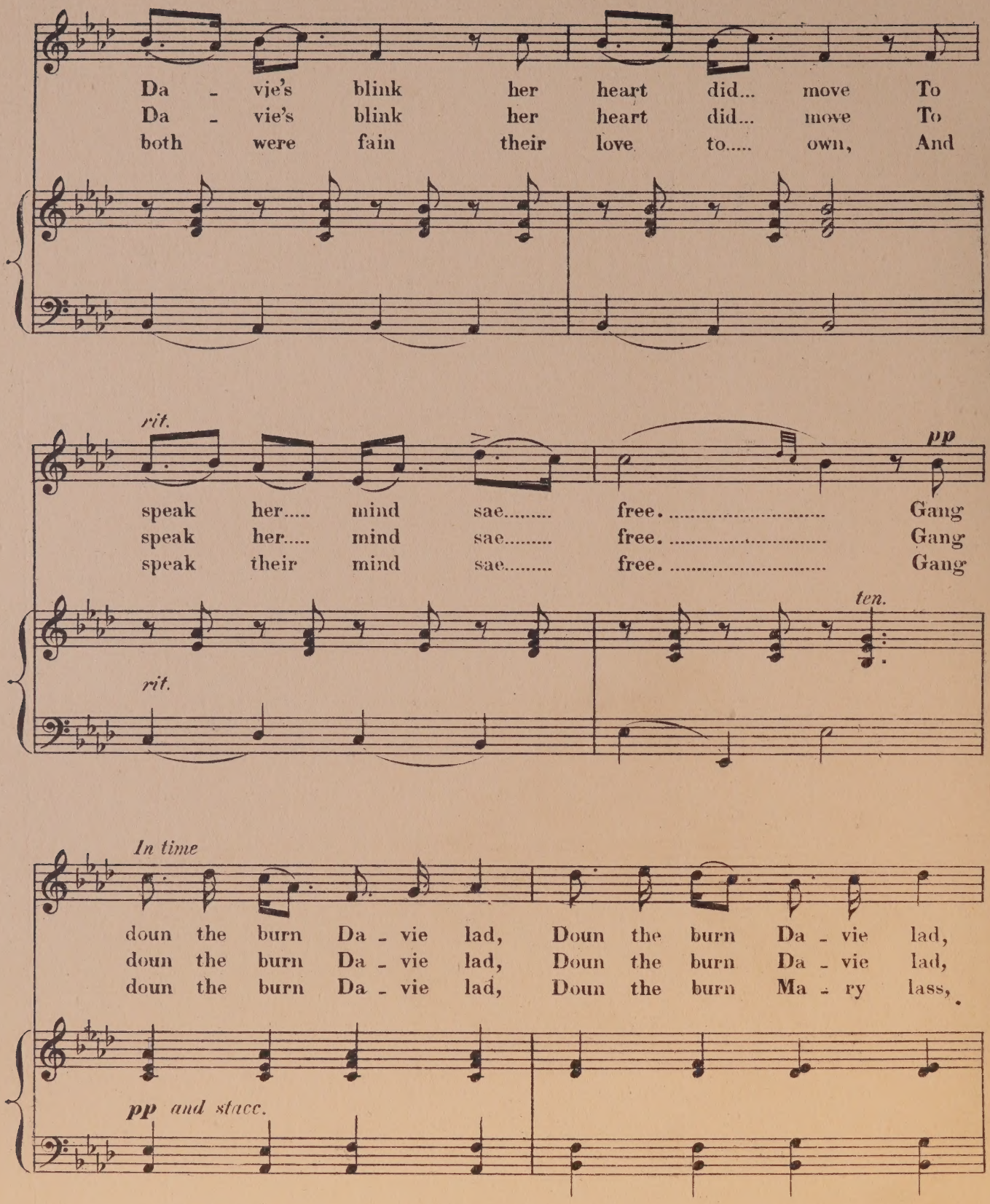
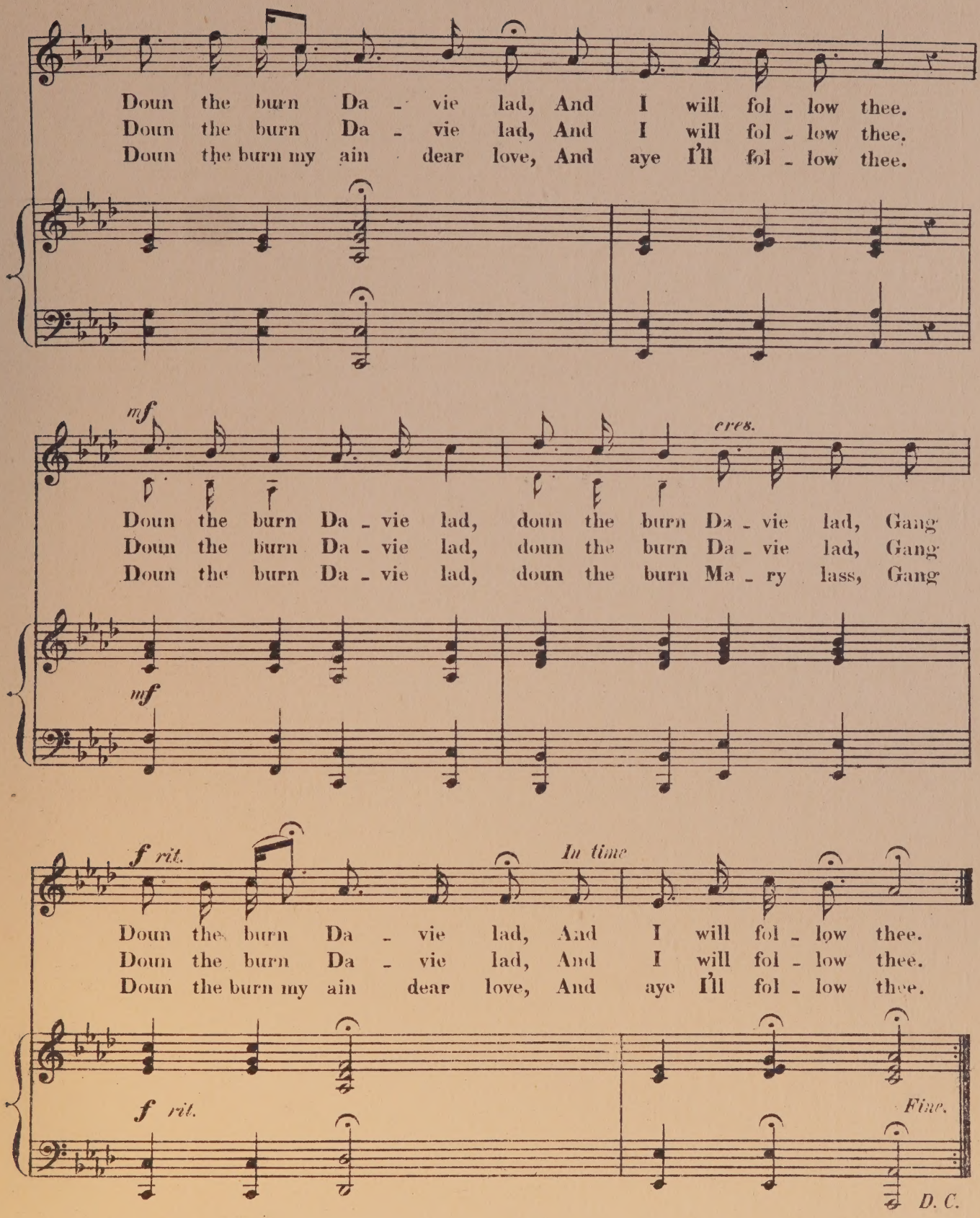

broom..... bloomed fair..... to..... see,..... When
dwelt..... on..... yon..... burn..... side,..... And
nae - thing, sure,..... un - meet,..... For
Ma - ry..... was com - plete fif - teen, And
Ma - ry..... was the..... bon - niest lass, Just
gang - ing hame I..... heard them say They
ten.
ten.
rall.
love..... laughed in..... her..... e'e,..... Blythe
meet..... to..... be..... a..... bride,..... Thus
liked..... a..... walk..... sae..... sweet,..... Since
with the voice


Da - vie's blink her heart did... move To
Da - vie's blink her heart did... move To
both were fain their love to..... own, And
rit.
speak her..... mind sae..... free. ..... Gang
speak her..... mind sae..... free. ..... Gang
speak their mind sae..... free. ..... Gang
pp
ten.
rit.
In time
doun the burn Da - vie lad, Doun the burn Da - vie lad,
doun the burn Da - vie lad, Doun the burn Da - vie lad,
doun the burn Da - vie lad, Doun the burn Ma - ry lass,
pp and stacc.

Doun the burn Da - vie lad, And I will fol - low thee.
Doun the burn Da - vie lad, And I will fol - low thee.
Doun the burn my ain dear love, And aye I'll fol - low thee.
mf
cres.
Doun the burn Da - vie lad, doun the burn Da - vie lad, Gang
Doun the burn Da - vie lad, doun the burn Da - vie lad, Gang
Doun the burn Da - vie lad, doun the burn Ma - ry lass, Gang
mf
f rit.
In time
Doun the burn Da - vie lad, And I will fol - low thee.
Doun the burn Da - vie lad, And I will fol - low thee.
Doun the burn my ain dear love, And aye I'll fol - low thee.
f rit.
Fine.
D. C.

DOUN THE BURN DAVIE.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloomed fair to see,
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laughed in her e'e,
Blythe Davie's blink her heart did move
To speak her mind sae free,

"Gang doun the burn, Davie lad,
Doun the burn, Davie lad,
Doun the burn, Davie lad,
And I will follow thee."

Now Davie did each lad surpass
That dwelt on yon burnside,
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride.
Thus Davie's blink her heart did move
To speak her mind sae free,

"Gang doun the burn, Davie lad,
Doun the burn, Davie lad,
Doun the burn, Davie lad,
And I will follow thee.

What passed, I guess, was harmless play,
And naething, sure, unmeet,
For ganging hame I heard them say
They liked a walk sae sweet.
Since both were fain their love to own
And speak their mind sae free,

"Gang doun the burn, Davie lad,
Doun the burn, Mary lass,
Doun the burn, my ain dear love,
And aye I'll follow thee."

R. CRAWFORD, 1695

The Praise of Islay.

(MOLADH NA LANDAIDH.)

XIV.

*THE PRAISE OF ISLAY.

(MOLADH NA LANDAIDH.)

Words translated from the Gaelic by
THOMAS PATTISON,

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

With affectionate enthusiasm.

Voice.

Piano.

p cres. con moto *f*

𝄋 *mf* *f*

1. See a - far yon hill Ard-more, Beat - ing bil - lows wash its shore,
2. Though it's shore is rock - y, drear, Ear - ly doth the sun ap - pear On
3. Bir - ken branch-es there are gay, Haw-thorns wave their sil - ver'd spray;
4. Ma - vis sings in ha - zel bough, Lin - nets haunt the glen be - low;

mf *f*

𝄋

p *rit.*

But its beau-ties bloom no more For me, now far from Is - lay.
leaf - y brake and fal - low deer, And flocks and herds in Is - lay.
Ev' - ry bough the breez - es sway A - wa - kens joy in Is - lay.
Oh! May long their wild notes flow With me - lo - dies in Is - lay.

p *ten.*

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Copyright.

CHORUS.

Soprano & Alto.

mf

Oh! My dear, my na - tive Isle,

Tenor & Bass.

mf

mf

Nought from thee my love can wile, *cres.* Oh! My dear, my

na - tive Isle, My heart beats true to *f* Is - - lay.

D. C. dal Segno 𝄋

Fine.

f

Fine.

D. C. dal Segno 𝄋

THE PRAISE OF ISLAY.

(MOLADH NA LANDAIDH.)

SEE afar yon hill Ardmore,
Beating billows wash its shore;
But its beauties bloom no more
For me, now far from Islay.

O my dear, my native isle,
Nought from thee my heart can wile,
O my dear, my native isle,
My heart beats true to Islay.

Though its shore is rocky, drear,
Early doth the sun appear
On leafy brake and fallow deer,
And flocks and herds in Islay.

O my dear, &c.

Eagles rise on soaring wing,
Herons watch the gushing spring,
Heath-cocks with their whirring bring
Their own delight to Islay.

O my dear, &c.

Birken branches there are gay,
Hawthorns wave their silvered spray,
Every bough the breezes sway
Awakens joy in Islay.

O my dear, &c.

Mavis sings on hazel bough,
Linnets haunt the glen below,
O may long their wild notes flow
With melodies in Islay.

O my dear, &c.

Translated from the Gaelic by THOMAS PATTISON.

From the "Celtic Lyre" by permission of the editor, HENRY WHYTE, Glasgow.

A Lyke Wake Dirge.

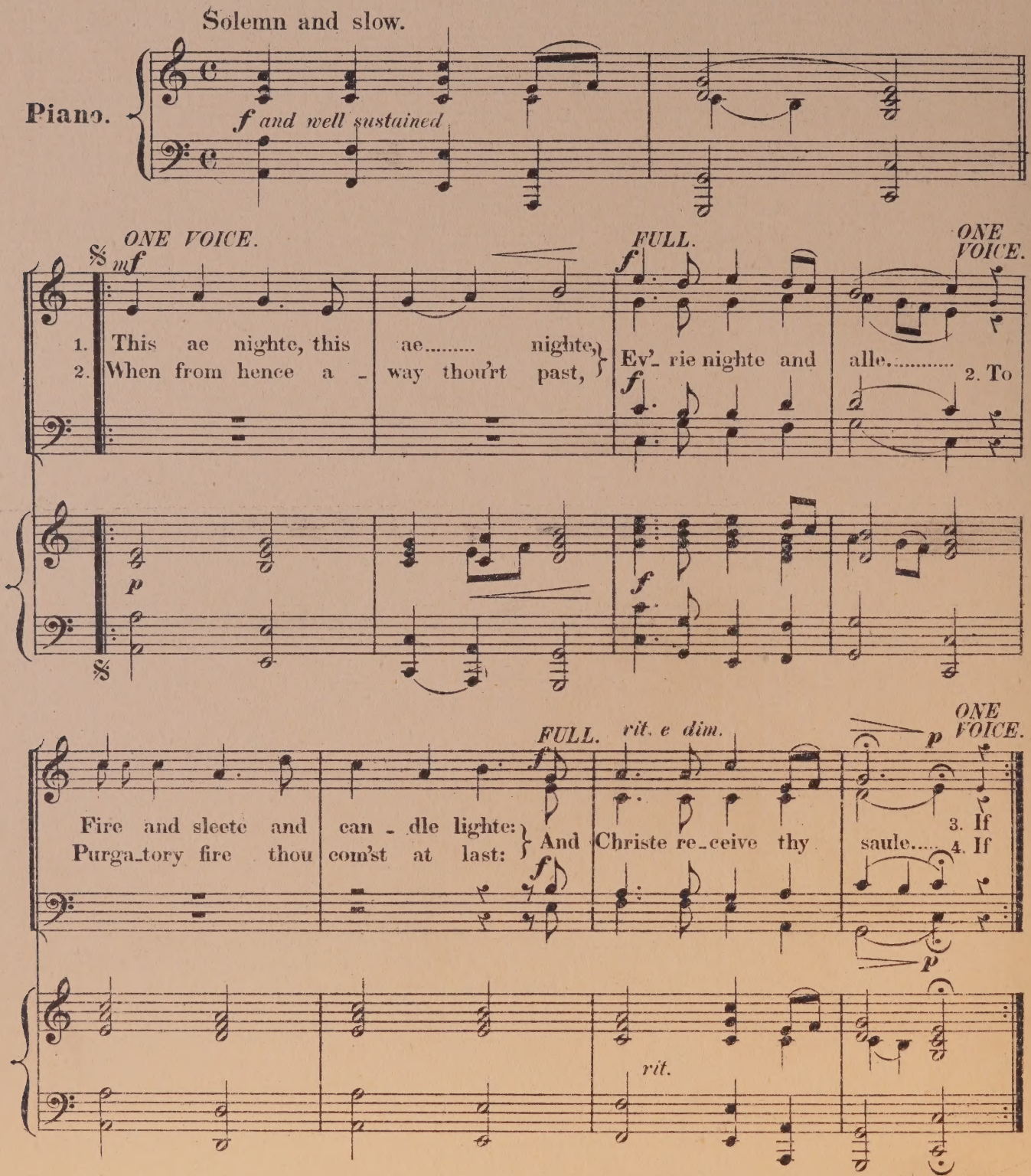
XV.

A LYKE WAKE DIRGE:

or chant sung by those watching over a corpse.

Old North of England words.

Music by
Harold Boulton.



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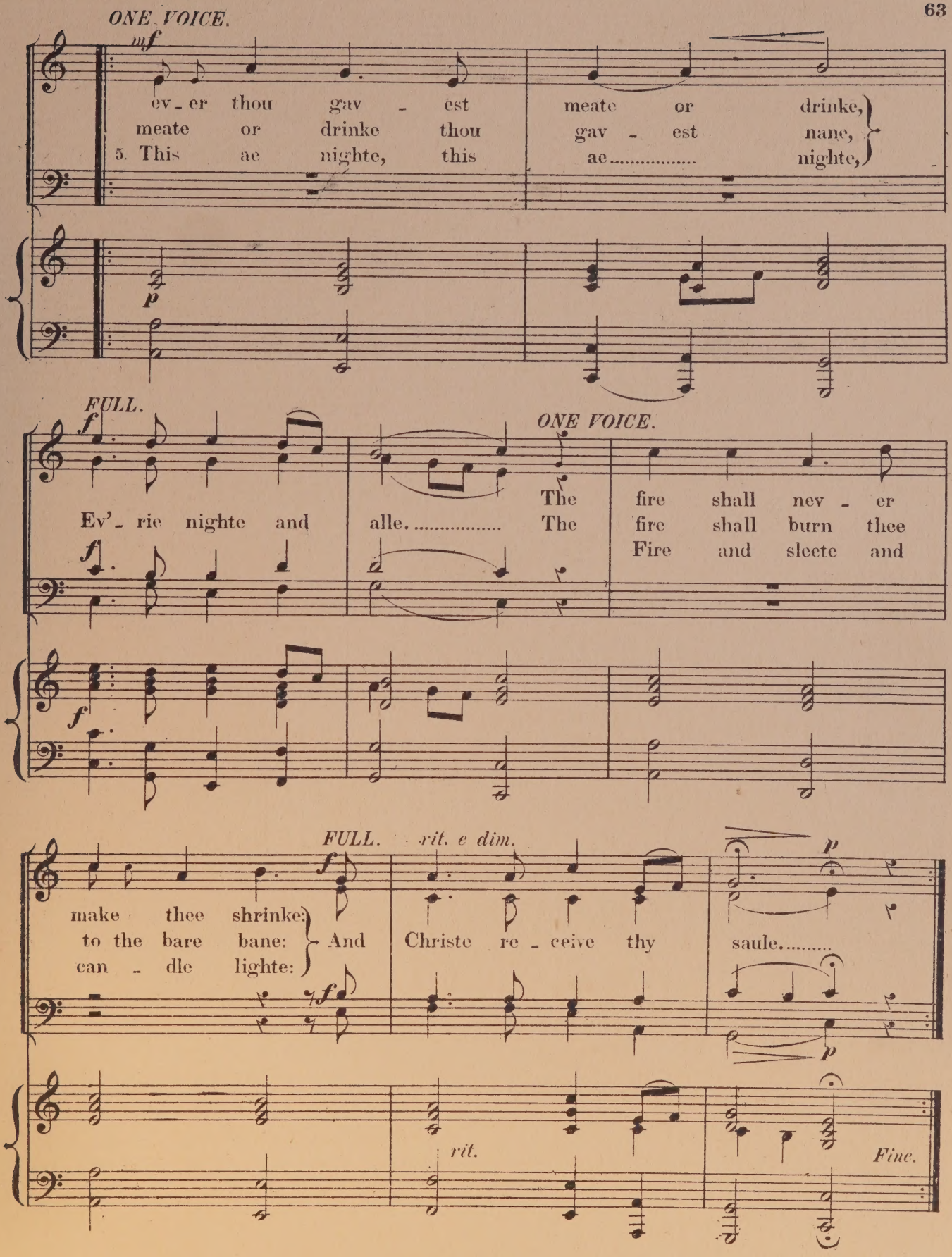

ONE VOICE.
mf
ev - er thou gav - est meate or drinke,
meate or drinke thou gav - est nane,
5. This ae nighte, this ae..... nighte,
p
FULL.
f
ONE VOICE.
Ev'- rie nighte and alle..... The fire shall nev - er
The fire shall burn thee
Fire and sleete and
FULL.
rit. e dim.
make thee shrinke:
to the bare bane: And Christe re - ceive thy saule.....
can - dle lighte:
rit.
Fine.

A LYKE WAKE DIRGE.

(Or Chant sung by those keeping watch over a corpse.)

THIS ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Everie nighte and alle,
Fire and sleete and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

When from hence away thou'rt past,
Everie nighte and alle,
To Whinny-muir thou comest at last,
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
Everie nighte and alle,
Sit thee doun and put them on,
And Christe receive thy saule.

If hosen and shoon thou gavest nane,
Everie nighte and alle,
The whinnes shall pricke thee to the bare bane,
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Whinny-muir when thou art past,
Everie nighte and alle,
To Brigg o' Dread thou comest at last,
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Brigg 'o Dread when thou art past,
Everie nighte and alle,
To Purgatory fire thou comest at last,
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest meate or drinke,
Everie nighte and alle,
The fire shall never make thee shrinke,
And Christe receive thy saule.

If meate or drinke thou gavest nane,
Everie nighte and alle.
The fire shall burn thee to the bare bane,
And Christe receive thy saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Everie nighte and alle,
Fire and sleete and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

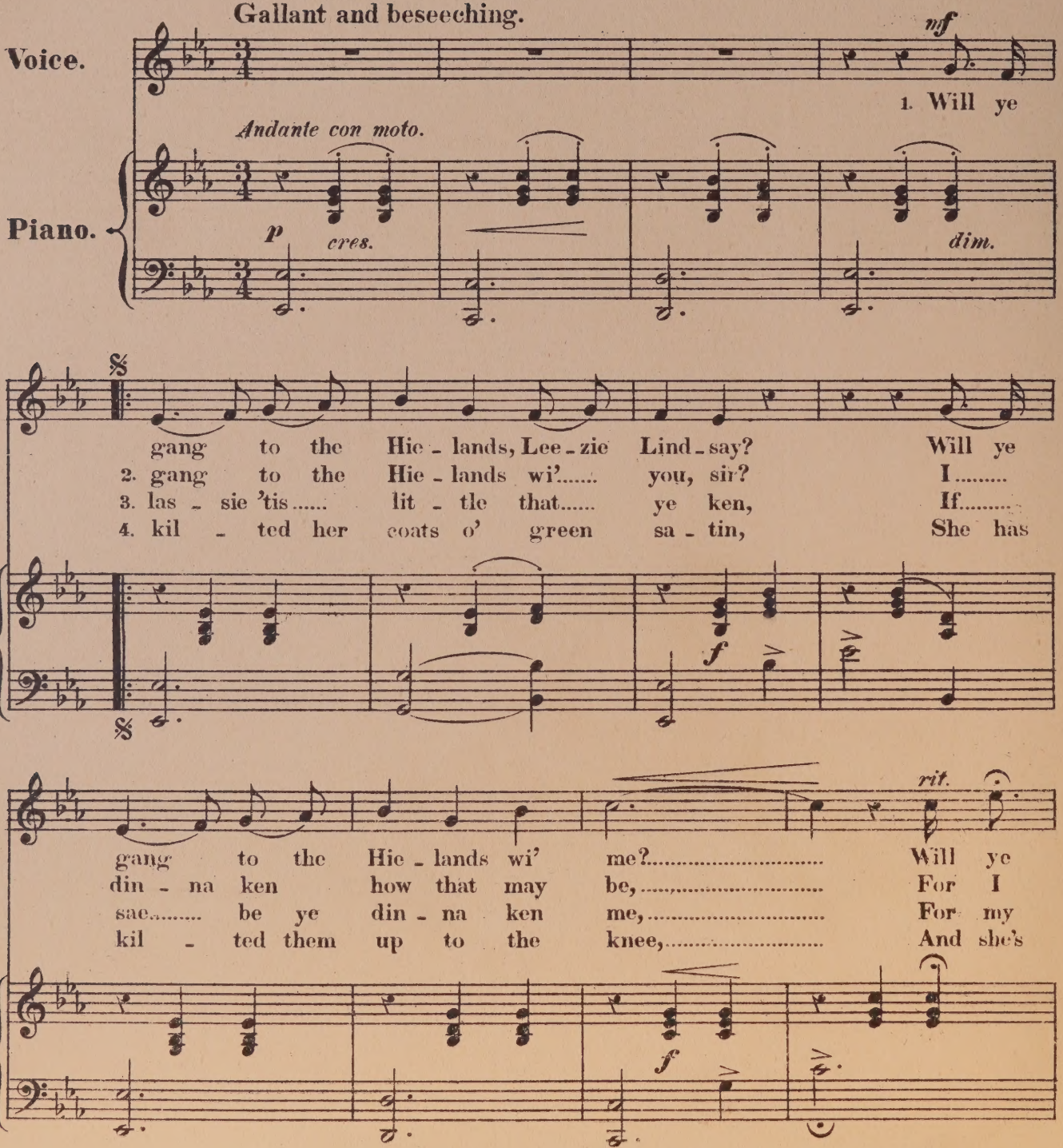
Old North of England words.

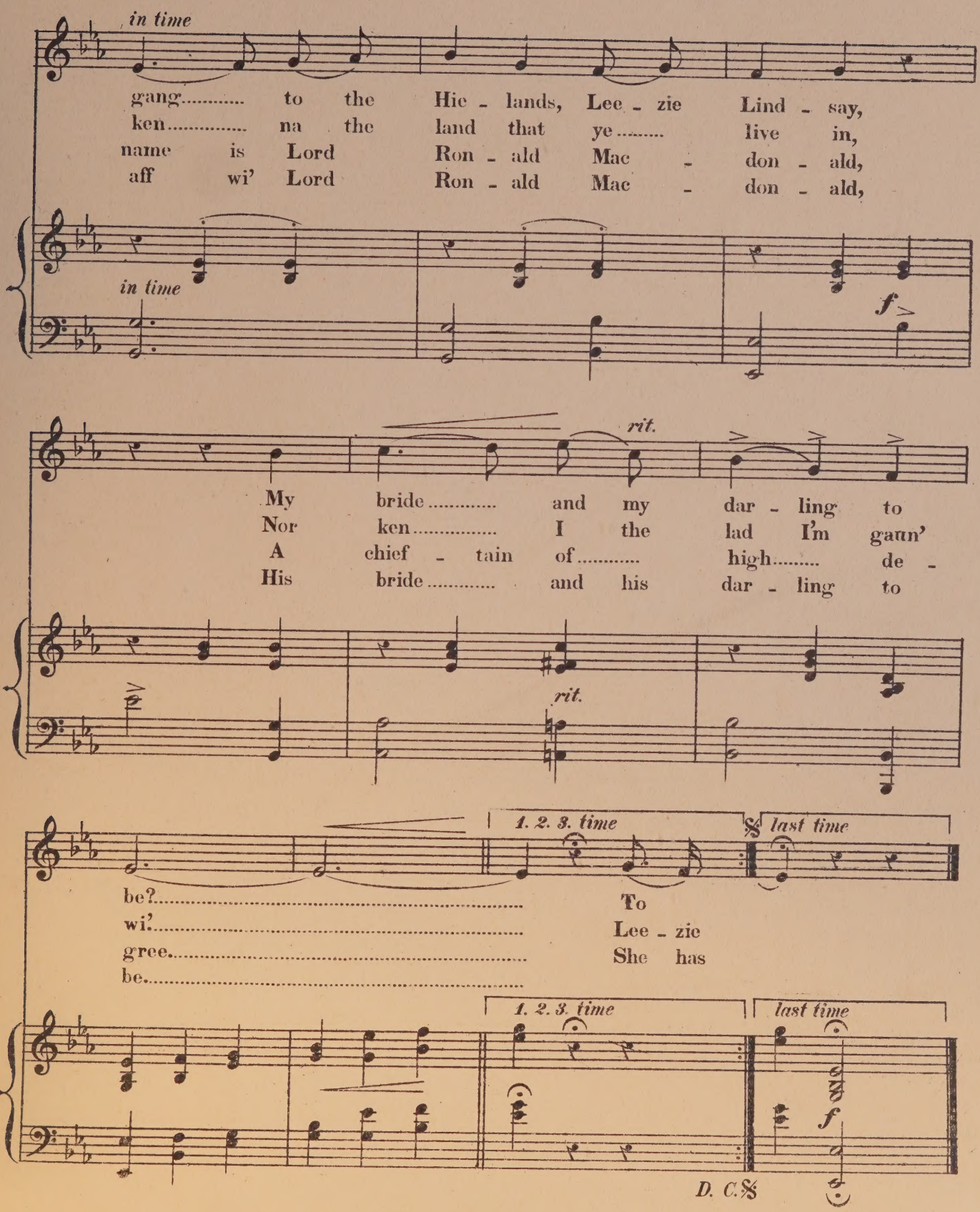
Leezie Lindsay.

XVI.

LEEZIE LINDSAY.

Old Scottish Ballad.

Traditional Air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Gallant and beseeching.
Voice.
Piano.
nf
1. Will ye
Andante con moto.
p
cres.
dim.
gang to the Hie - lands, Lee - zie Lind - say? Will ye
2. gang to the Hie - lands wi'..... you, sir? I.....
3. las - sie 'tis..... lit - tle that..... ye ken, If.....
4. kil - ted her coats o' green sa - tin, She has
f
gang to the Hie - lands wi' me?..... Will ye
din - na ken how that may be,..... For I
sae..... be ye din - na ken me,..... For my
kil - ted them up to the knee,..... And she's
rit.
f


in time
gang..... to the Hie - lands, Lee - zie Lind - say,
ken..... na the land that ye..... live in,
name is Lord Ron - ald Mac - don - ald,
aff wi' Lord Ron - ald Mac - don - ald,
in time
f
rit.
My bride..... and my dar - ling to
Nor ken..... I the lad I'm gaun'
A chief - tain of..... high..... de -
His bride..... and his dar - ling to
rit.
1. 2. 3. time
last time
be?..... To
wi'..... Lee - zie
gree..... She has
be.....
1. 2. 3. time
last time
f
D. C. 𝄋

LEEZIE LINDSAY.

"WILL ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay?
Will ye gang to the Hielands wi' me?
Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay,
My bride and my darling to be?"

"To gang to the Hielands wi' you, sir?
I dinna ken how that may be,
For I ken na the land that ye live in,
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun' wi'."

"Leezie, lassie, 'tis little that ye ken,
If sae be ye dinna ken me,
For my name is Lord Ronald Macdonald,
A chieftain o' high degree."

She has kilted her coats o' green satin,
She has kilted them up to the knee,
And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald Macdonald
His bride and his darling to be.

Old Scottish Ballad.

"We will take the good old way."

(GABHAIDH SINN AN RATHAD MOR.)

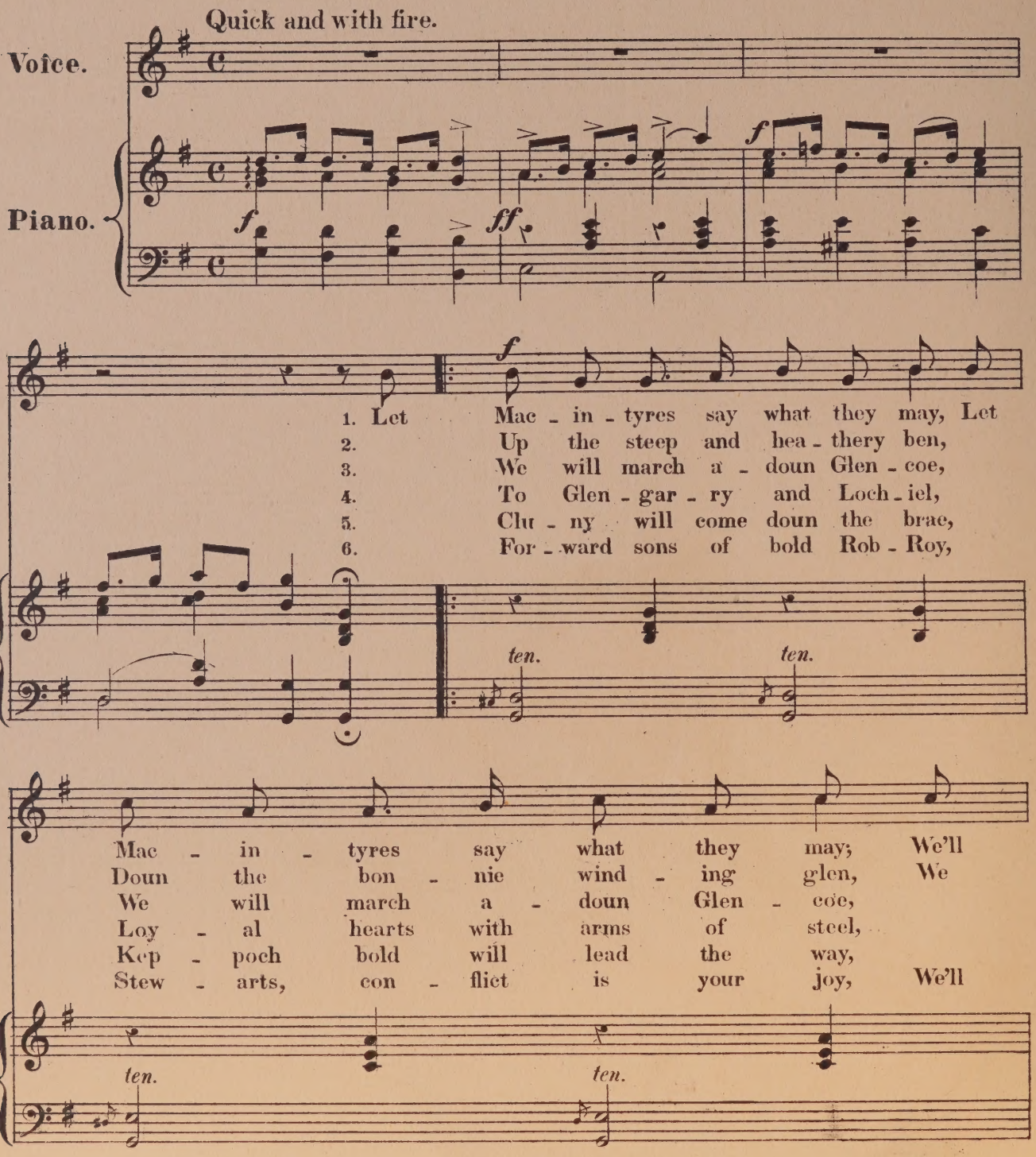
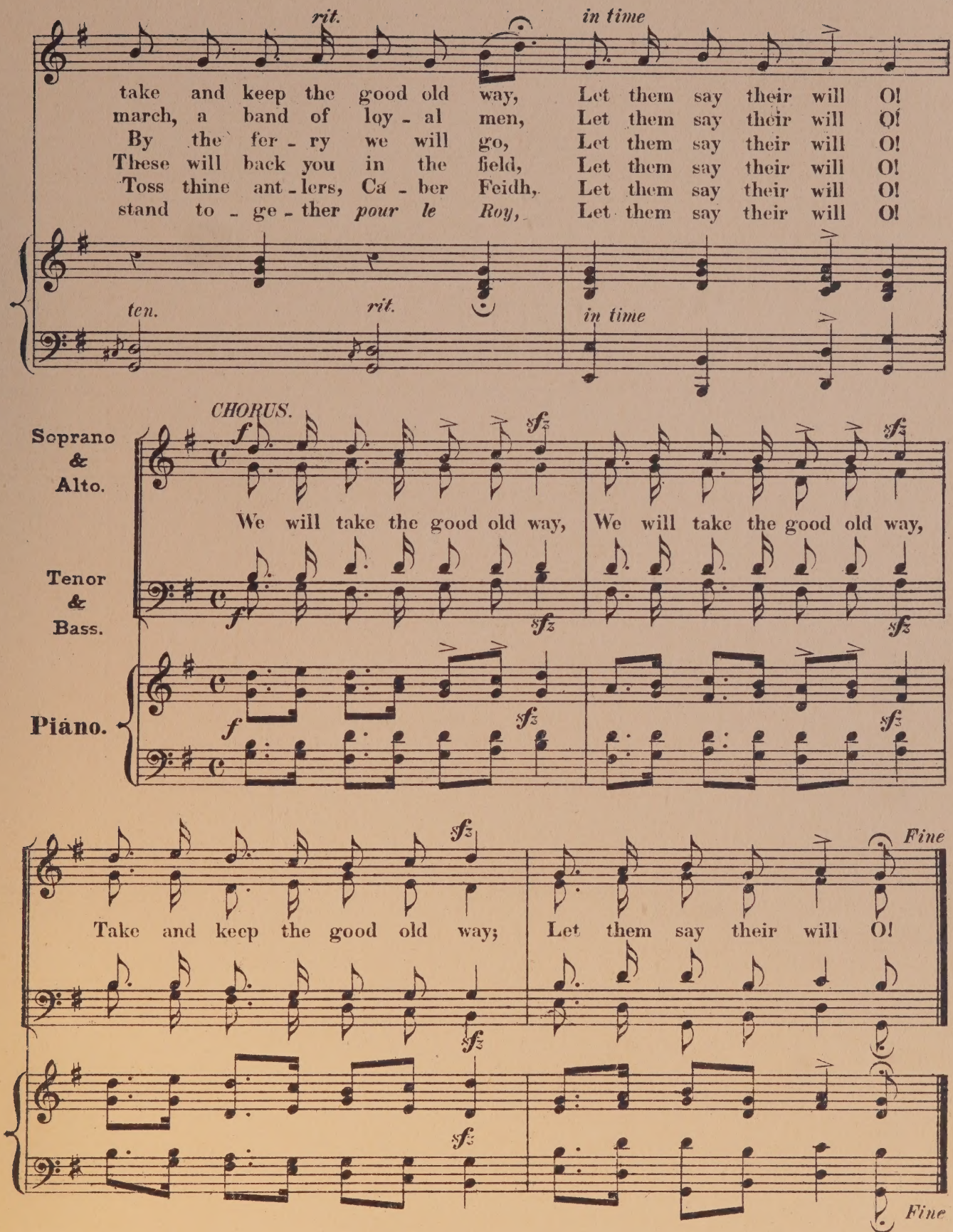
XVII.

WE WILL TAKE THE GOOD OLD WAY.

(GABHAIDH SINN AN RATHAD MOR.)

Words translated from the Gaelic by the Rev. A. Stewart, L.L.D. "Nether Lochaber."

Old Highland Melody arranged by Malcolm Lawson.


Quick and with fire.
Voice.
Piano.
f
ff
1. Let Mac - in - tyres say what they may, Let
2. Up the steep and hea - thery ben,
3. We will march a - doun Glen - coe,
4. To Glen - gar - ry and Loch - iel,
5. Clu - ny will come doun the brae,
6. For - ward sons of bold Rob - Roy,
ten.
ten.
Mac - in - tyres say what they may; We'll
Doun the bon - nie wind - ing glen, We
We will march a - doun Glen - coe,
Loy - al hearts with arms of steel,
Kep - poch bold will lead the way,
Stew - arts, con - flict is your joy, We'll
ten.
ten.

rit.
in time
take and keep the good old way, Let them say their will O!
march, a band of loy - al men, Let them say their will O!
By the fer - ry we will go, Let them say their will O!
These will back you in the field, Let them say their will O!
Toss thine ant - lers, Cá - ber Feidh, Let them say their will O!
stand to - ge - ther pour le Roy, Let them say their will O!
ten.
rit.
in time
CHORUS.
Soprano & Alto.
Tenor & Bass.
Piano.
We will take the good old way, We will take the good old way,
Take and keep the good old way; Let them say their will O!
Fine
Fine

"WE WILL TAKE THE GOOD OLD WAY."

(GABHAIDH SINN AN RATHAD MOR.)

WE will take the good old way,
We will take the good old way,
We'll take and keep the good old way,
Let them say their will, O!
Let MacIntyres say what they may,
Let MacIntyres say what they may,
We'll take and keep the good old way,
Let them say their will, O!
We will take, &c.

Up the steep and heathery ben,
Doun the bonnie winding glen,
We march, a band of loyal men,
Let them say their will, O!
We will take, &c.

We will march adoun Glencoe,
We will march adoun Glencoe,
By the ferry we will go,
Let them say their will, O!
We will take, &c.

To Glengarry and Lochiel,
Loyal hearts, with arms of steel,
These will back you in the field,
Let them say their will, O!
We will take, &c.

Cluny will come doun the brae,
Keppoch bold will lead the way,
Toss thine antlers, Caber Feidh,
Let them say their will, O!
We will take, &c.

Forward, sons of bold Rob Roy,
Stewarts—conflict is your joy—
We'll stand together *pour le Roy*,
Let them say their will, O!
We will take, &c.

Translated from the Gaelic by the Rev. A. STEWART, LL.D.—
"Nether Lochaber."

"*Rest, my ain bairnie.*"

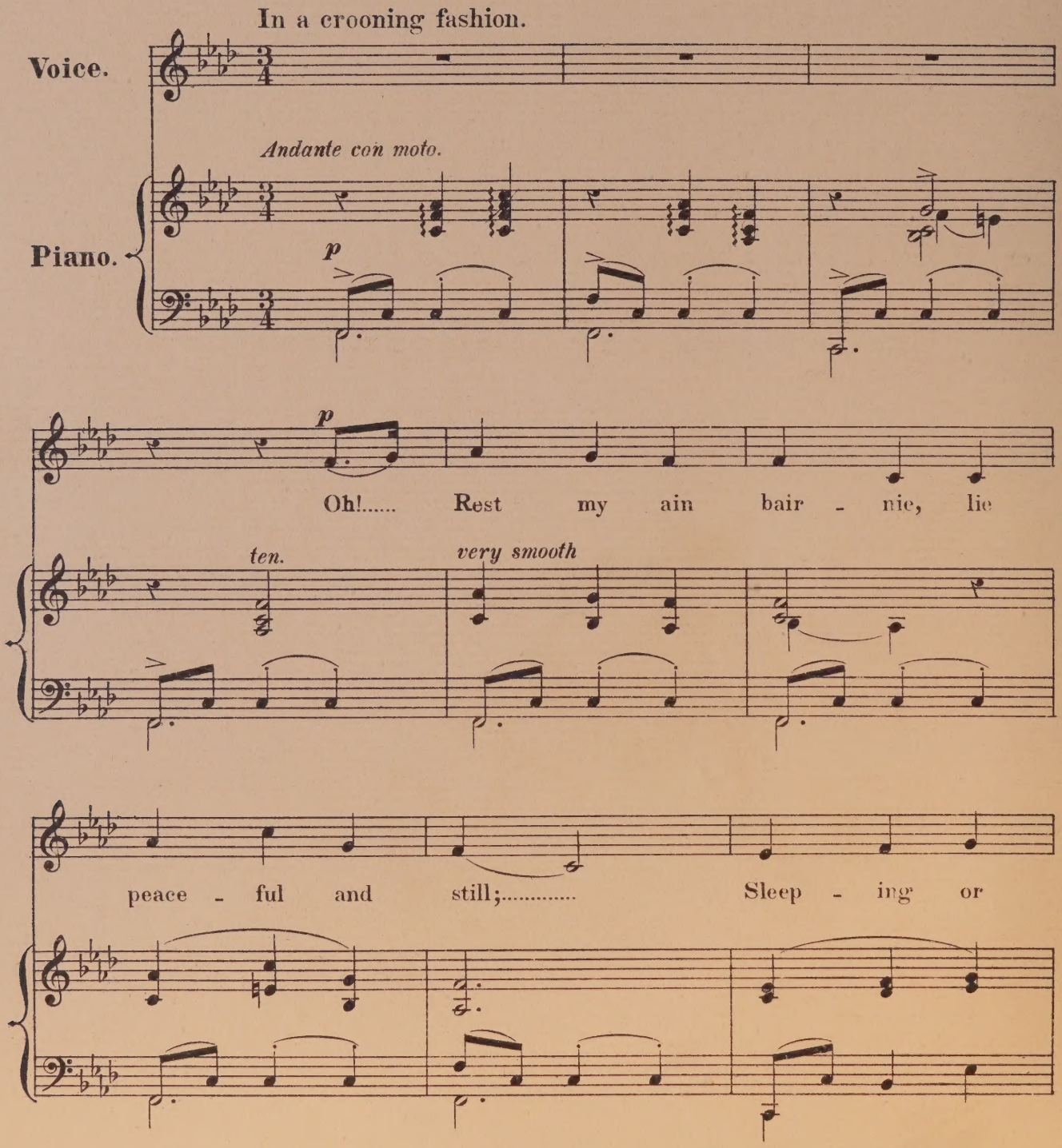
(A HIGHLAND CRADLE SONG.)

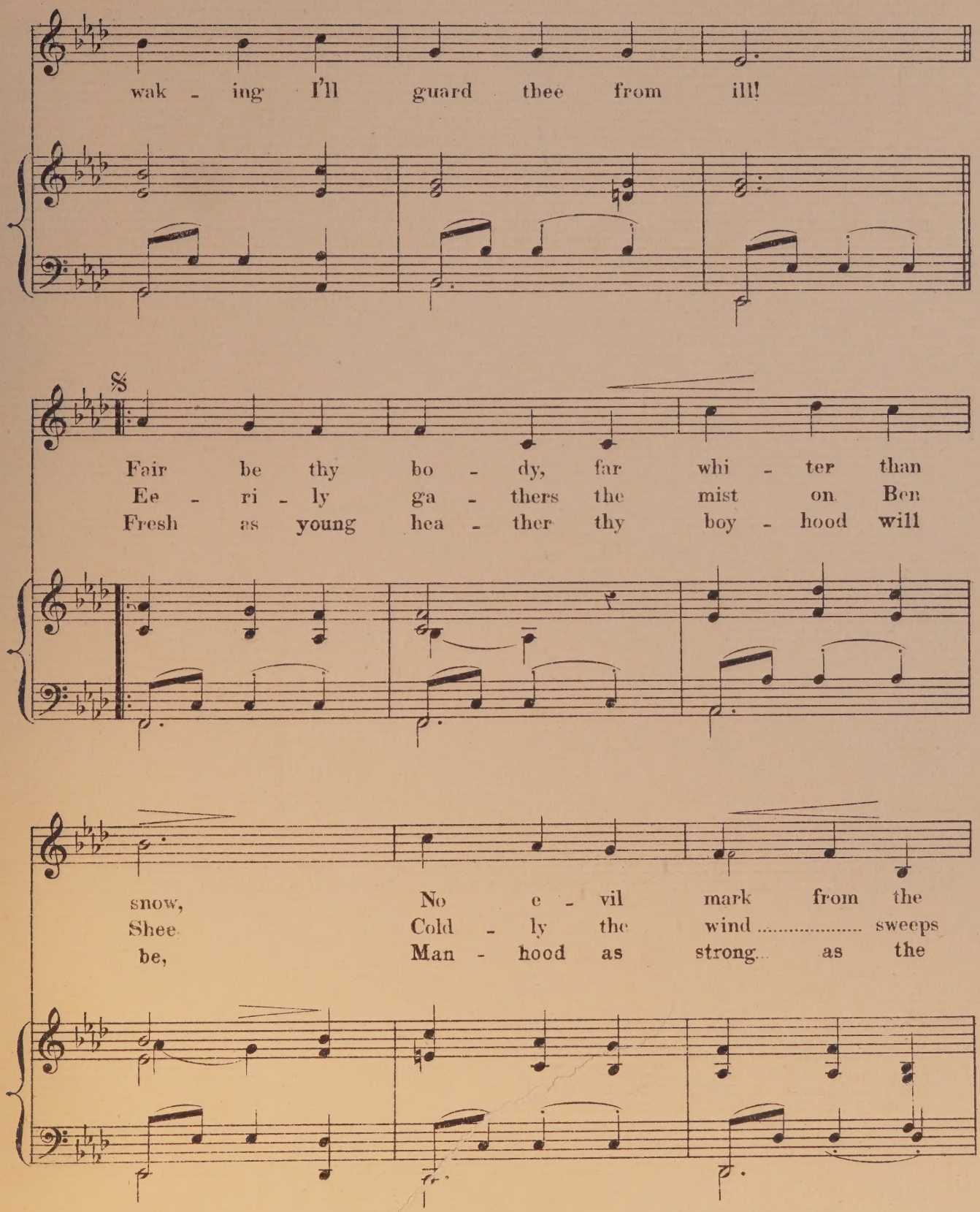
XVIII.

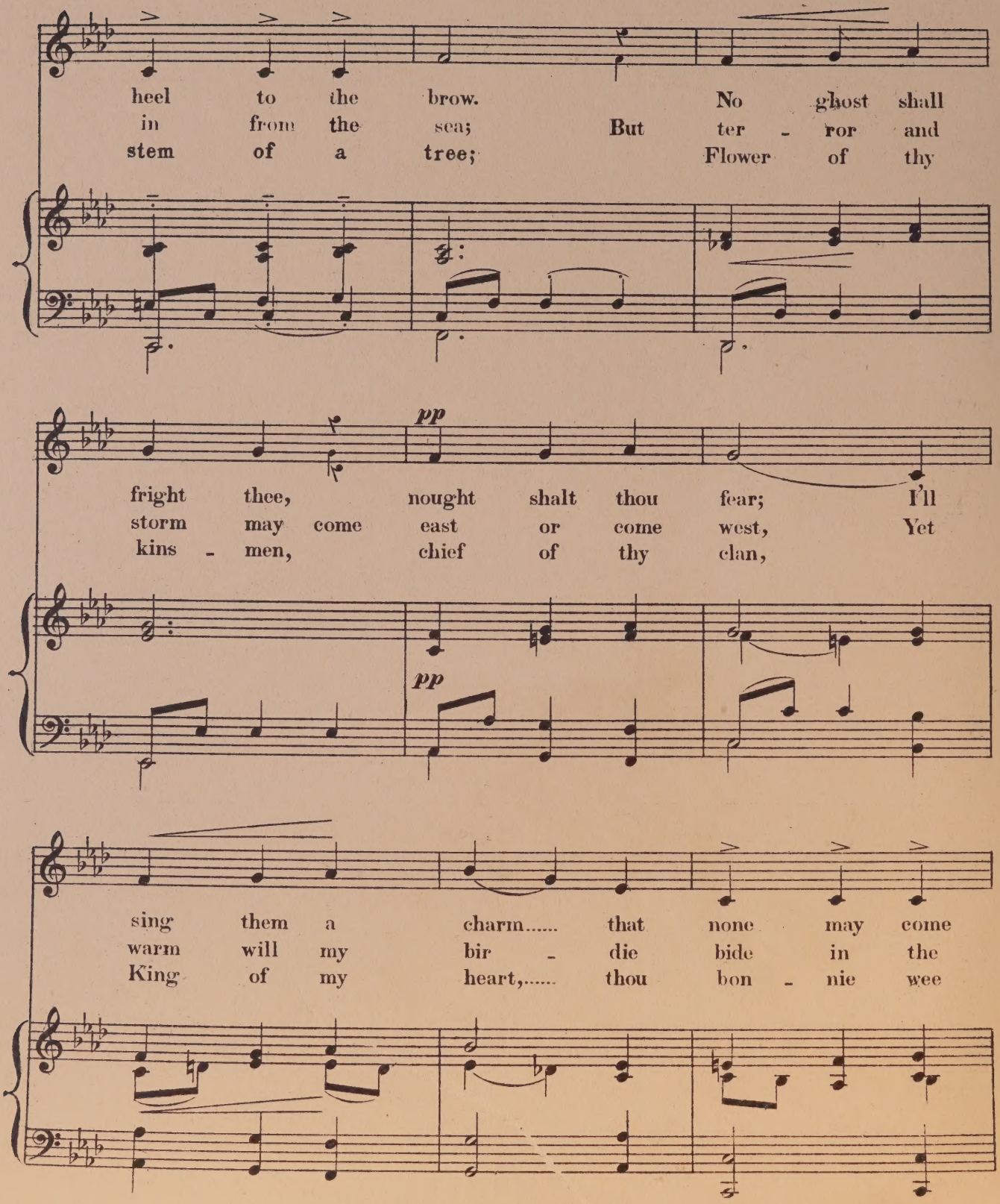
REST MY AIN BAIRNIE.

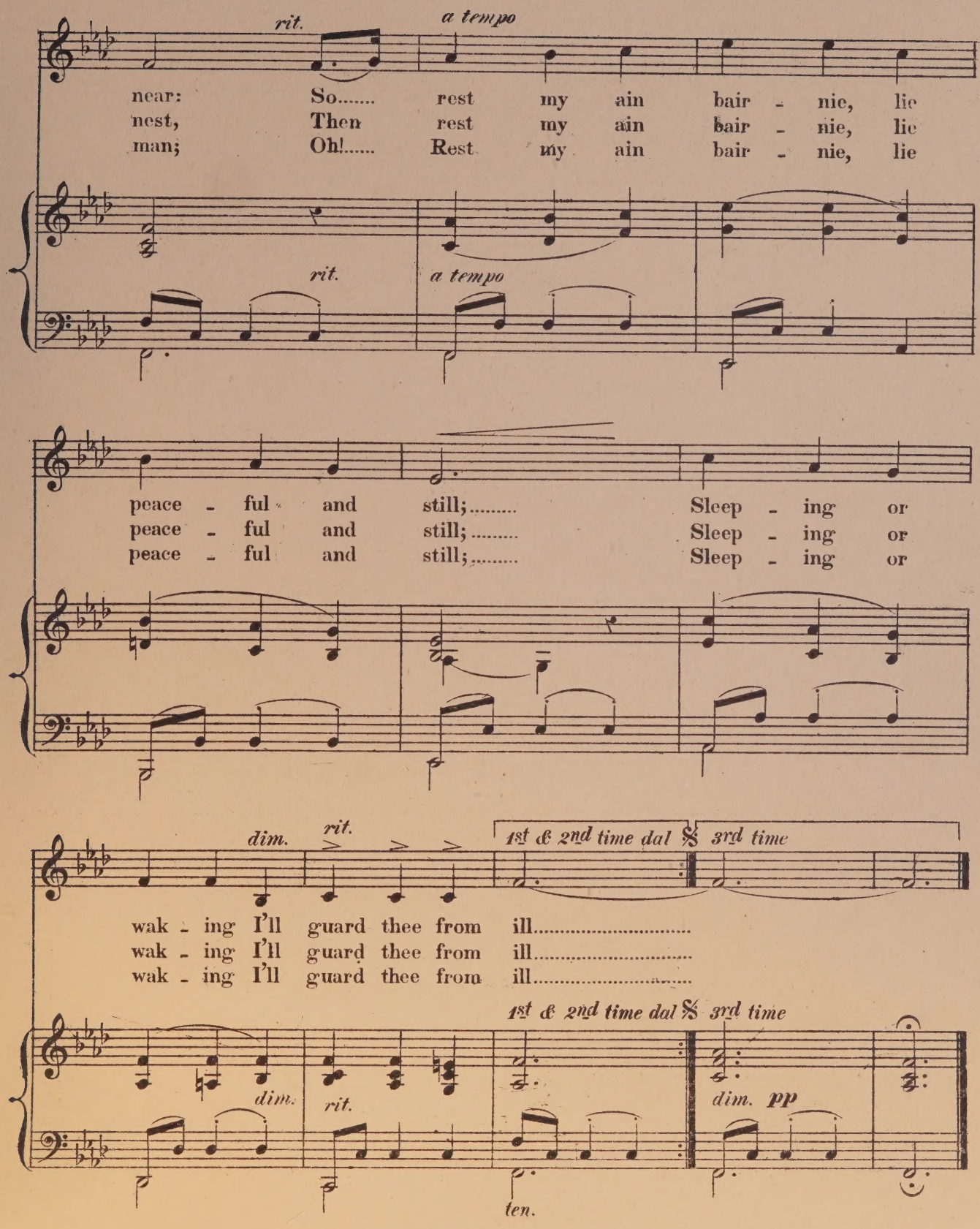
Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.




wak - ing I'll guard thee from ill!
Fair be thy bo - dy, far whi - ter than
Ee - ri - ly ga - thers the mist on Ben
Fresh as young hea - ther thy boy - hood will
snow, No e - vil mark from the
Shee Cold - ly the wind ..... sweeps
be, Man - hood as strong as the


heel to the brow. No ghost shall
in from the sea; But ter - ror and
stem of a tree; Flower of thy
pp
fright thee, nought shalt thou fear; I'll
storm may come east or come west, Yet
kins - men, chief of thy clan,
pp
sing them a charm..... that none may come
warm will my bir - die bide in the
King of my heart,..... thou bon - nie wee


rit.
a tempo
near: So..... rest my ain bair - nie, lie
nest, Then rest my ain bair - nie, lie
man; Oh!..... Rest my ain bair - nie, lie
rit.
a tempo
peace - ful and still;..... Sleep - ing or
peace - ful and still;..... Sleep - ing or
peace - ful and still;..... Sleep - ing or
dim.
rit.
1st & 2nd time dal 𝄋 3rd time
wak - ing I'll guard thee from ill.....
wak - ing I'll guard thee from ill.....
wak - ing I'll guard thee from ill.....
1st & 2nd time dal 𝄋 3rd time
dim.
rit.
dim. pp
ten.

"REST MY AIN BAIRNIE."

(A HIGHLAND CRADLE SONG.)

REST, my ain bairnie, lie peaceful and still,
Sleeping or waking I'll guard thee from ill.
Fair be thy body, whiter than snow,
No evil mark from the heel to the brow;
No ghost shall fright thee, nought shalt thou fear,
I'll sing them a charm that none may come near.
Then rest my ain bairnie, &c.

Eerily gathers the mist on Ben Shee,
Coldly the wind sweeps in from the sea,
But terror and storm may come east or come west,
Warm will my birdie bide in the nest.
Then rest my ain bairnie, &c.

Fresh as the heather thy boyhood will bloom,
Strong as the pine thy manhood will come,
Flower of thy kinsmen, chief of thy clan,
King of my heart, thou bonnie wee man.
Then rest my ain bairnie, &c.

HAROLD BOULTON.

My Dark-haired Maid.

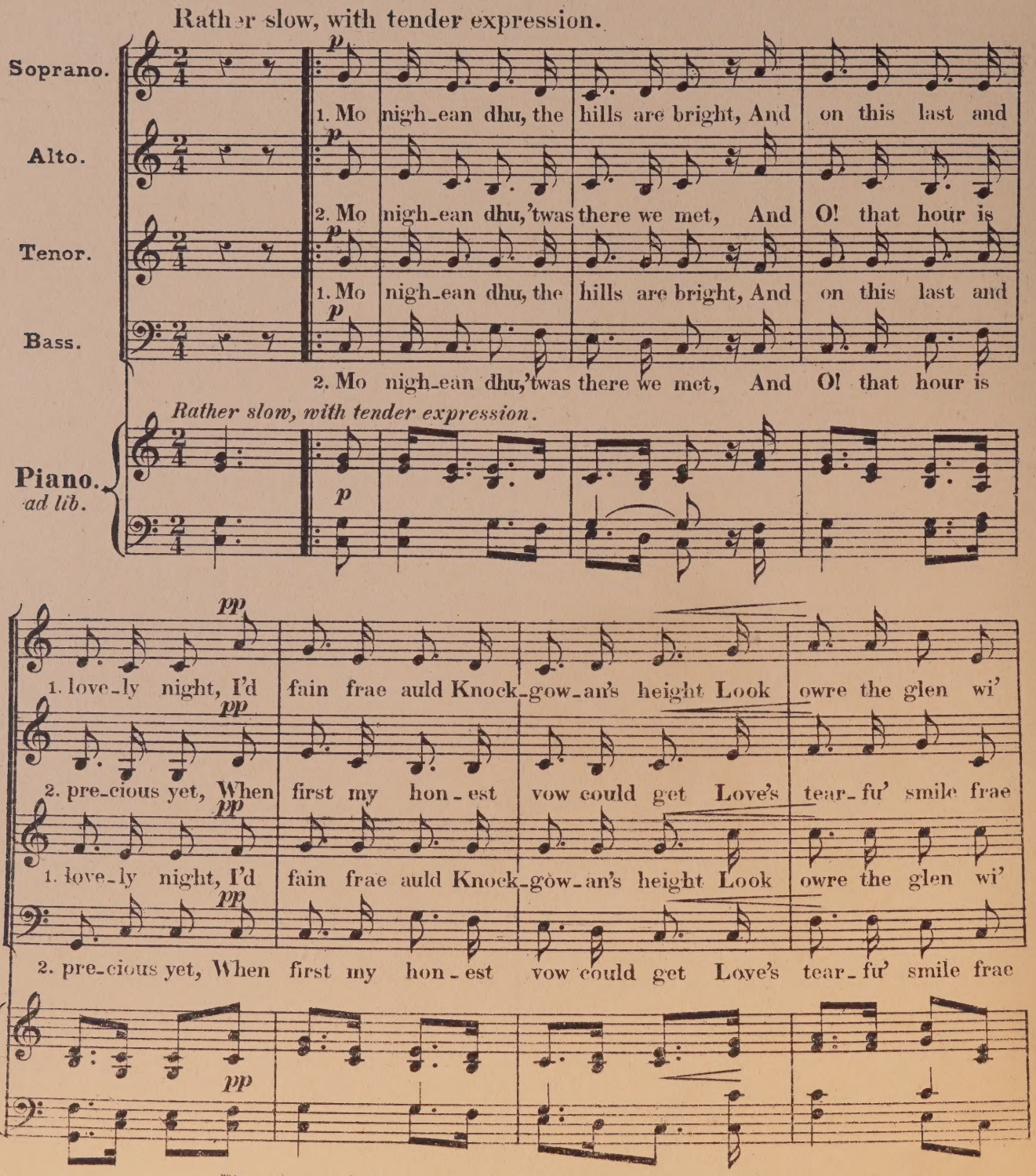
(MO NIGHEAN DHU.)

XIX.

*MY DARK HAIRED MAID.

(MO NIGHEAN DHU.)

Words by the late
Dr JOHN PARK, of St. Andrews.

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Rather slow, with tender expression.
Soprano.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.
1. Mo nigh-ean dhu, the hills are bright, And on this last and
2. Mo nigh-ean dhu, 'twas there we met, And O! that hour is
Piano.
ad lib.
Rather slow, with tender expression.
1. love-ly night, I'd fain frae auld Knock-gow-an's height Look owre the glen wi'
2. pre-cious yet, When first my hon-est vow could get Love's tear-fu' smile frae

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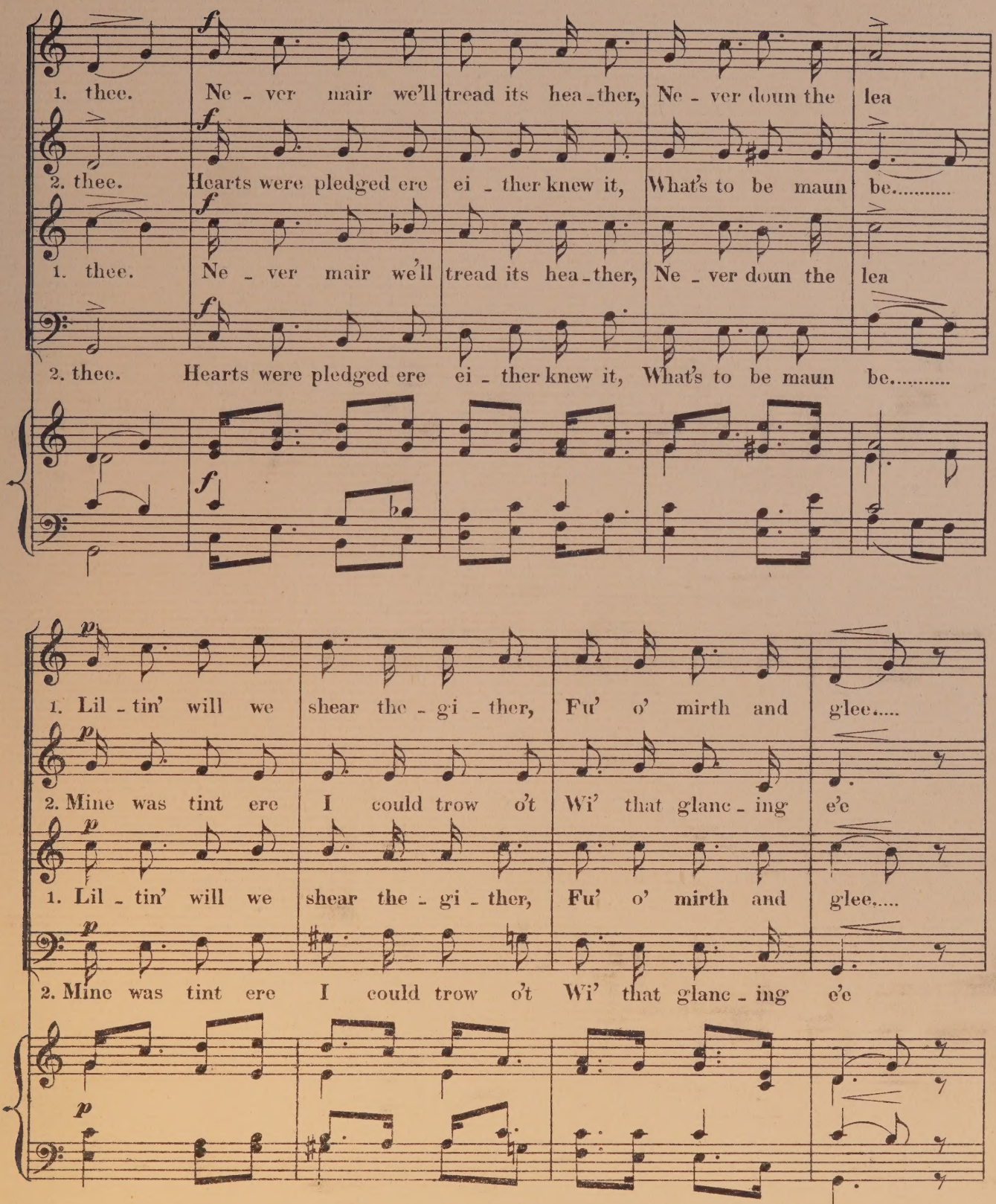
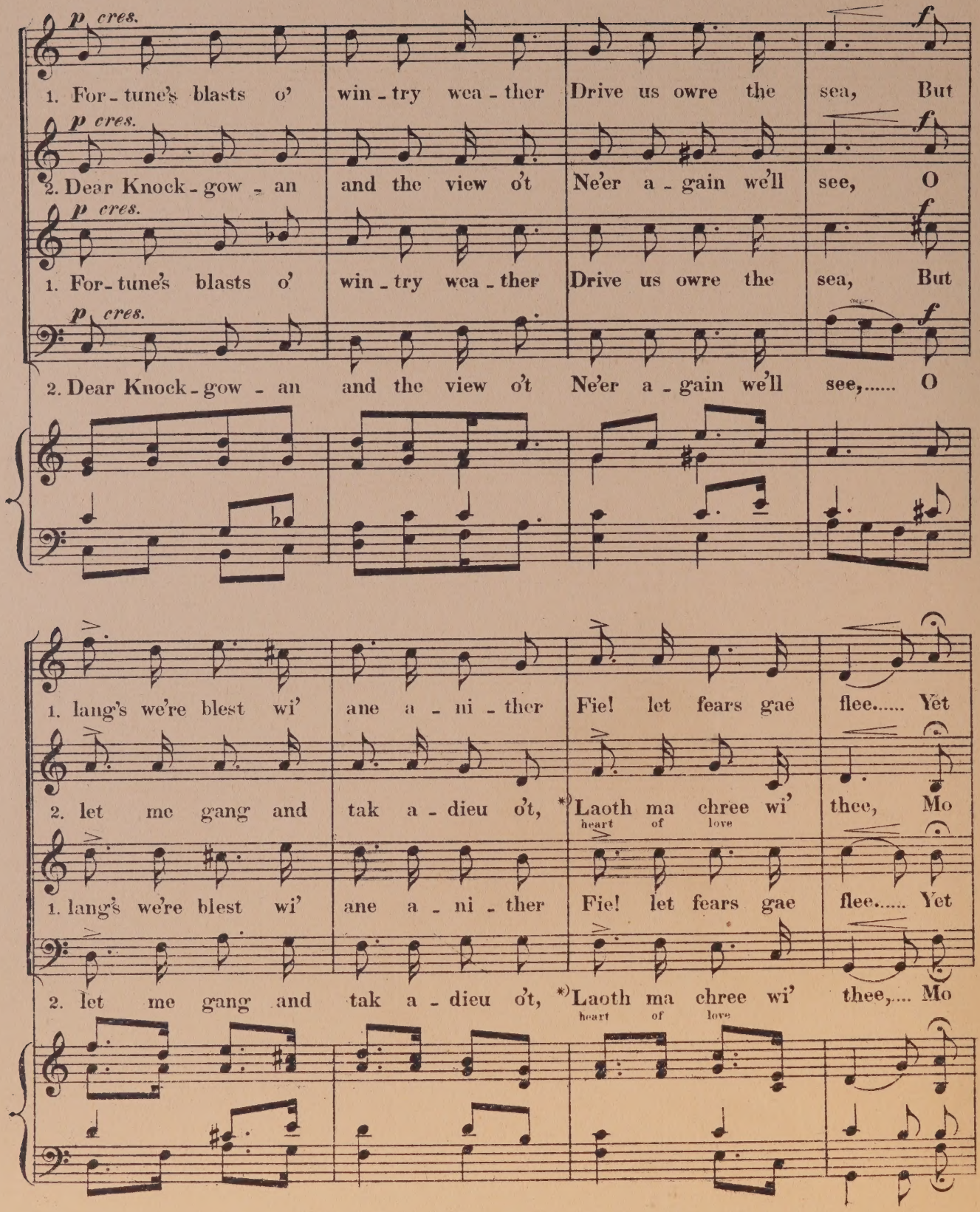
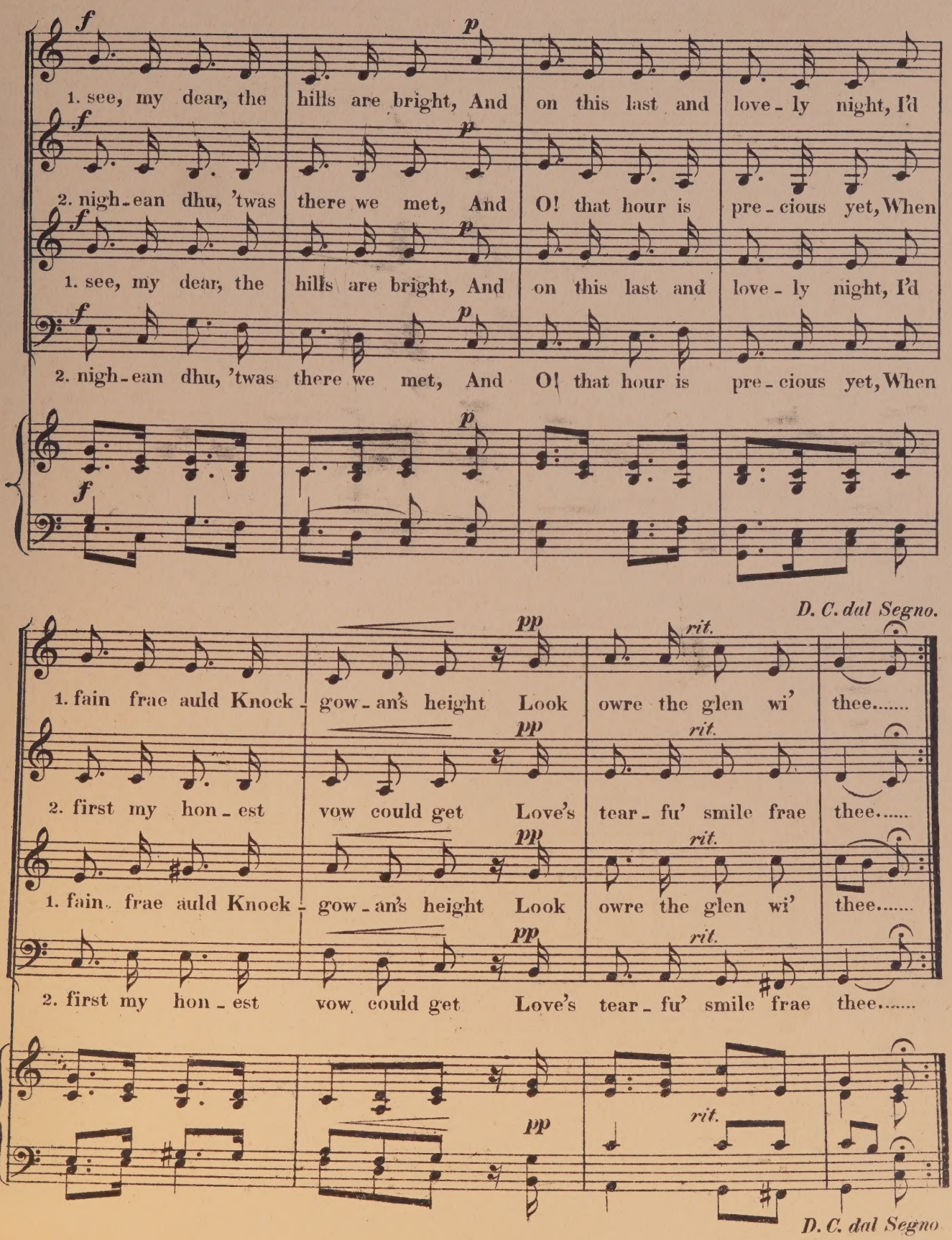

1. thee. Ne - ver mair we'll tread its hea-ther, Ne - ver doun the lea
2. thee. Hearts were pledged ere ei - ther knew it, What's to be maun be.....
1. thee. Ne - ver mair we'll tread its hea-ther, Ne - ver doun the lea
2. thee. Hearts were pledged ere ei - ther knew it, What's to be maun be.....
1. Lil - tin' will we shear the - gi - ther, Fu' o' mirth and glee.....
2. Mine was tint ere I could trow o't Wi' that glanc - ing e'e
1. Lil - tin' will we shear the - gi - ther, Fu' o' mirth and glee.....
2. Mine was tint ere I could trow o't Wi' that glanc - ing e'e


p cres.
1. For-tune's blasts o' win-try wea-ther Drive us owre the sea, But
f
p cres.
2. Dear Knock-gow-an and the view o't Ne'er a-gain we'll see, O
f
p cres.
1. For-tune's blasts o' win-try wea-ther Drive us owre the sea, But
f
p cres.
2. Dear Knock-gow-an and the view o't Ne'er a-gain we'll see,..... O
f
1. lang's we're blest wi' ane a-ni-ther Fie! let fears gae flee..... Yet
2. let me gang and tak a-dieu o't, *) Laoth ma chree wi' thee, Mo
heart of love
1. lang's we're blest wi' ane a-ni-ther Fie! let fears gae flee..... Yet
2. let me gang and tak a-dieu o't, *) Laoth ma chree wi' thee,.... Mo
heart of love

*) *Laoth ma chree is a Gaelic expression which means literally "calf of my heart."*


1. see, my dear, the hills are bright, And on this last and love - ly night, I'd
2. nigh - ean dhu, 'twas there we met, And O! that hour is pre - cious yet, When
1. see, my dear, the hills are bright, And on this last and love - ly night, I'd
2. nigh - ean dhu, 'twas there we met, And O! that hour is pre - cious yet, When
D. C. dal Segno.
1. fain frae auld Knock - gow - an's height Look owre the glen wi' thee.....
2. first my hon - est vow could get Love's tear - fu' smile frae thee.....
1. fain frae auld Knock - gow - an's height Look owre the glen wi' thee.....
2. first my hon - est vow could get Love's tear - fu' smile frae thee.....
D. C. dal Segno

MY DARK-HAIRED MAID.

(MO NIGHEAN DHU.)

MO nighean dhu, the hills are bright,
And on this last and lovely night,
I'd fain frae auld Knockgowan's height
Look owre the glen wi' thee.
Never mair we'll tread its heather,
Never doun the lea
Liltin' will we shear thegither,
Fu' o' mirth and glee.
Fortune's blasts o' wintry weather
Drive us owre the sea,
But lang 's we're blest wi' ane anither,
Fie ! let fears gae flee.
Yet see, my dear, the hills are bright,
And on this last and lovely night,
I'd fain frae auld Knockgowan's height
Look owre the glen wi' thee.

Mo nighean dhu, 'twas there we met,
And O ! that hour is precious yet,
When first my honest vow could get
Love's tearfu' smile frae thee.
Hearts were pledg'd ere either knew it,
What 's to be maun be,
Mine was tint ere I could trow o't
Wi' that glancing e'e.
Dear Knockgowan and the view o't
Ne'er again we'll see,
Let me gang and tak' adieu o't
Laoth ma chree, wi' thee.
Mo nighean dhu, 'twas there we met,
And O ! that hour is precious yet,
When first my honest vow could get
Love's tearfu' smile frae thee.

DR. JOHN PARK.

(Words inserted from Dr. JOHN PARK's songs, by permission of the editor, ARCHIBALD RAMSDEN.)

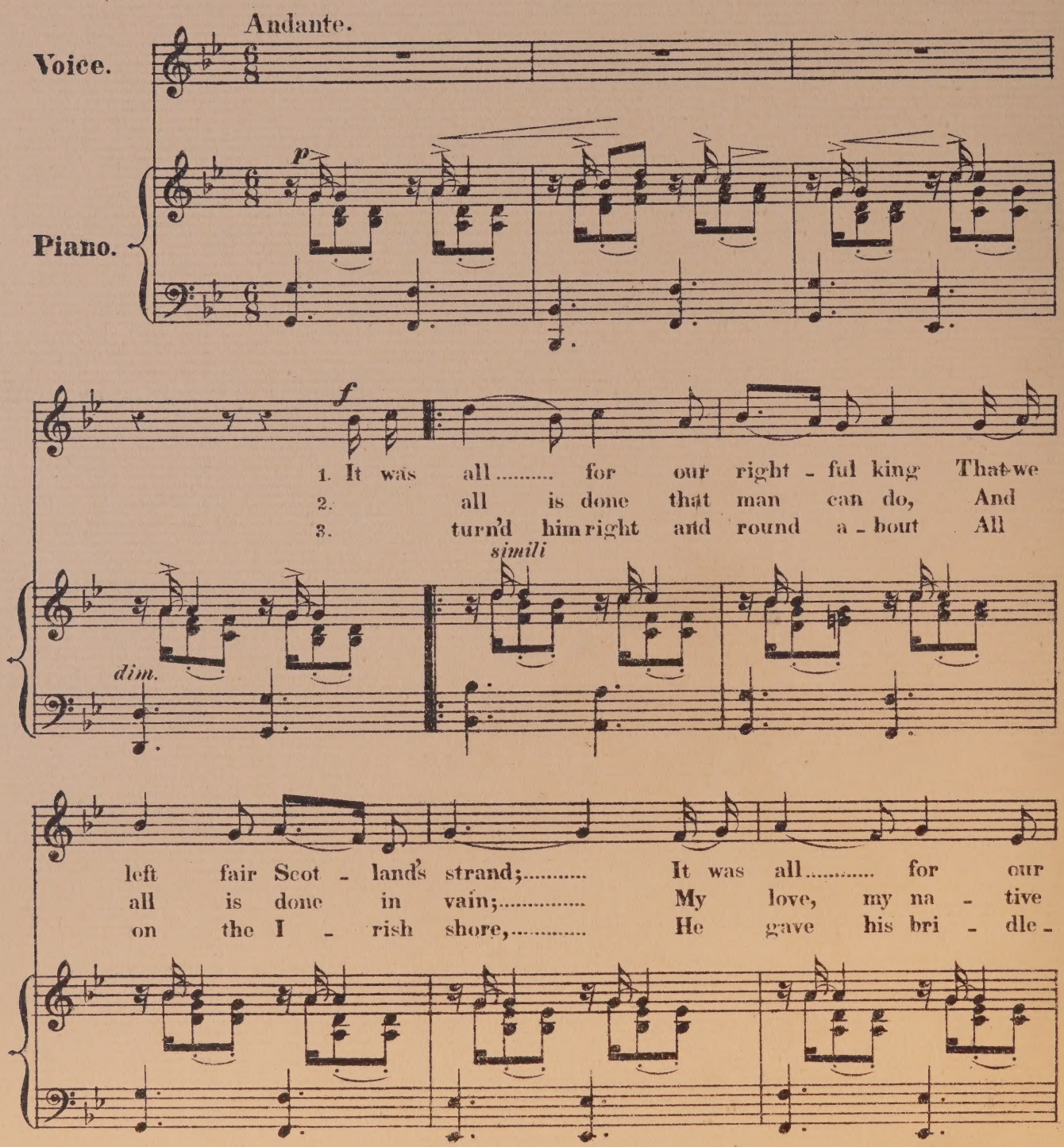
A Jacobite Lament.

XX.

A JACOBITE LAMENT.

Words attributed to
Captain OGILVY.

Music by
MALCOLM LAWSON.


Andante.
Voice.
Piano.
p
f
1. It was all..... for our right - ful king That we
2. all is done that man can do, And
3. turn'd him right and round a - bout All
simili
dim.
left fair Scot - land's strand;..... It was all..... for our
all is done in vain;..... My love, my na - tive
on the I - rish shore,..... He gave his bri - dle -

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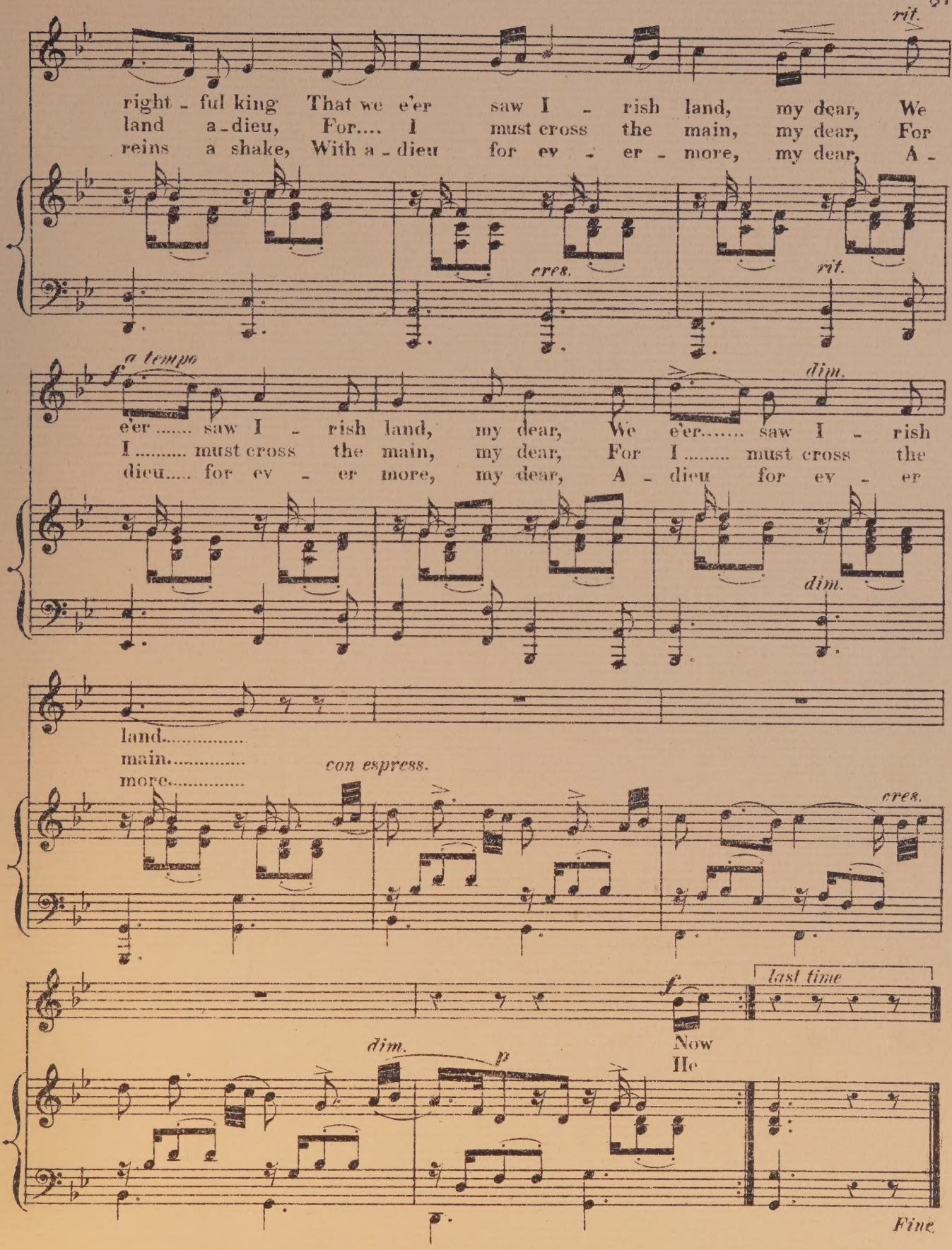

rit.
right - ful king That we e'er saw I - rish land, my dear, We
land a-dieu, For.... I must cross the main, my dear, For
reins a shake, With a-dieu for ev - er - more, my dear, A -
cres.
rit.
a tempo
f
dim.
e'er..... saw I - rish land, my dear, We e'er..... saw I - rish
I..... must cross the main, my dear, For I..... must cross the
dieu..... for ev - er more, my dear, A - dieu for ev - er
dim.
land.....
main.....
more.....
con espress.
cres.
last time
f
Now
He
dim.
p
Fine.

A JACOBITE LAMENT.

IT was a' for our rightfu' king
We left fair Scotland's strand,
It was a' for our rightfu' king
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain ;
My love an' native land, fareweel,
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun cross the main.

He turned him right an' round about,
All on the Irish shore,
He ga'e his bridle-reins a shake,
Wi' "Adieu for evermore, my dear,
Adieu for evermore."

The sodger frae the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main ;
But I ha'e parted frae my love,
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, an' night is come,
An' a' folk boun' to sleep,
I think on him that 's far awa',
The lee-lang night, an' weep, my dear,
The lee-lang night, an' weep.

Attributed to CAPTAIN OGILVY, 1690.

"As I gaed doun Glenmoriston."

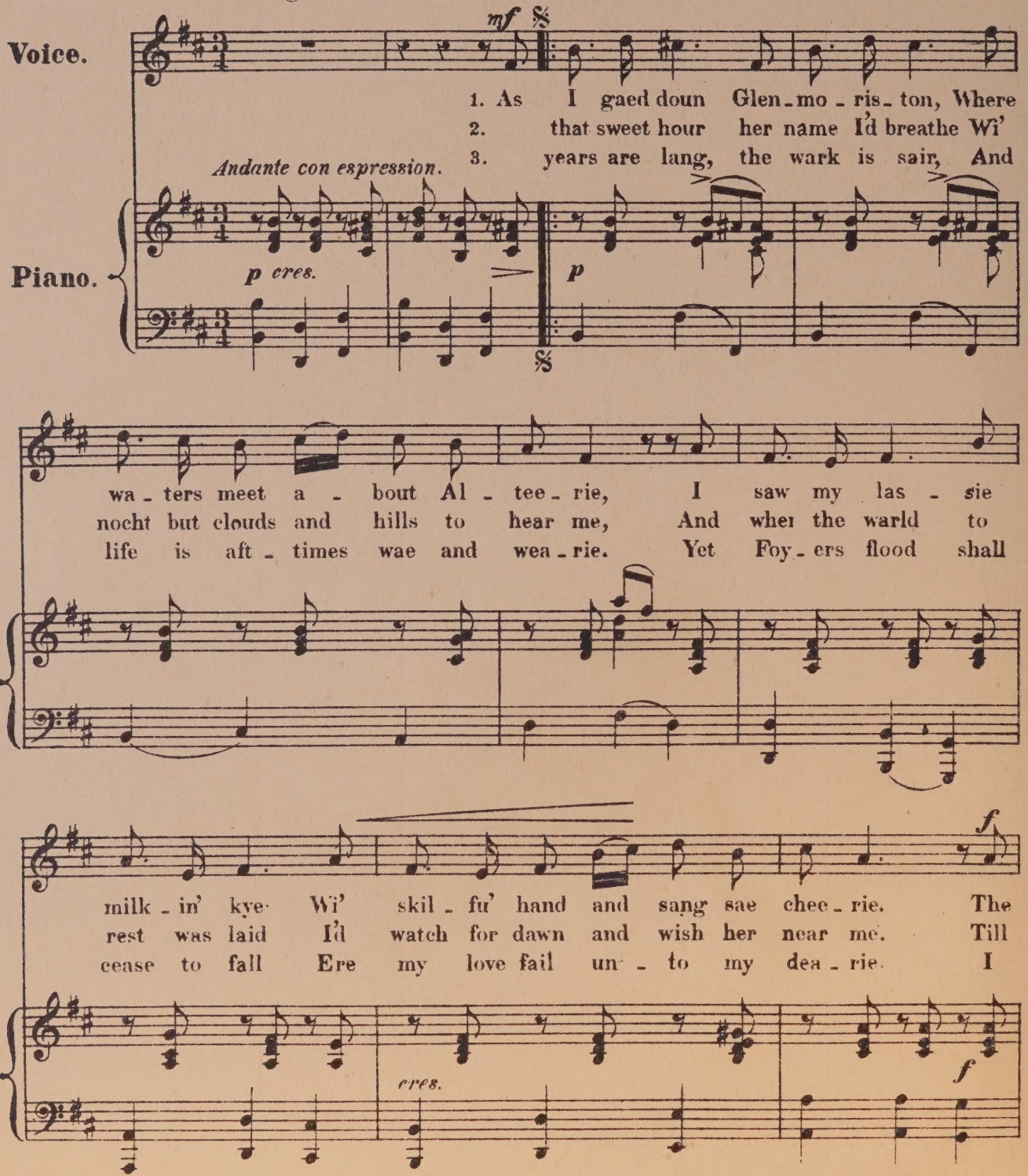
XXI.

AS I GAED DOUN GLENMORISTON.

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

With great tenderness and rather slow.


Voice.
Piano.
mf
1. As I gaed doun Glen-mo-ris-ton, Where
2. that sweet hour her name I'd breathe Wi'
3. years are lang, the wark is sair, And
Andante con espression.
p cres.
p
wa-ters meet a-bout Al-tee-rie, I saw my las-sie
nocht but clouds and hills to hear me, And whei the warld to
life is aft-times wae and wea-rie. Yet Foy-ers flood shall
milk-in' kye Wi' skil-fu' hand and sang sae chee-rie. The
rest was laid I'd watch for dawn and wish her near me. Till
cease to fall Ere my love fail un-to my dea-rie. I
f
cres.
f

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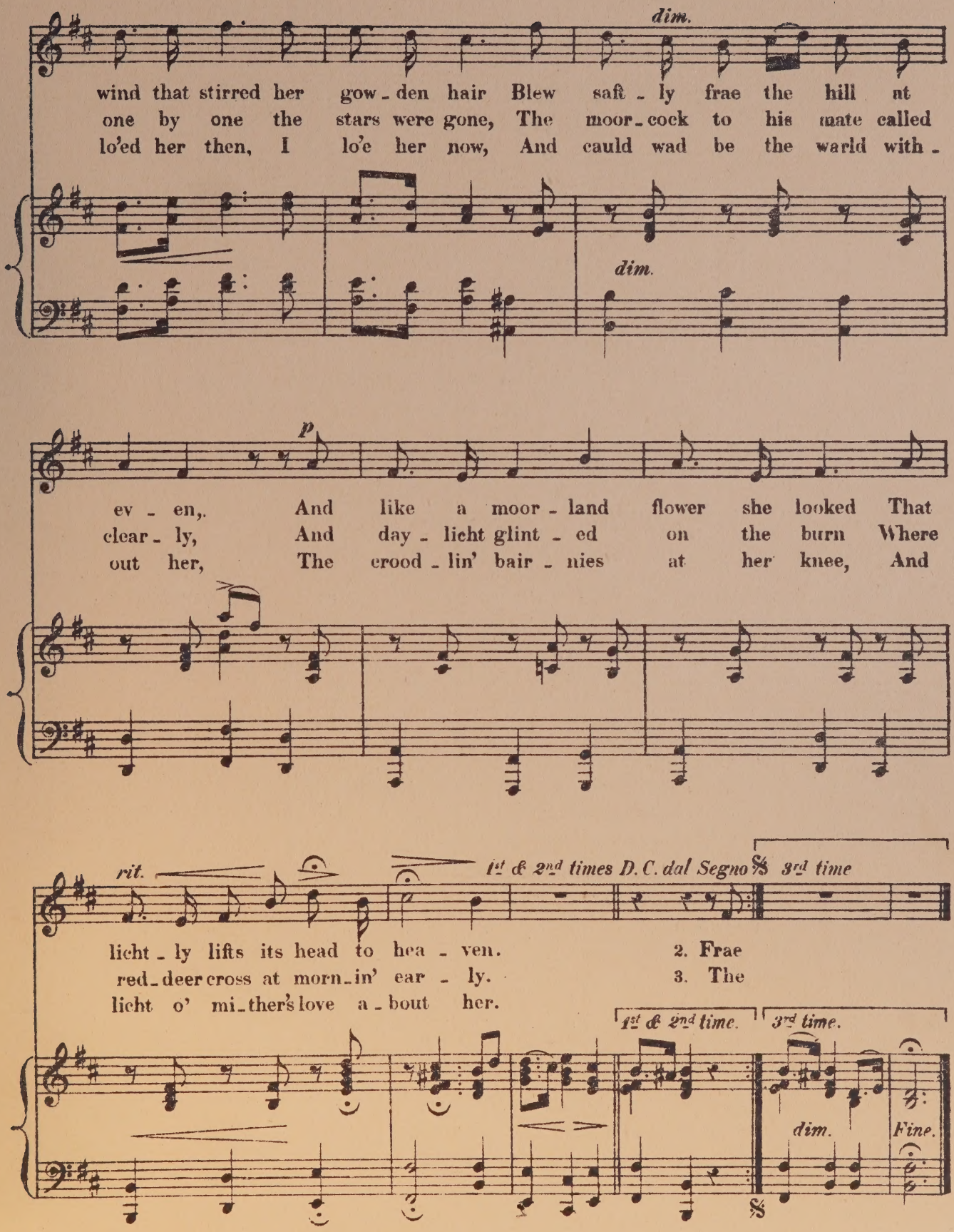

dim.
wind that stirred her gow - den hair Blew saft - ly frae the hill nt
one by one the stars were gone, The moor - cock to his mate called
lo'ed her then, I lo'e her now, And cauld wad be the warld with -
dim.
p
ev - en, And like a moor - land flower she looked That
clear - ly, And day - licht glint - ed on the burn Where
out her, The crood - lin' bair - nies at her knee, And
rit.
1st & 2nd times D.C. dal Segno 𝄋 3rd time
licht - ly lifts its head to hea - ven.
red - deer cross at morn - in' ear - ly.
licht o' mi - ther's love a - bout her.
2. Frae
3. The
1st & 2nd time.
3rd time.
dim.
Fine.

"AS I GAED DOUN GLENMORISTON.

AS I gaed doun Glenmoriston,
Where waters meet about Alteerie,
I saw my lassie milkin' kye
Wi' skilfu' hand and sang sae cheerie ;
The wind that stirred her gowden hair
Blew saftly frae the hill at even,
And like a moorland flower she looked
That lichtly lifts its head to heaven.

Frae that sweet hour her name I'd breathe
Wi' nocht but clouds and hills to hear me,
And when the warld to rest was laid
I'd watch for dawn and wish her near me,
Till ane by ane the stars were gane,
The moor-cock to his mate called clearly,
And daylicht glinted on the burn
Where red-deer cross at mornin' early.

The years are lang, the wark is sair,
And life is aftimes wae and wearie,
Yet Foyer's flood shall cease to fall
Ere my love fail unto my dearie.
I lo'ed her then, I lo'e her now,
And cauld the warld wad be without her,
The croodlin' bairnies at her knee
And licht o' mither's love about her.

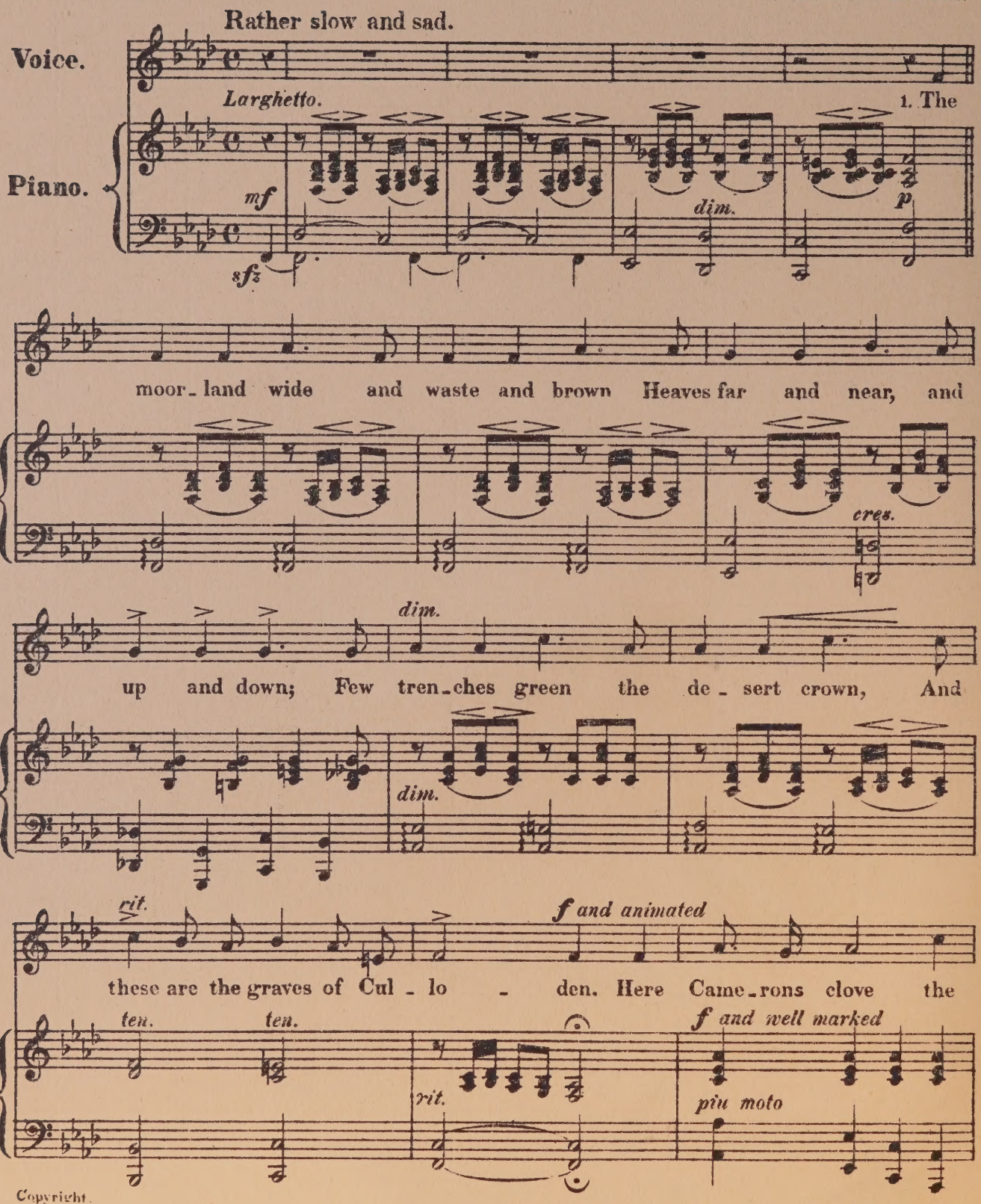
HAROLD BOULTON.

Culloden Muir.

XXII.

CULLODEN MUIR.

Words by
Principal Shairp.

Music by
Malcolm Lawson.

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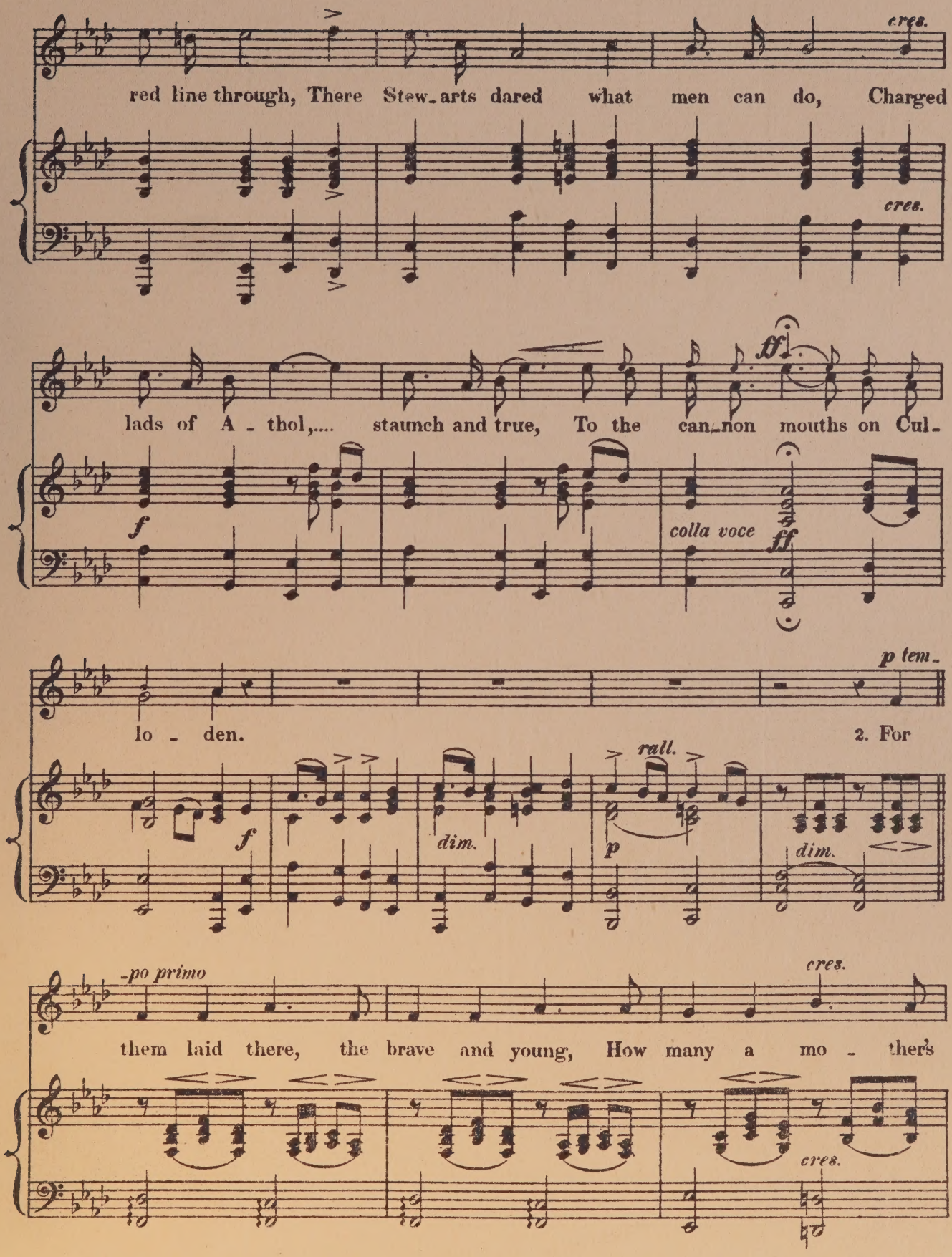
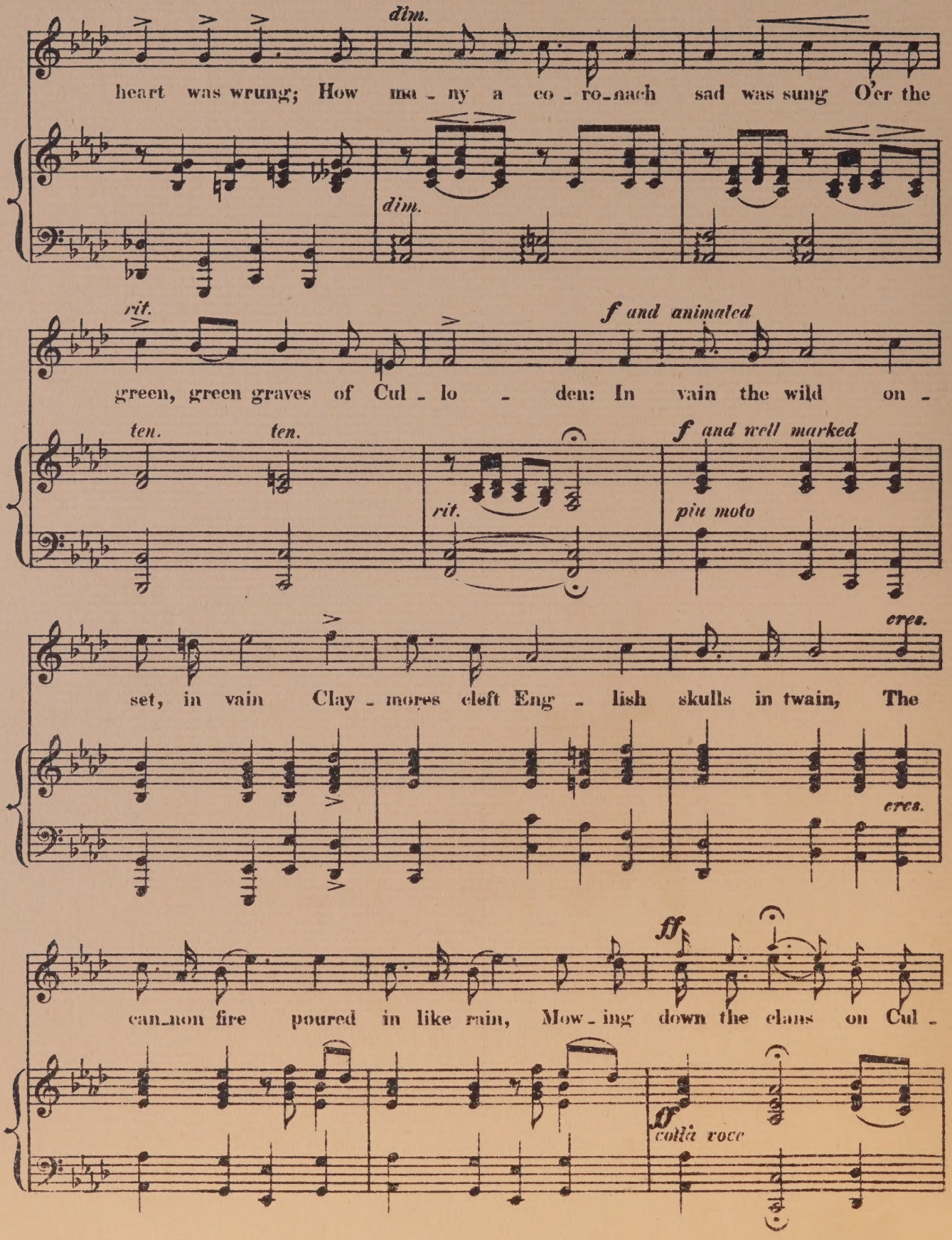
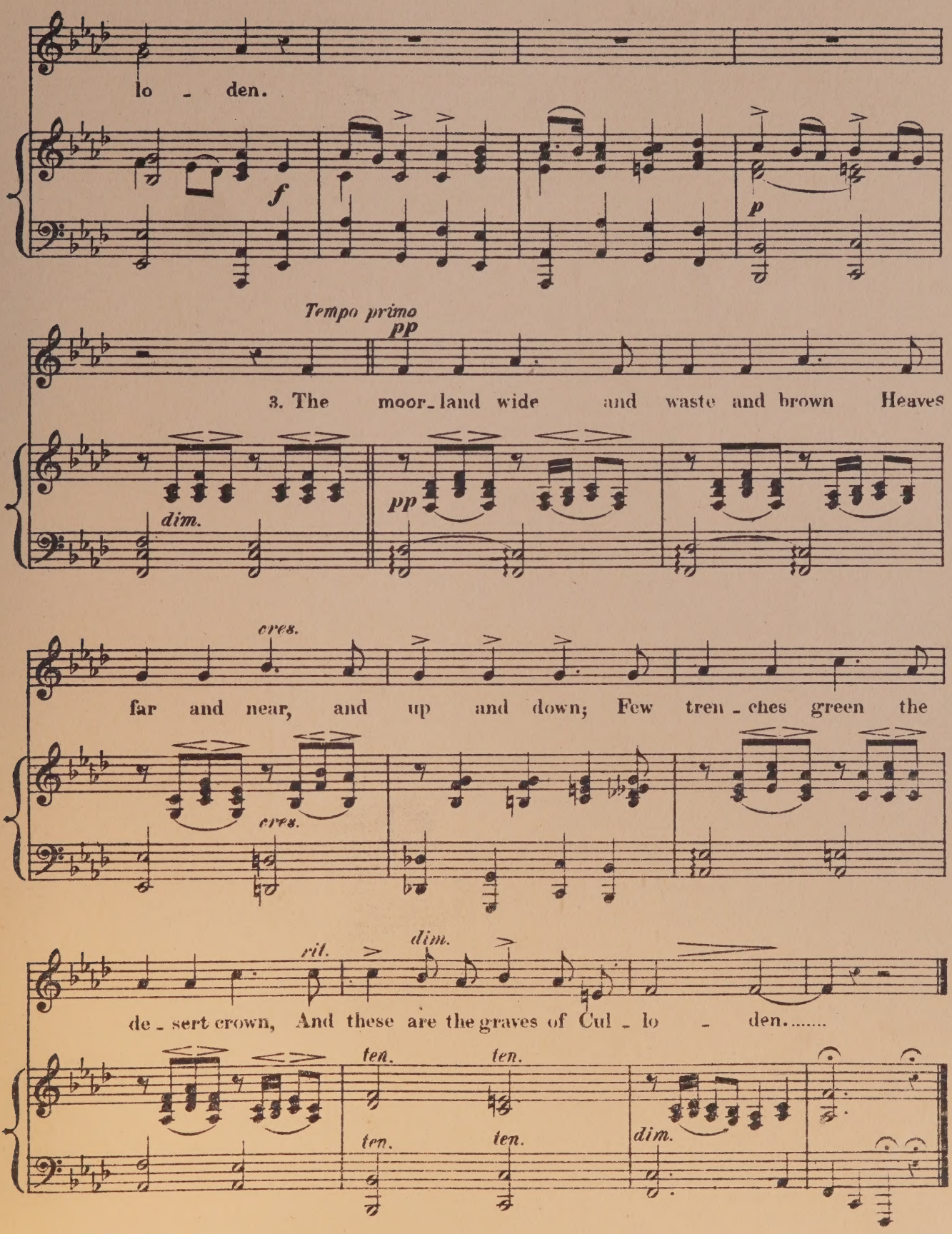

cres.
red line through, There Stew_arts dared what men can do, Charged
cres.
ff
lads of A - thol,.... staunch and true, To the can_non mouths on Cul-
f
colla voce
ff
p tem-
lo - den.
2. For
f
dim.
rall.
p
dim.
-po primo
cres.
them laid there, the brave and young, How many a mo - ther's
cres.


dim.
heart was wrung; How ma - ny a co - ro-nach sad was sung O'er the
dim.
rit.
f and animated
green, green graves of Cul - lo - den: In vain the wild on -
ten.
ten.
rit.
f and well marked
più moto
set, in vain Clay - mores cleft Eng - lish skulls in twain, The
cres.
cres.
can-non fire poured in like rain, Mow - ing down the clans on Cul -
ff
D
colla voce


lo - den.
f
p
Tempo primo
pp
3. The moor-land wide and waste and brown Heaves
dim.
pp
cres.
far and near, and up and down; Few tren-ches green the
cres.
rit.
dim.
de-sert crown, And these are the graves of Cul-lo - den.....
ten.
ten.
ten.
ten.
dim.

CULLODEN MUIR.

THE moorland wide and waste and brown
Heaves far and near and up and down,
Few trenches green the desert crown,
And these are the graves of Culloden!

Alas! what mournful thoughts they yield,
Those scars of sorrow yet unhealed,
On Scotland's last and saddest field,
O! the desolate moor of Culloden!

Ah me! what carnage vain was there,
What reckless fury, mad despair,
On this wide moor such odds to dare,
O! the wasted lives of Culloden!

For them laid there, the brave and young,
How many a mother's heart was wrung,
How many a coronach sad was sung,
O! the green, green graves of Culloden!

Here Camerons clove the red line through,
There Stewarts dared what men could do,
Charged lads of Athol, staunch and true,
To the cannon mouths on Culloden.

What boots it now to point and tell,
—Here the clan Chattan bore them well;
Shame-maddened, yonder, Keppoch fell,
Lavish of life at Culloden?

In vain the wild onset, in vain
Claymores cleft English skulls in twain,
The cannon fire poured in like rain,
Mowing down the clans on Culloden.

Through all the glens, from shore to shore,
What wailing went! But that is o'er,
Hearts now are cold that once were sore
For the loved ones lost on Culloden.

Now strangers come to pry and peep
Above the mounds where clansmen sleep,
But what do we, their kinsmen, reap
For our sires' blood shed on Culloden?

Our small farms turned to deserts dumb,
Where smoke no homes, no people come,
Save English hunters,—that's the sum
Of what we have reaped for Culloden.

This too will pass, the hunter's deer,
The drover's sheep will disappear,
But when another race will ye rear
Like the men that died at Culloden?

PRINCIPAL SHAIRP.

"The women are a' gane wud."

(AN ANTI-JACOBITE SONG.)

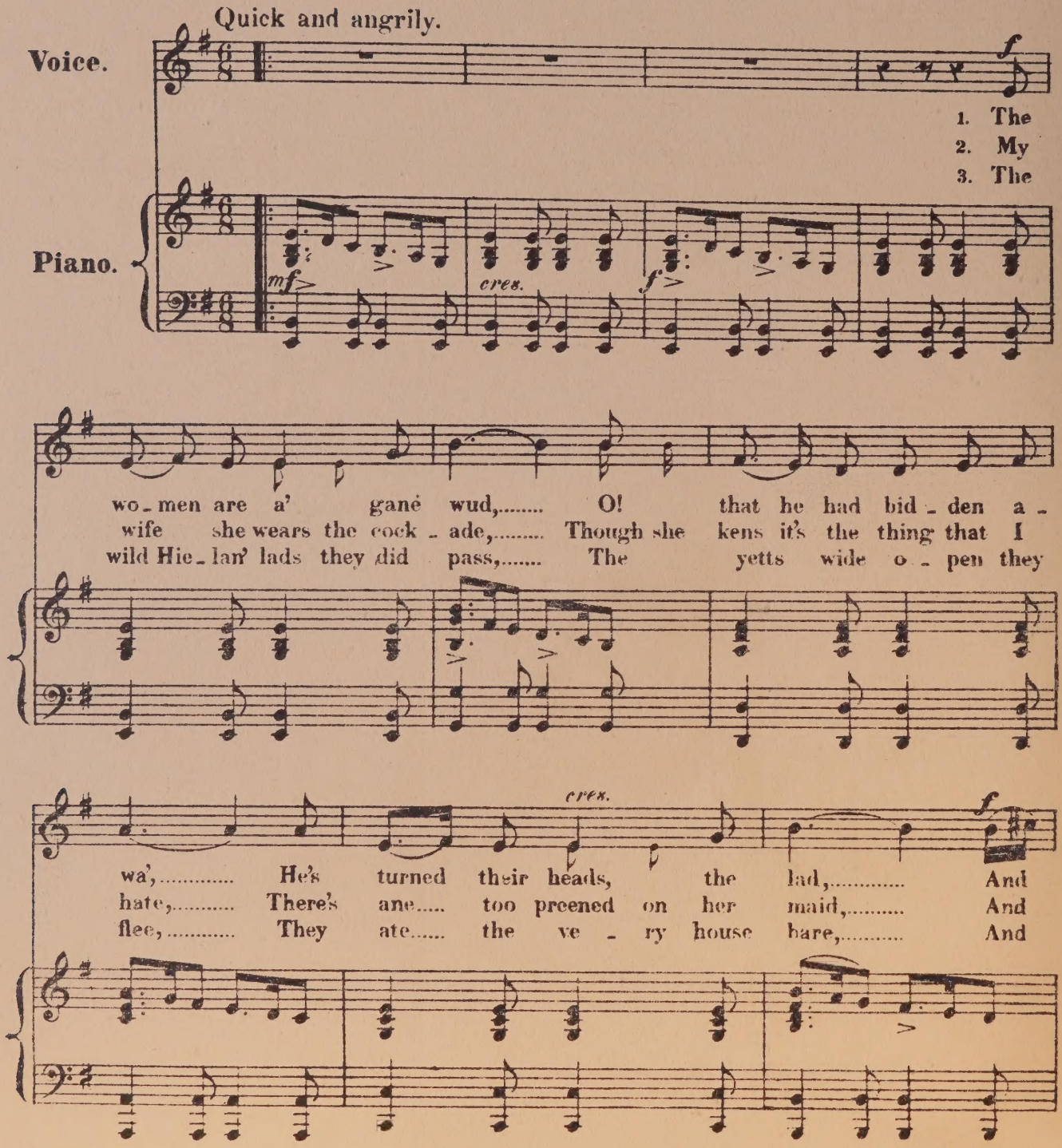
XXIII.

THE WOMEN ARE A' GANE WUD.

(An Anti-Jacobite Scottish Song.)

Words Traditional.

Traditional Air arranged by
Malcolm Lawson.


Quick and angrily.
Voice.
Piano.
mf
cres.
f
1. The
2. My
3. The
wo - men are a' gane wud,..... O! that he had bid - den a -
wife she wears the cock - ade,..... Though she kens it's the thing that I
wild Hie - lan' lads they did pass,..... The yetts wide o - pen they
cres.
f
wa',..... He's turned their heads, the lad,..... And
hate,..... There's ane..... too preened on her maid,..... And
flee,..... They ate..... the ve - ry house bare,..... And

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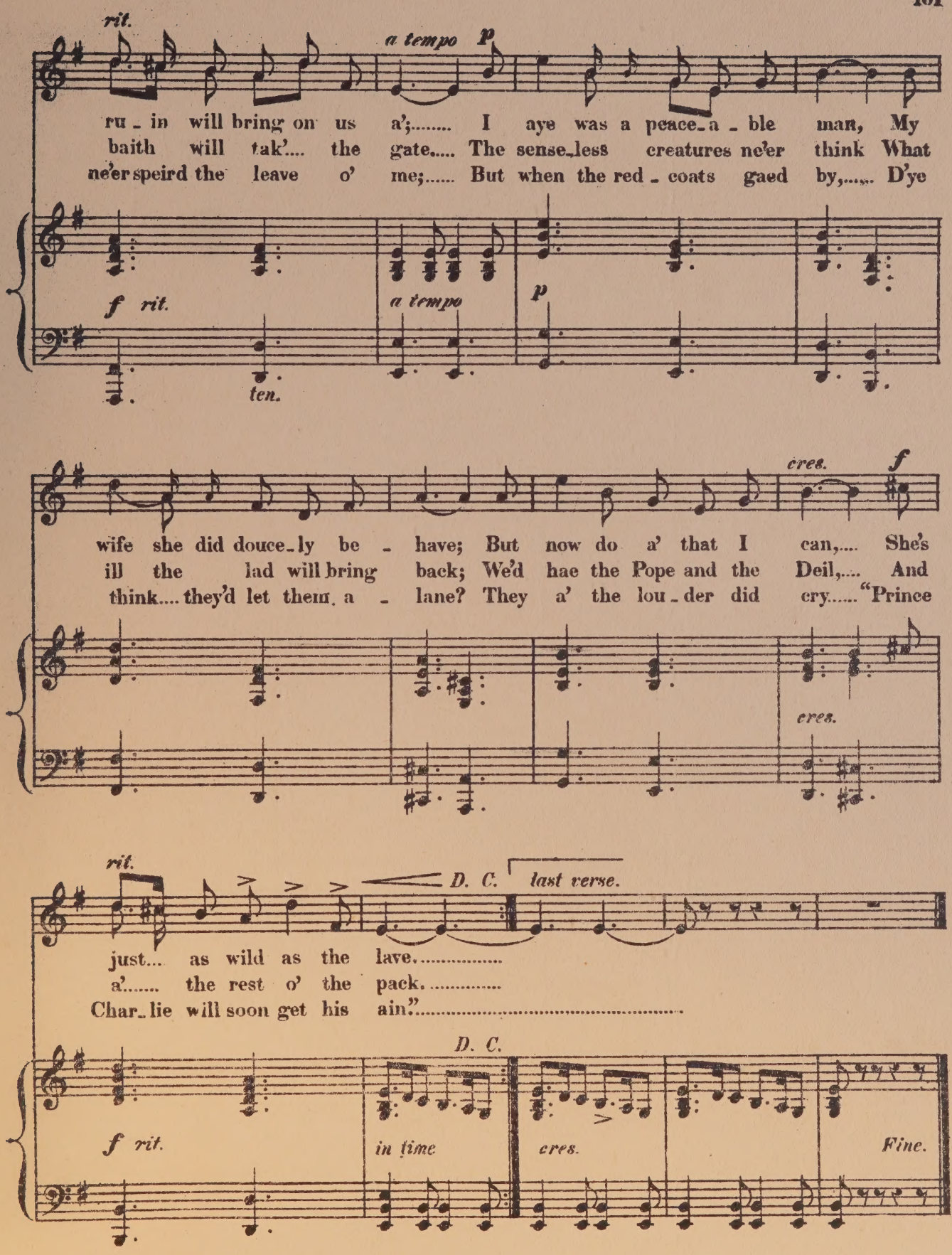

rit.
a tempo
p
ru - in will bring on us a';..... I aye was a peace-a - ble man, My
baith will tak'.... the gate..... The sense-less creatures ne'er think What
ne'er speird the leave o' me;..... But when the red - coats gaed by,..... D'ye
f rit.
ten.
a tempo
p
cres.
f
wife she did douce-ly be - have; But now do a' that I can,.... She's
ill the lad will bring back; We'd hae the Pope and the Deil,.... And
think.... they'd let them a - lane? They a' the lou-der did cry....."Prince
cres.
rit.
D. C.
last verse.
just... as wild as the lave.....
a'..... the rest o' the pack.....
Char-lie will soon get his ain".....
D. C.
f rit.
in time
cres.
Fine.

"THE WOMEN ARE A' GANE WUD."

(AN ANTI-JACOBITE SONG.)

THE women are a' gane wud,
O ! that he had bidden awa',
He 's turned their heads, the lad,
And ruin will bring on us a' ;
I aye was a peaceable man,
My wife she did doucely behave,
But now, do a' that I can,
She 's just as wild as the lave.

My wife she wears the cockade,
Though she kens it 's the thing that I hate,
There 's ane too preened on her maid,
And baith will tak' the gate.
The senseless creatures ne'er think
What ill the lad will bring back ;
We 'd ha'e the Pope and the De'il,
And a' the rest o' the pack.

The wild Hielan' lads they did pass,
The yetts wide open they flee,
They ate the very house bare,
And ne'er speered the leave o' me.
But when the red-coats gaed by
D' ye think they'd let them alane ?
They a' the louder did cry
"Prince Charlie will soon get his ain."

Scottish Song.

Aye Waukin' O!

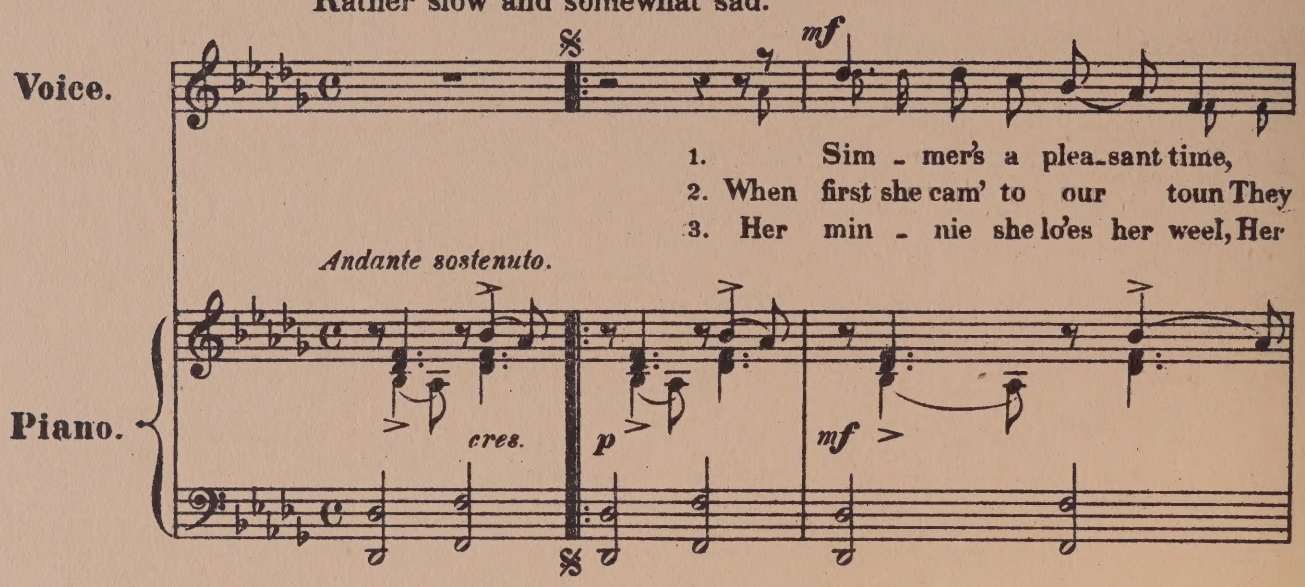
XXIV.

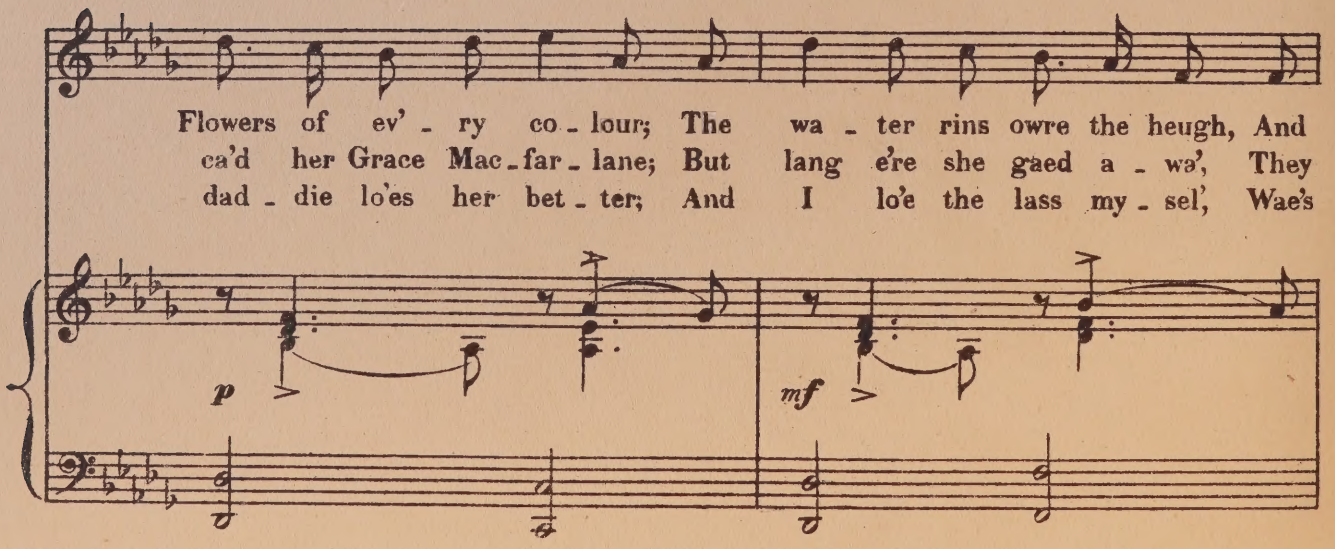
AYE WAUKIN' O!

Traditional Words.

Old Scottish Song arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Rather slow and somewhat sad.




Flowers of ev' - ry co - lour; The wa - ter rins owre the heugh, And
ca'd her Grace Mac - far - lane; But lang e're she gaed a - wa', They
dad - die lo'es her bet - ter; And I lo'e the lass my - sel', Wae's
p
mf

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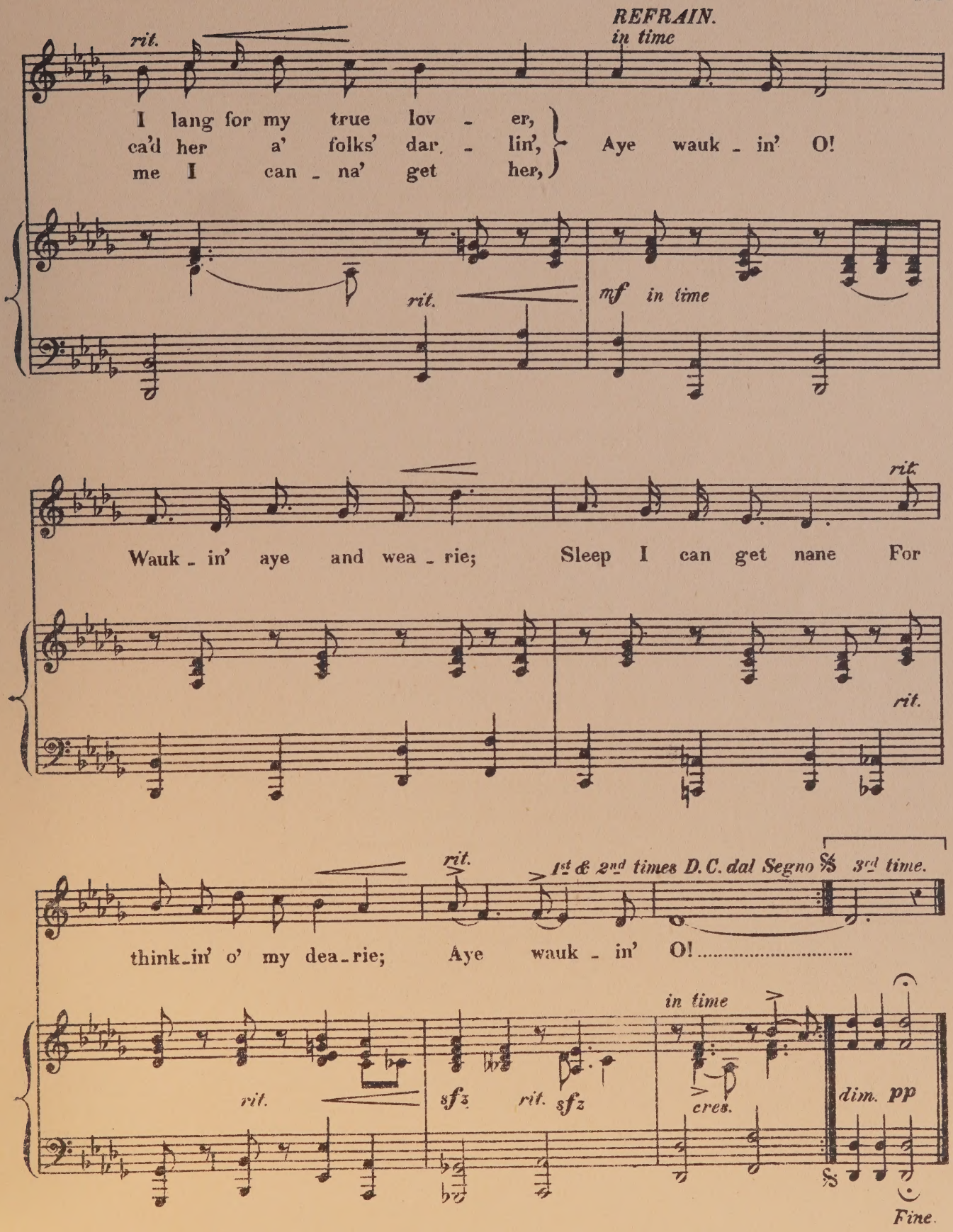

REFRAIN.
in time
rit.
I lang for my true lov - er,
ca'd her a' folks' dar - lin',
me I can - na' get her,
Aye wauk - in' O!
rit.
mf in time
rit.
Wauk - in' aye and wea - rie; Sleep I can get nane For
rit.
rit.
1st & 2nd times D.C. dal Segno 𝄋 3rd time.
think - in' o' my dea - rie; Aye wauk - in' O!.....
in time
rit.
sfz
rit.
sfz
cres.
dim.
pp
Fine.

AYE WAUKIN' O!

SIMMER 's a pleasant time,
Flowers of every colour;
The water rins owre the heugh,
And I lang for my true lover,
Aye waukin' O!
Waukin' aye and weary,
Sleep I can get nane
For thinkin' o' my dearie;
Aye waukin' O!

When first she cam' to our toun
They ca'd her Grace Macfarlane,
But now she 's gane awa'
They ca' her a' folks' darlin';
Aye waukin' O! &c

When I sleep I dream,
When I wake I'm eerie,
Rest I can get nane
For thinkin' o' my dearie;
Aye waukin' O! &c.

Lanely nicht comes on,
A' the lave are sleepin',
I think upon my bonnie lass
And bleer my e'en wi' greetin'.
Aye waukin' O!

Her minnie lo'es her weel,
Her daddie lo'es her better,
And I lo'e the lass mysel',
Wae 's me I canna get her;
Aye waukin' O! &c.

Old Scottish Song.

My faithful fond one.

(MO RUN GEAL DILEAS.)

XXV.

MY FAITHFUL FOND ONE.

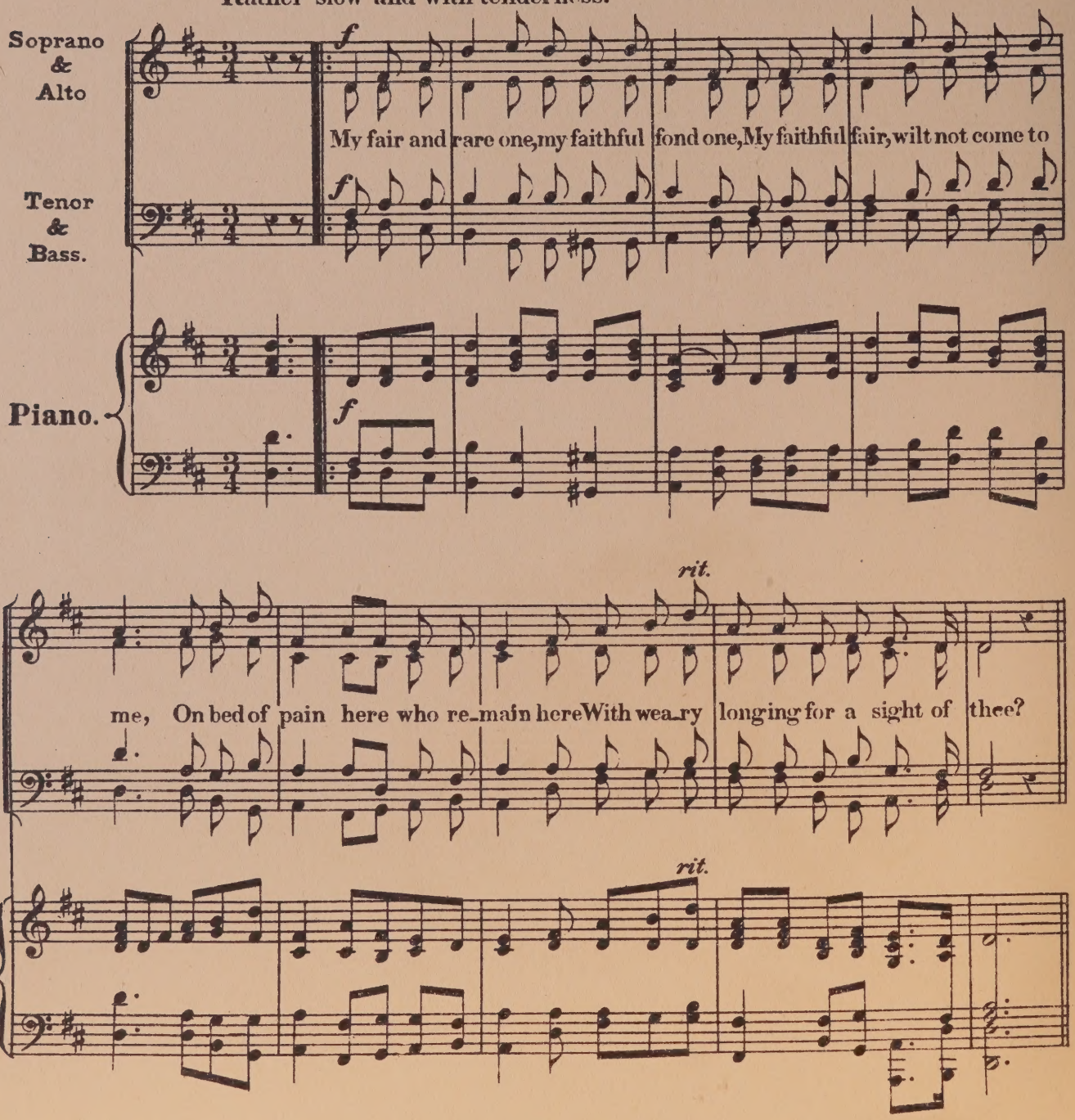
(MO RUN GEAL DILEAS.)

(Song with Chorus.)

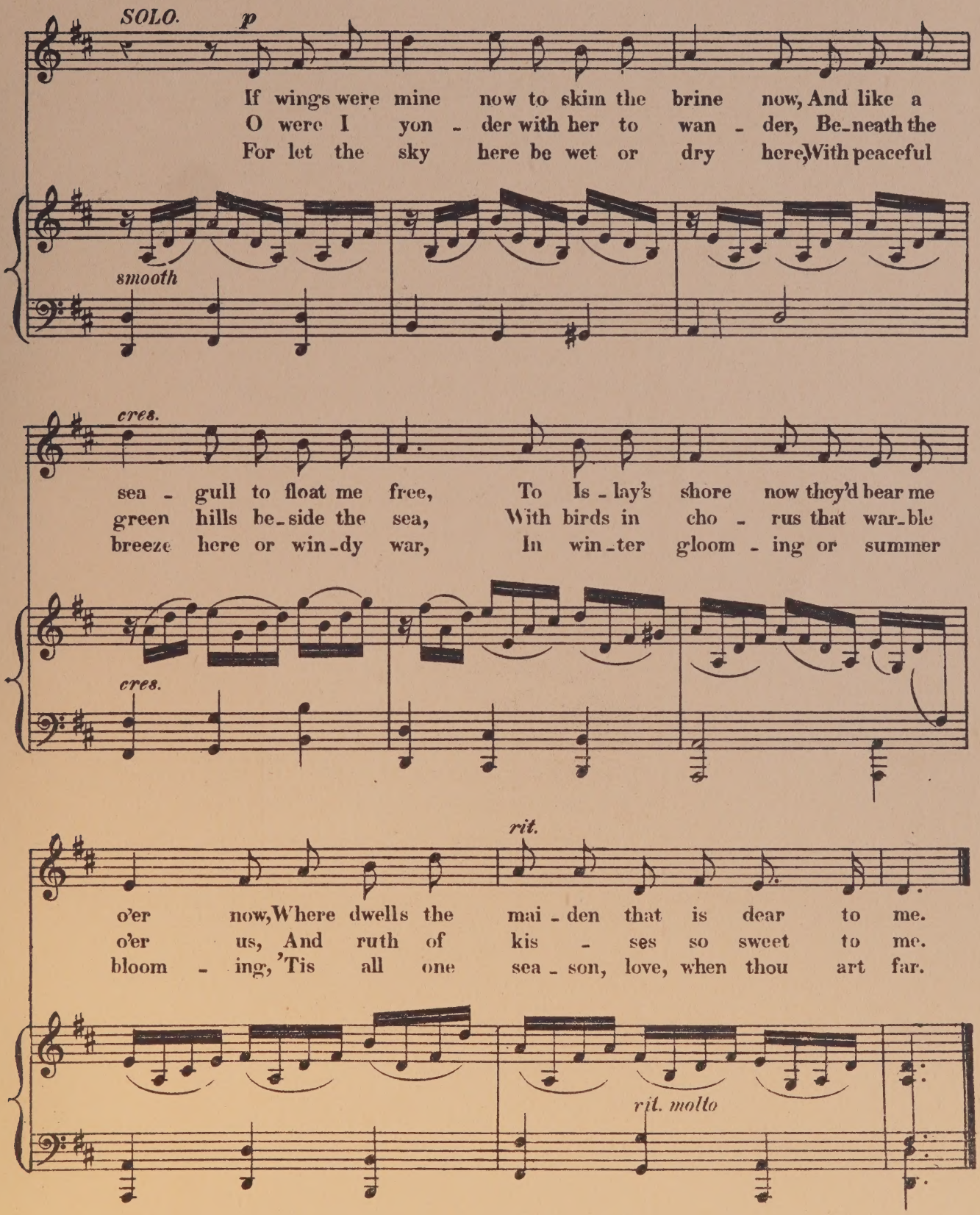
Words translated from the Gaelic by Professor BLACKIE.

Old Highland Melody arranged by MALCOLM LAWSON.

Rather slow and with tenderness.


Soprano & Alto
Tenor & Bass.
Piano.
f
My fair and rare one, my faithful fond one, My faithful fair, wilt not come to
rit.
me, On bed of pain here who re-main here With wea-ry longing for a sight of thee?
rit.

Copyright.


SOLO.
p
If wings were mine now to skim the brine now, And like a
O were I yon - der with her to wan - der, Be-neath the
For let the sky here be wet or dry here, With peaceful
smooth
cres.
sea - gull to float me free, To Is - lay's shore now they'd bear me
green hills be-side the sea, With birds in cho - rus that war-ble
breeze here or win-dy war, In win-ter gloom - ing or summer
cres.
rit.
o'er now, Where dwells the mai - den that is dear to me.
o'er us, And ruth of kis - ses so sweet to me.
bloom - ing, 'Tis all one sea - son, love, when thou art far.
rit. molto

MY FAITHFUL FOND ONE.

(MO RUN GEAL DILEAS.)

MY fair and rare one, my faithful fond one,
My faithful fair, wilt not come to me
On bed of pain here who remain here,
With weary longing for a sight of thee?
If wings were mine now to skim the brine now,
And like a sea-gull to float me free,
To Islay's shore now they 'd bear me o'er now,
Where dwells the maiden that 's dear to me.
My fair and rare one, &c.

O were I yonder with her to wander
Beneath the green hills beside the sea,
With birds in chorus that warble o'er us,
And ruth of kisses so sweet to me!
My fair and rare one, &c.

What though the sky here be wet or dry here,
With peaceful breeze here, or windy war,
In winter glooming or summer blooming
'Tis all one season, love, when thou art far.
My fair and rare one, &c.

Translated from the Gaelic by PROFESSOR BLACKIE

The Twa Corbies.

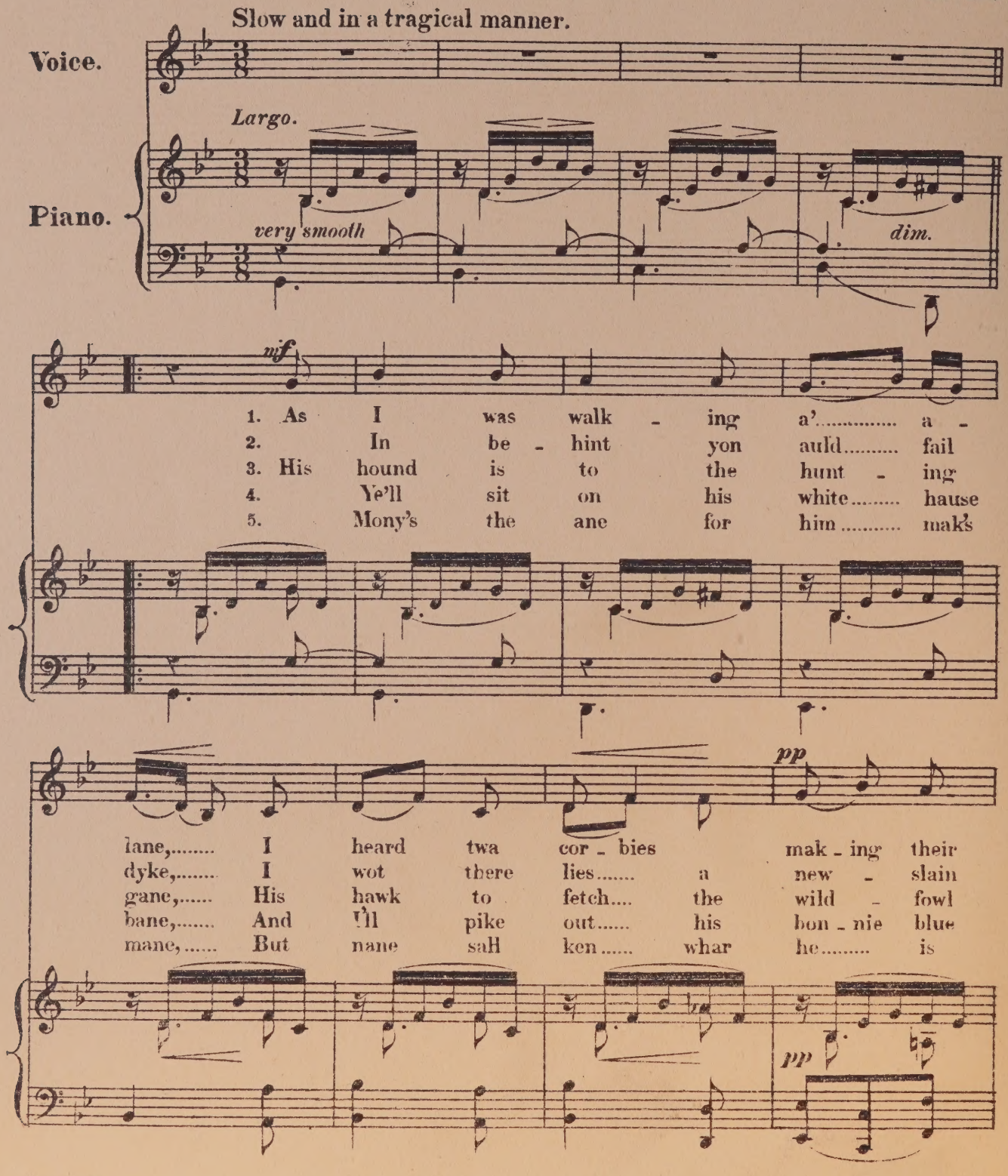
XXVI.

THE TWA CORBIES.

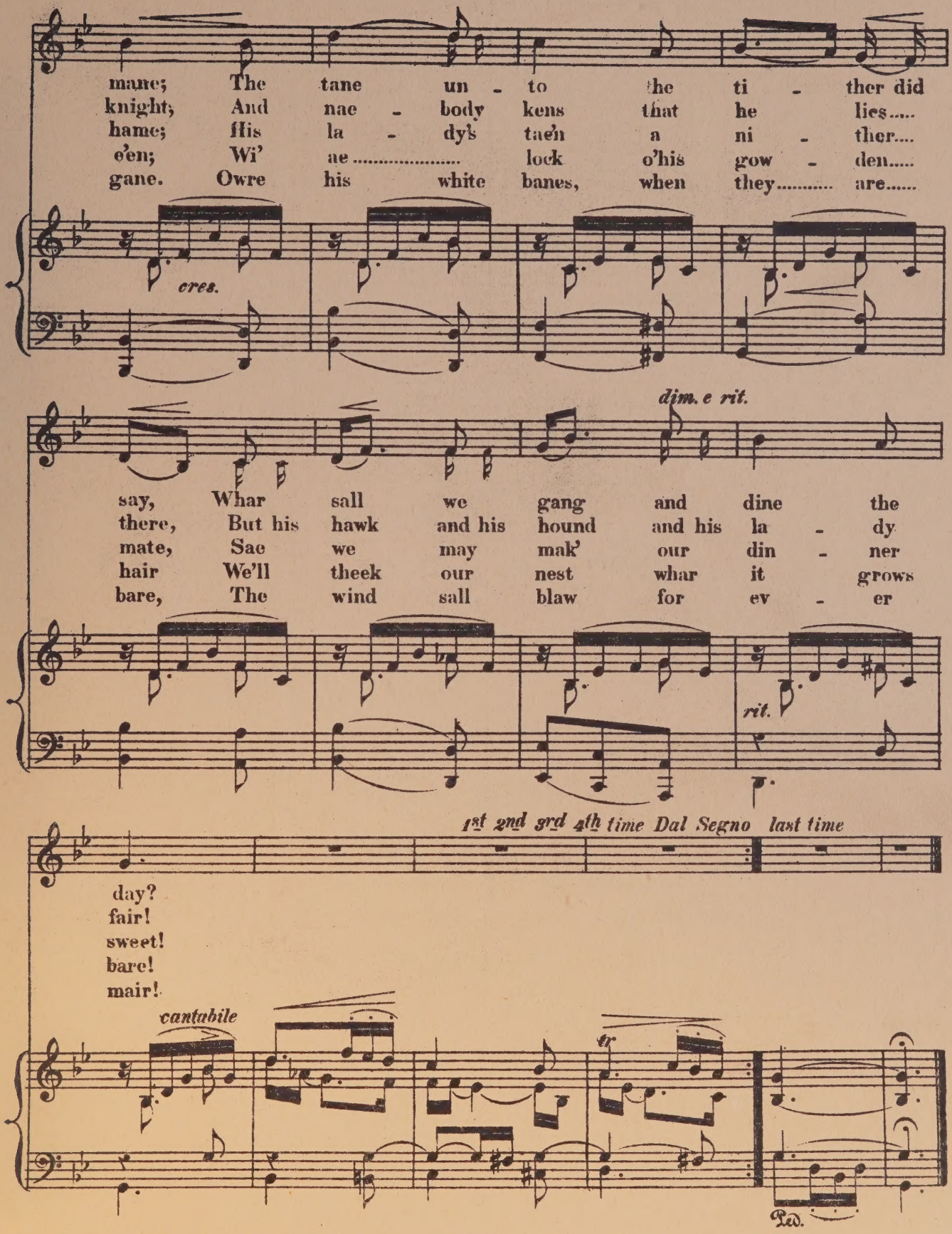
(Song for a low Voice.)

Old Scottish Ballad.

Music by
Malcolm Lawson.


Slow and in a tragical manner.
Voice.
Largo.
Piano.
very smooth
dim.
mf
1. As I was walk - ing a'..... a -
2. In be - hint yon auld..... fail
3. His hound is to the hunt - ing
4. Ye'll sit on his white..... hause
5. Mony's the ane for him ..... mak's
pp
lane,..... I heard twa cor - bies mak - ing their
dyke,..... I wot there lies..... a new - slain
gane,..... His hawk to fetch.... the wild - fowl
bane,..... And I'll pike out..... his bon - nie blue
mane,..... But nane sall ken..... whar he..... is
pp

Copyright


mane; The tane un - to the ti - ther did
knight; And nae - body kens that he lies.....
hame; His la - dy's tae'n a ni - ther....
e'en; Wi' ae ..... lock o'his gow - den.....
gane. Owre his white banes, when they..... are.....
cres.
dim. e rit.
say, Whar sall we gang and dine the
there, But his hawk and his hound and his la - dy
mate, Sae we may mak' our din - ner
hair We'll theek our nest whar it grows
bare, The wind sall blaw for ev - er
rit.
1st 2nd 3rd 4th time Dal Segno last time
day?
fair!
sweet!
bare!
mair!
cantabile
tr
Ped.

THE TWA CORBIES.

AS I was walking a' alane,
I heard twa corbies making their mane;
The tane unto the tither did say
"Whar sall we gang and dine the day?"

"In behint yon auld fail dyke
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there
But his hawk and his hound and his lady fair."

"His hound is to the huntin' gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady 's ta'en anither mate,
Sae we may mak' our dinner sweet."

"Ye 'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I 'll pike out his bonnie blue e'en;
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
We 'll theek our nest whar it grows bare."

"Mony 's the ane for him mak's mane,
But nane sall ken whar he is gane;
Owre his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair."

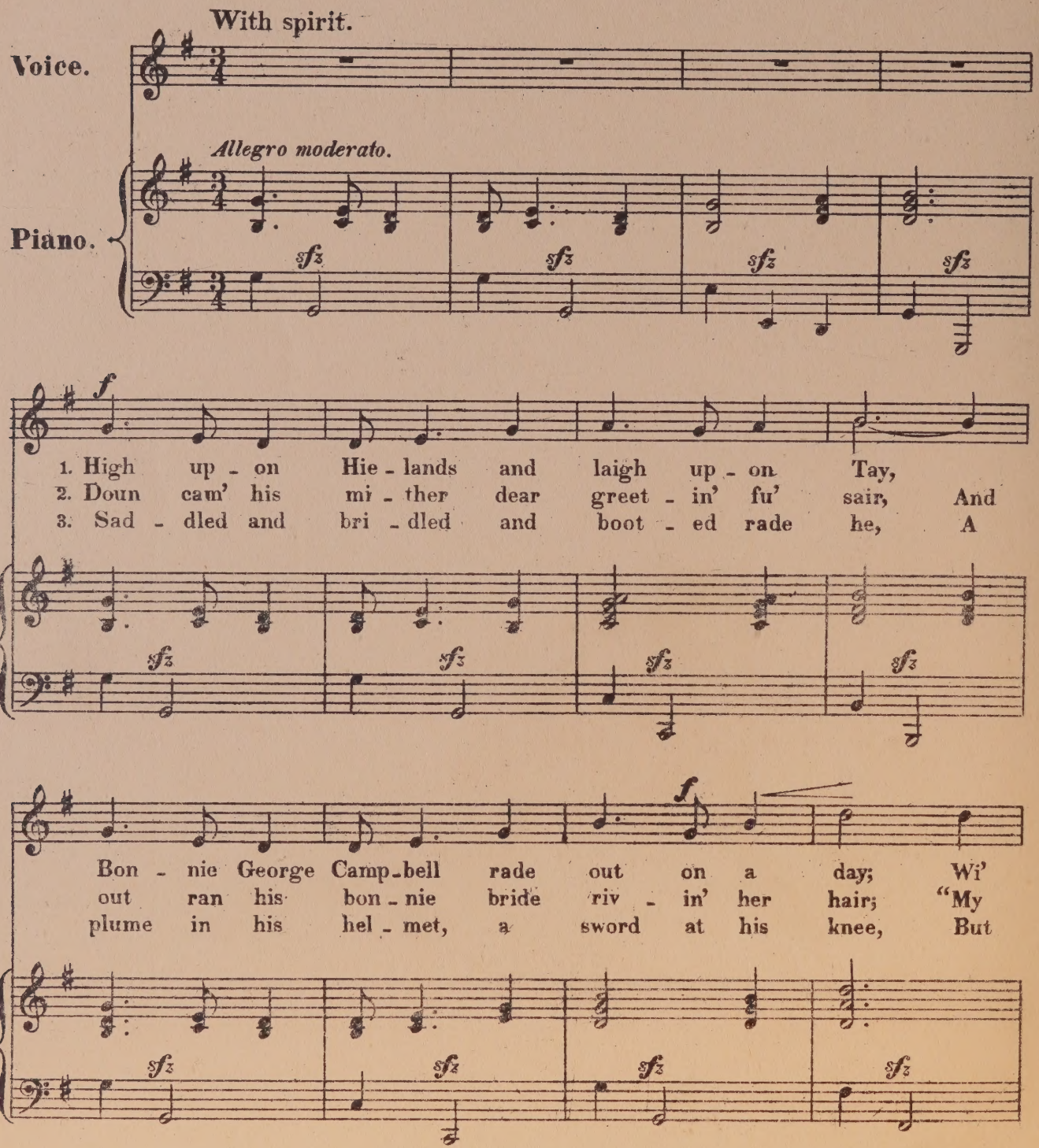
Old Scottish Song.

Bonnie George Campbell.

XXVII.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

Old Scottish Ballad

Traditional Air arranged by
Malcolm Lawson.

With spirit.
Voice.
Allegro moderato.
Piano.
1. High up - on Hie - lands and laigh up - on Tay,
2. Doun cam' his mi - ther dear greet - in' fu' sair, And
3. Sad - dled and bri - dled and boot - ed rade he, A
Bon - nie George Camp - bell rade out on a day; Wi'
out ran his bon - nie bride riv - in' her hair; "My
plume in his hel - met, a sword at his knee, But

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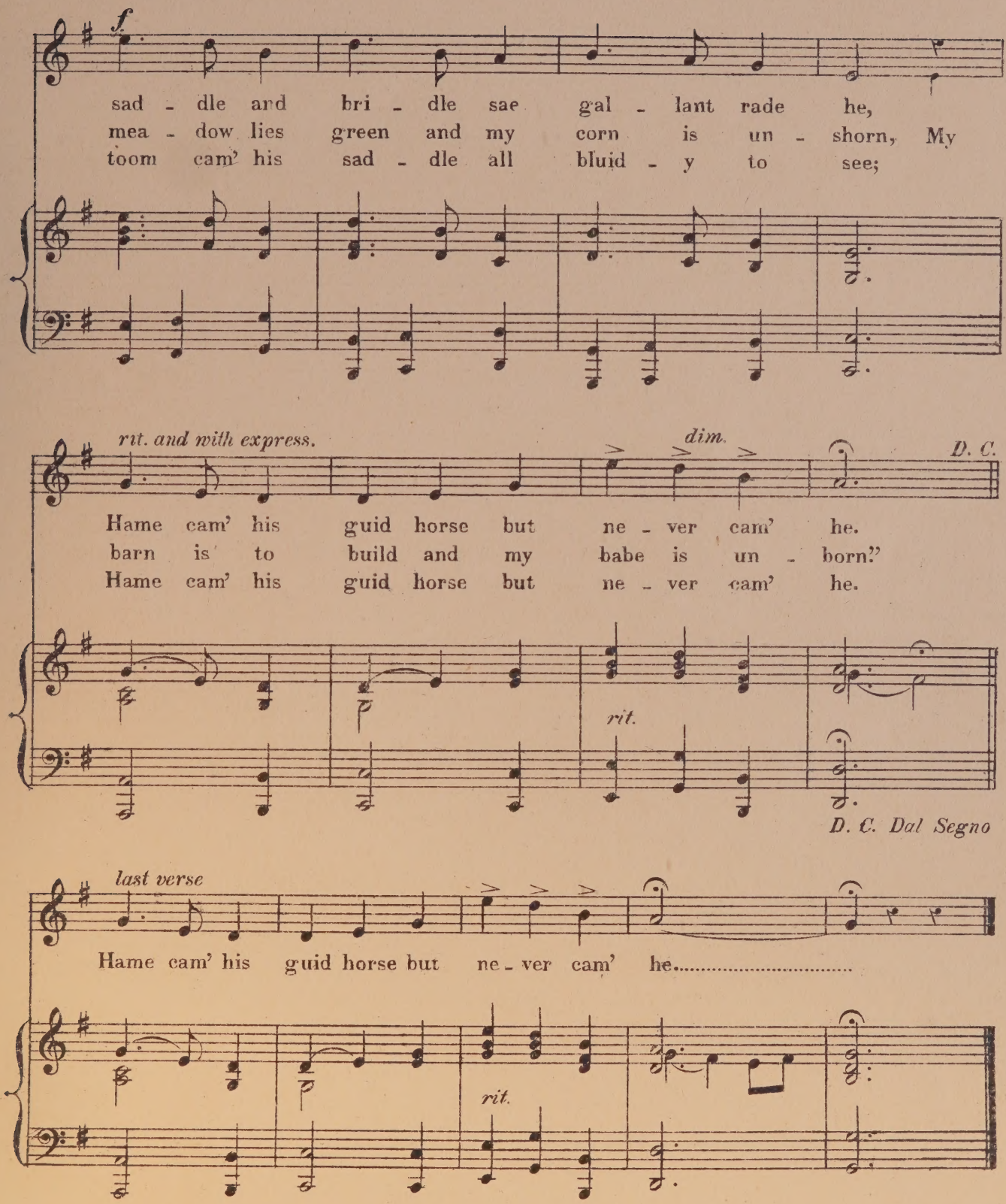

f
sad - dle and bri - dle sae gal - lant rade he,
mea - dow lies green and my corn is un - shorn, My
toom cam' his sad - dle all bluid - y to see;
rit. and with express.
dim.
D. C.
Hame cam' his guid horse but ne - ver cam' he.
barn is to build and my babe is un - born?'
Hame cam' his guid horse but ne - ver cam' he.
rit.
D. C. Dal Segno
last verse
Hame cam' his guid horse but ne - ver cam' he.....
rit.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

HIGH upon Hielands and laigh upon Tay
Bonnie George Campbell rade out on a day,
Wi' saddle and bridle sae gallant to see ;
—Hame cam' his guid horse but never cam' he.

Doun cam' his mither dear greetin' fu' sair,
And out ran his bonnie bride rivin' her hair ;
" My meadow lies green and my corn is unshorn,
My barn is to bigg and my babe is unborn."

Saddled and bridled and booted rade he,
A plume in his helmet, a sword at his knee ;
But toom cam' his saddle a' bluidy to see,
Hame cam' his guid horse but never cam' he.

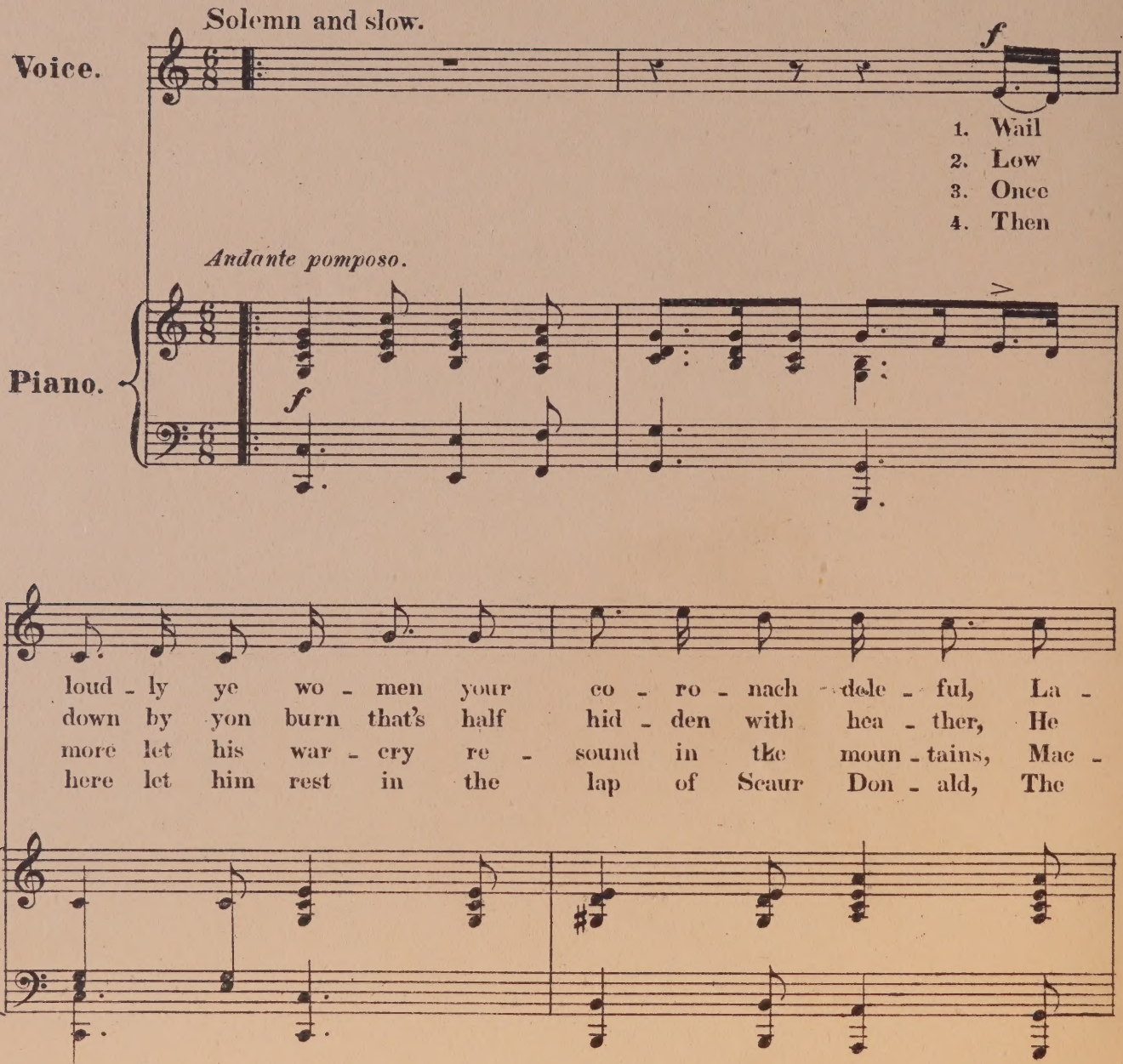
Old Scottish Ballad.

Lament for Maclean of Ardgour.

XXVIII.

LAMENT FOR MACLEAN OF ARDGOUR.*

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Old Melody preserved in the Ardgour district, arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Solemn and slow.
Voice.
f
1. Wail
2. Low
3. Once
4. Then
Andante pomposo.
Piano.
f
loud - ly ye wo - men your co - ro - nach dole - ful, La -
down by yon burn that's half hid - den with hea - ther, He
more let his war - cry re - sound in the moun - tains, Mac -
here let him rest in the lap of Scaur Don - ald, The

*)"Donald the hunter" one of the earlier chiefs of the Ardgour Macleans and much beloved by his clan, was famous for his passionate love of hunting. The Air of this lament for his death has been handed down from generation to generation in the Ardgour district. Scaur Donald, a hill in his territory, is named after him.

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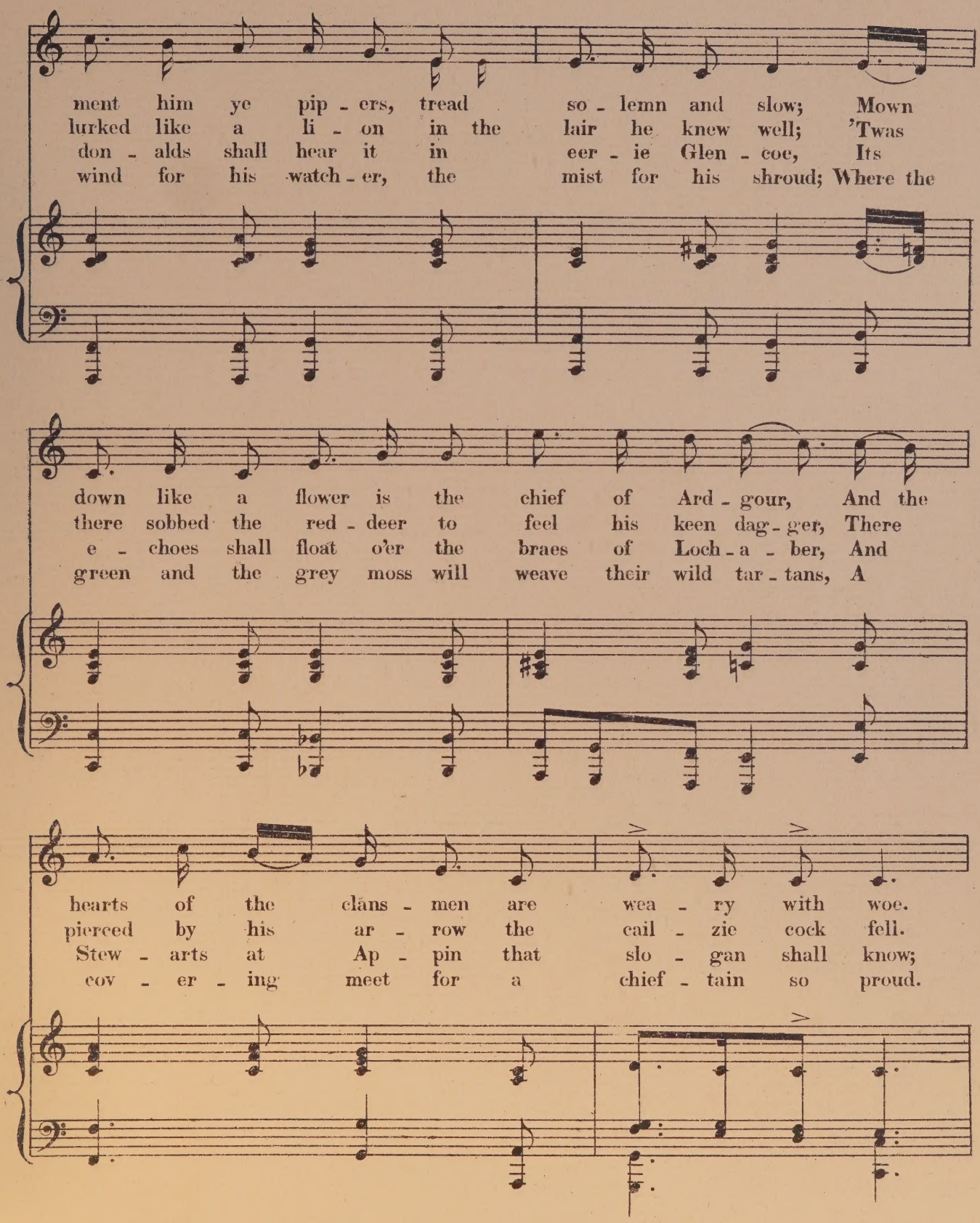
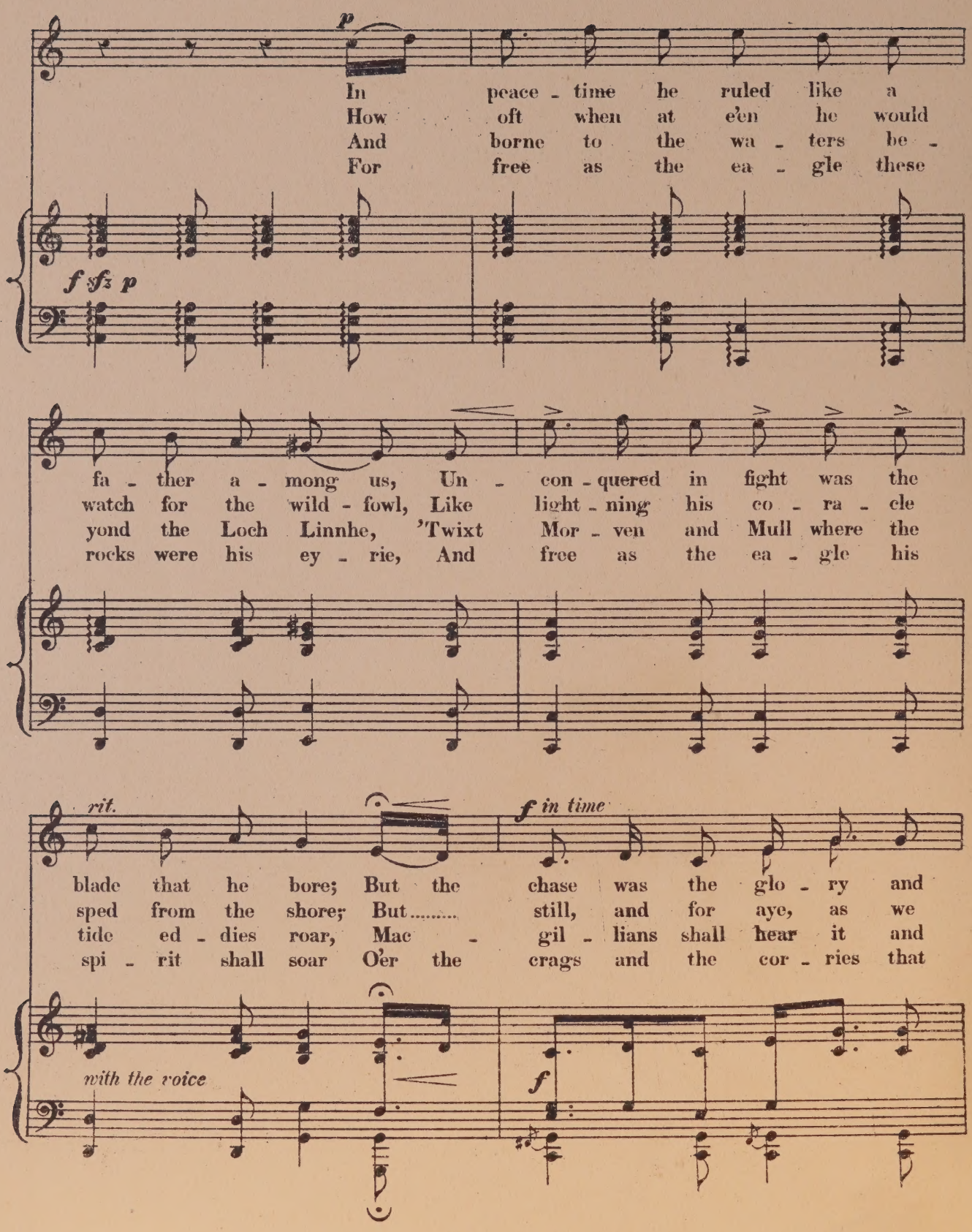
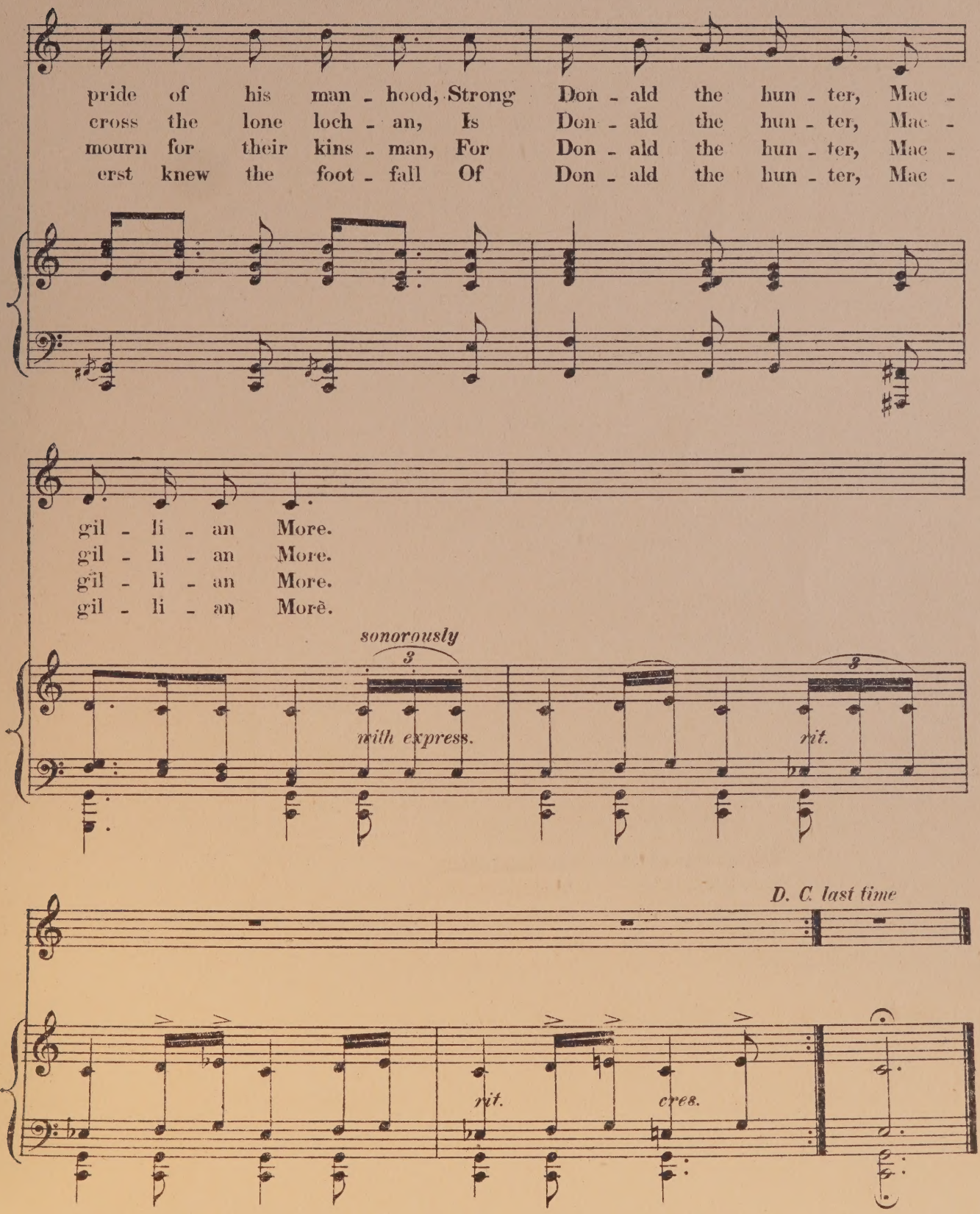

ment him ye pip - ers, tread so - lemn and slow; Mown
lurked like a li - on in the lair he knew well; 'Twas
don - alds shall hear it in eer - ie Glen - coe, Its
wind for his watch - er, the mist for his shroud; Where the
down like a flower is the chief of Ard - gour, And the
there sobbed the red - deer to feel his keen dag - ger, There
e - choes shall float o'er the braes of Loch - a - ber, And
green and the grey moss will weave their wild tar - tans, A
hearts of the clans - men are wea - ry with woe.
pierced by his ar - row the cail - zie cock fell.
Stew - arts at Ap - pin that slo - gan shall know;
cov - er - ing meet for a chief - tain so proud.

p
In peace - time he ruled like a
How oft when at e'en he would
And borne to the wa - ters be -
For free as the ea - gle these
f fz p
fa - ther a - mong us, Un - con - quered in fight was the
watch for the wild - fowl, Like light - ning his co - ra - cle
yond the Loch Linnhe, 'Twixt Mor - ven and Mull where the
rocks were his ey - rie, And free as the ea - gle his
rit.
f in time
blade that he bore; But the chase was the glo - ry and
sped from the shore; But..... still, and for aye, as we
tide ed - dies roar, Mac - gil - lians shall hear it and
spi - rit shall soar O'er the crags and the cor - ries that
with the voice
f


pride of his man - hood, Strong Don - ald the hun - ter, Mac -
cross the lone loch - an, Is Don - ald the hun - ter, Mac -
mourn for their kins - man, For Don - ald the hun - ter, Mac -
erst knew the foot - fall Of Don - ald the hun - ter, Mac -
gil - li - an More.
gil - li - an More.
gil - li - an More.
gil - li - an More.
sonorously
3
with express.
3
rit.
D. C. last time
rit.
cres.

LAMENT FOR MACLEAN OF ARDGOUR.

WAIL loudly, ye women, your coronach doleful,
Lament him, ye pipers, tread solemn and slow ;
Mown down like a flower is the chief of Ardgour,
And the hearts of the clansmen are weary with woe.
In peace-time he ruled like a father among us,
Unconquered in fight was the blade that he bore,
But the chase was the glory and pride of his manhood,
—Strong Donald the hunter, Macgillian More.

Low down by yon burn that 's half hidden with heather
He lurked like a lion in the lair he knew well ;
'Twas there sobbed the red-deer to feel his keen dagger,
There pierced by his arrow the cailzie-cock fell.
How oft when at e'en he would watch for the wild fowl,
Like lightning his coracle sped from the shore ;
But still, and for aye, as we cross the lone lochan,
Is Donald the hunter, Macgillian More !

Once more let his war-cry resound in the mountains,
Macdonalds shall hear it in eerie Glencoe,
Its echoes shall float o'er the braes of Lochaber,
Till Stewarts at Appin that slogan shall know ;
And borne to the waters beyond the Loch Linnhe,
'Twixt Morven and Mull where the tide-eddies roar,
Macgillians shall hear it and mourn for their kinsman,
For Donald the hunter, Macgillian More.

Then here let him rest in the lap of Scaur Donald,
The wind for his watcher, the mist for his shroud,
Where the green and the grey moss will weave their wild tartans.
A covering meet for a chieftain so proud.
For, free as the eagle, these rocks were his eyrie,
And free as the eagle his spirit shall soar
O'er the crags and the corries that erst knew the footfall
Of Donald the hunter, Macgillian More.

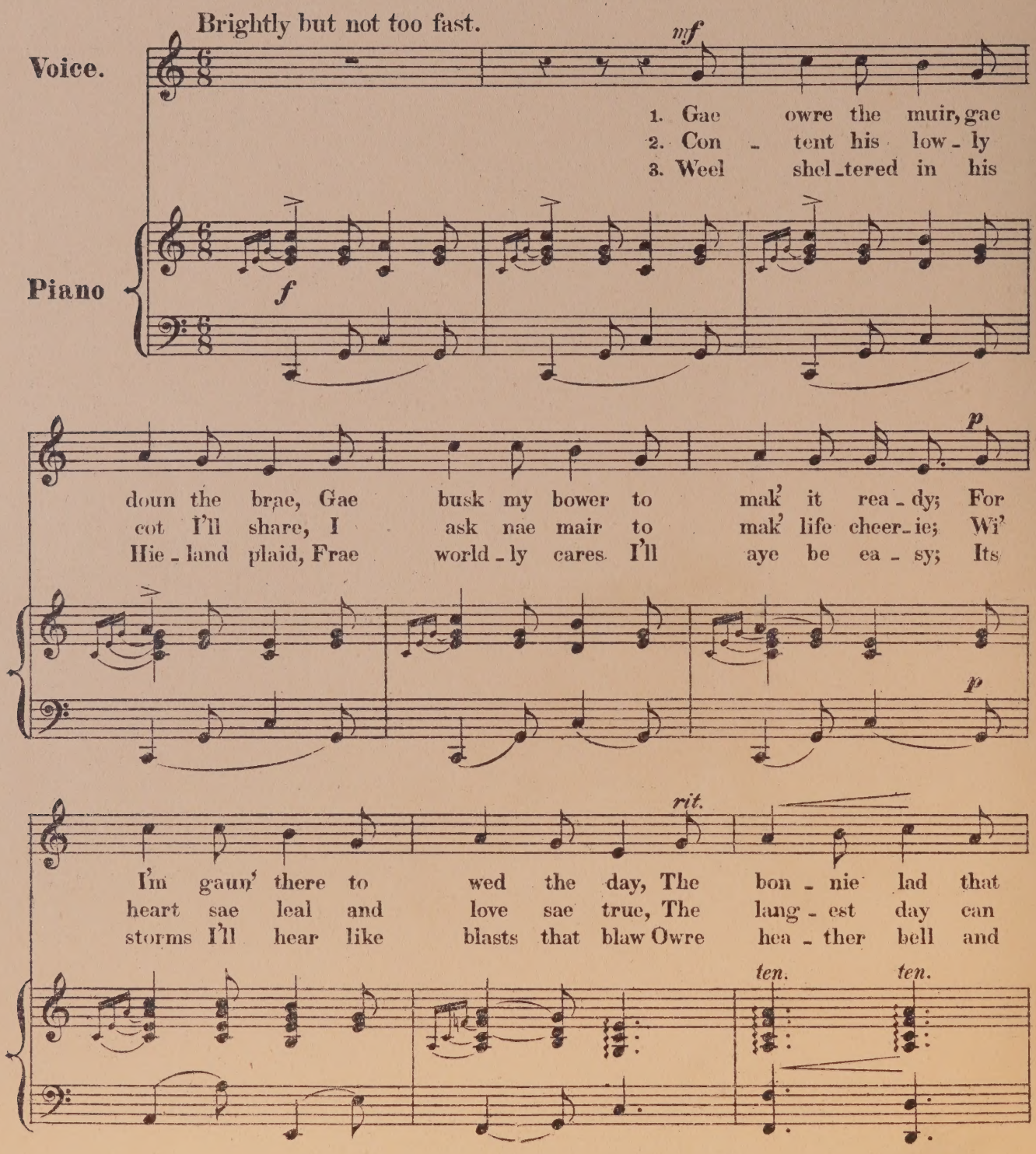
HAROLD BOULTON.

Weaving Song.

XXIX.

WEAVING SONG.

Scottish Song.

Traditional Melody arranged by
Malcolm Lawson.

Brightly but not too fast.
Voice.
Piano
mf
f
p
rit.
ten.
ten.
1. Gae owre the muir, gae doun the brae, Gae busk my bower to mak' it rea - dy; For
2. Con - tent his low - ly cot I'll share, I ask nae mair to mak' life cheer - ie; Wi'
3. Weel shel - tered in his Hie - land plaid, Frae world - ly cares I'll aye be ea - sy; Its
I'm gaun' there to wed the day, The bon - nie lad that
heart sae leal and love sae true, The lang - est day can
storms I'll hear like blasts that blaw Owre hea - ther bell and

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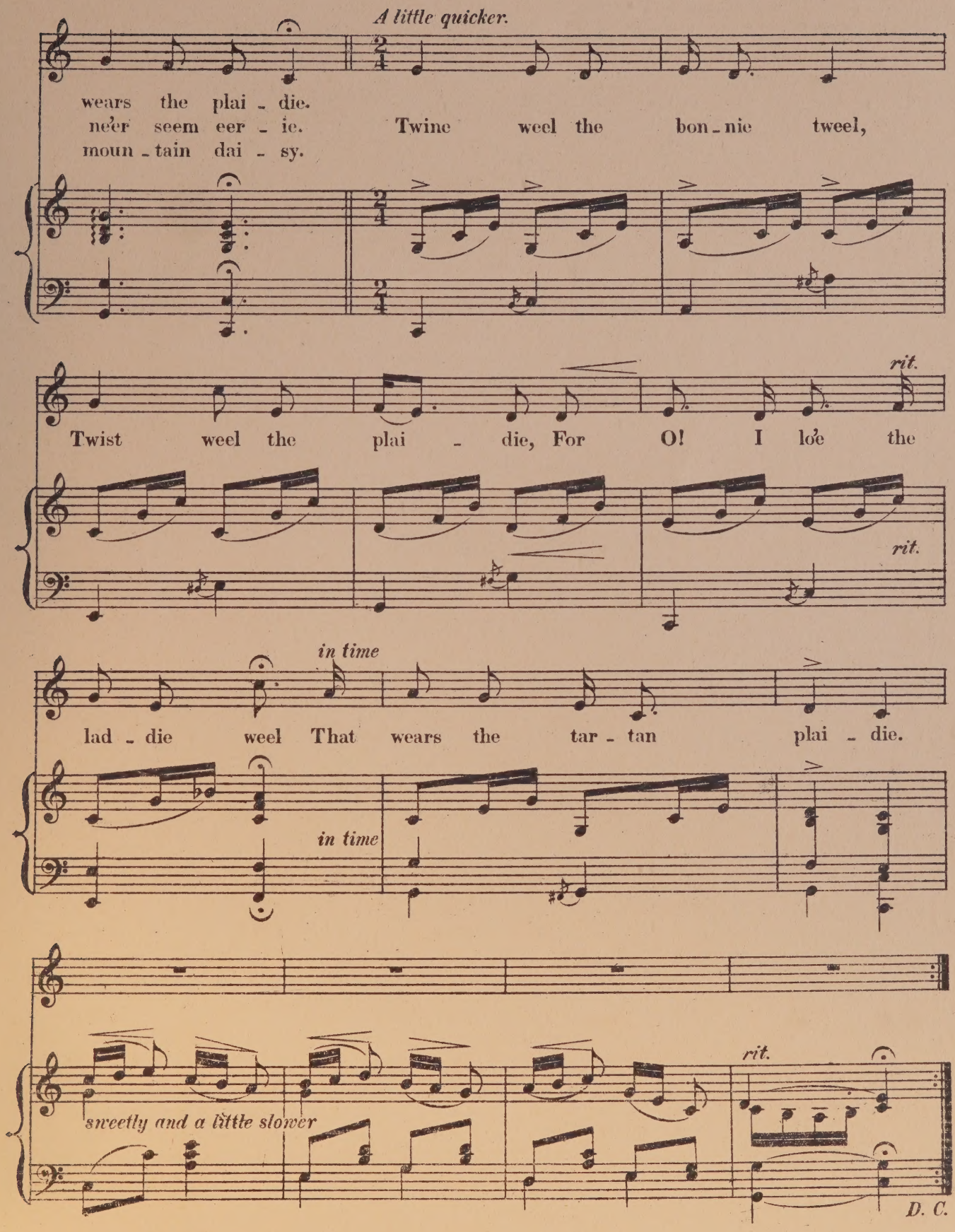

A little quicker.
wears the plai - die.
ne'er seem eer - ie.
moun - tain dai - sy.
Twine weel the bon - nie tweel,
Twist weel the plai - die, For O! I loe the
rit.
rit.
in time
lad - die weel That wears the tar - tan plai - die.
in time
sweetly and a little slower
rit.
D. C.

WEAVING SONG.

GAE owre the muir, gae doun the brae,
Gae busk my bower to mak' it ready,
For I 'm gaun' there to wed the day
The bonnie lad that wears the plaidie.

Twine weel the bonnie tweel,
Twist weel the plaidie,
For O! I lo'e the laddie weel
That wears the tartan plaidie.

Content his lowly cot I 'll share,
I ask nae mair to mak' life cheerie;
Wi' heart sae leal and love sae true
The langest day can ne'er seem eerie.

Twine weel, &c.

Weel sheltered in his Hieland plaid
Frae worldly cares I 'll aye be easy;
Its storms I 'll hear like blasts that blaw
Owre heather bell and mountain daisy.

Twine weel, &c.

Scottish Song.

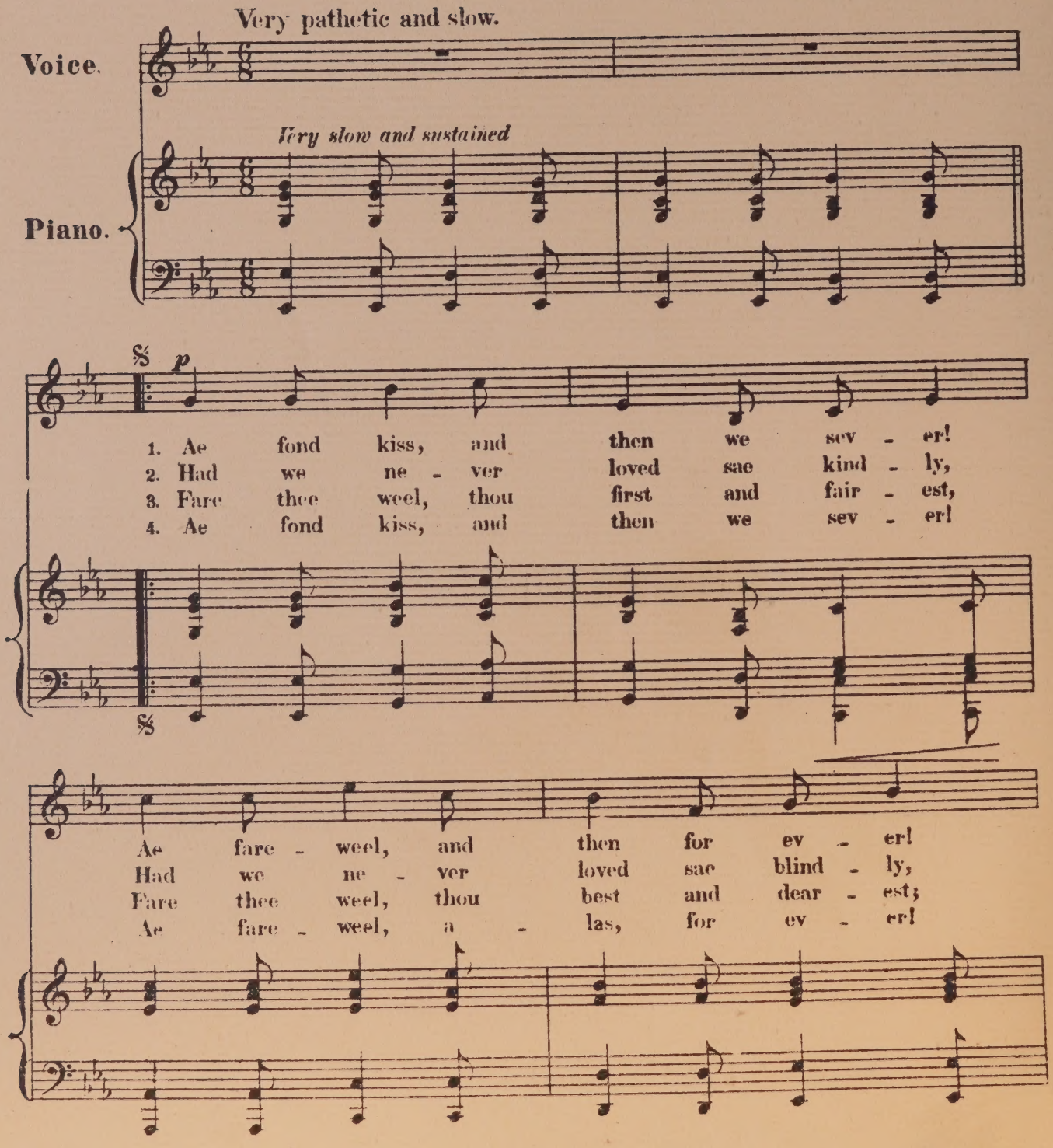
Ae Fond Kiss.

XXX.

AE FOND KISS.

Words by
ROBERT BURNS.

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.


Very pathetic and slow.
Voice.
Very slow and sustained
Piano.
p
1. Ae fond kiss, and then we sev - er!
2. Had we ne - ver loved sae kind - ly,
3. Fare thee weel, thou first and fair - est,
4. Ae fond kiss, and then we sev - er!
Ae fare - weel, and then for ev - er!
Had we ne - ver loved sae blind - ly,
Fare thee weel, thou best and dear - est;
Ae fare - weel, a - las, for ev - er!

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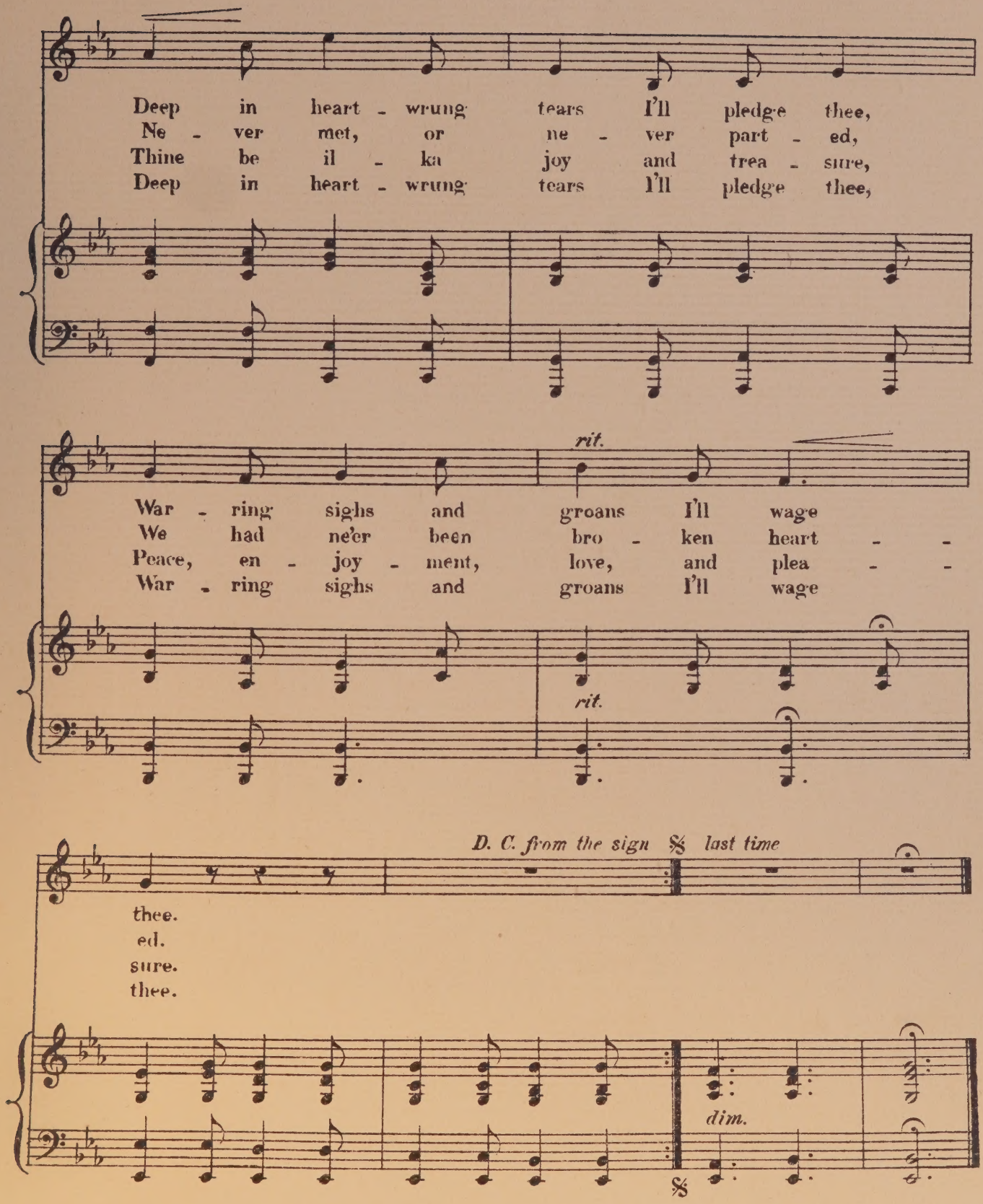

Deep in heart - wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Ne - ver met, or ne - ver part - ed,
Thine be il - ka joy and trea - sure,
Deep in heart - wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
War - ring sighs and groans I'll wage
We had ne'er been bro - ken heart - -
Peace, en - joy - ment, love, and plea - -
War - ring sighs and groans I'll wage
rit.
rit.
D. C. from the sign 𝄋 last time
thee.
ed.
sure.
thee.
dim.
𝄋

AE FOND KISS.

AE fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, and then for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee.

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerful twinkle lights me,
Dark despair around benights me.

I 'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted!

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest,
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest;
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee.

R. Burns.

Linten Lowrin.

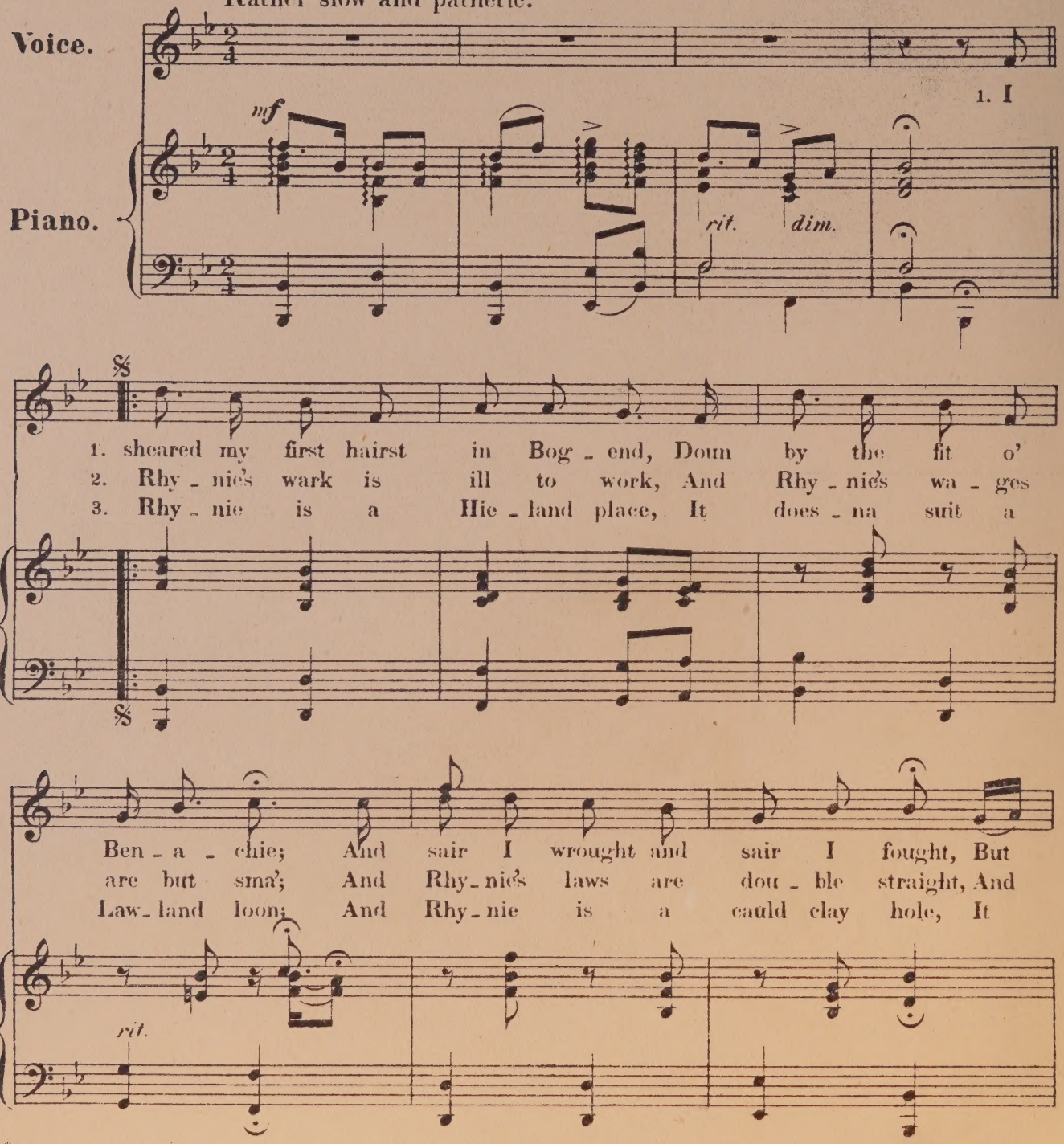
XXXI.

LINTEN LOWRIN.

Old Aberdeenshire Song.

Traditional Melody arranged by
Malcolm Lawson.

Rather slow and pathetic.


Voice.
Piano.
mf
1. I
rit.
dim.
1. sheared my first hairst in Bog - end, Doun by the fit o'
2. Rhy - nie's wark is ill to work, And Rhy - nie's wa - ges
3. Rhy - nie is a Hie - land place, It does - na suit a
Ben - a - chie; And sair I wrought and sair I fought, But
are but sma'; And Rhy - nie's laws are dou - ble straight, And
Law - land loon; And Rhy - nie is a cauld clay hole, It
rit.

* *Published by kind permission of Messrs. Paterson & Sons, Edinburgh, from whom the separate Song can be obtained.*

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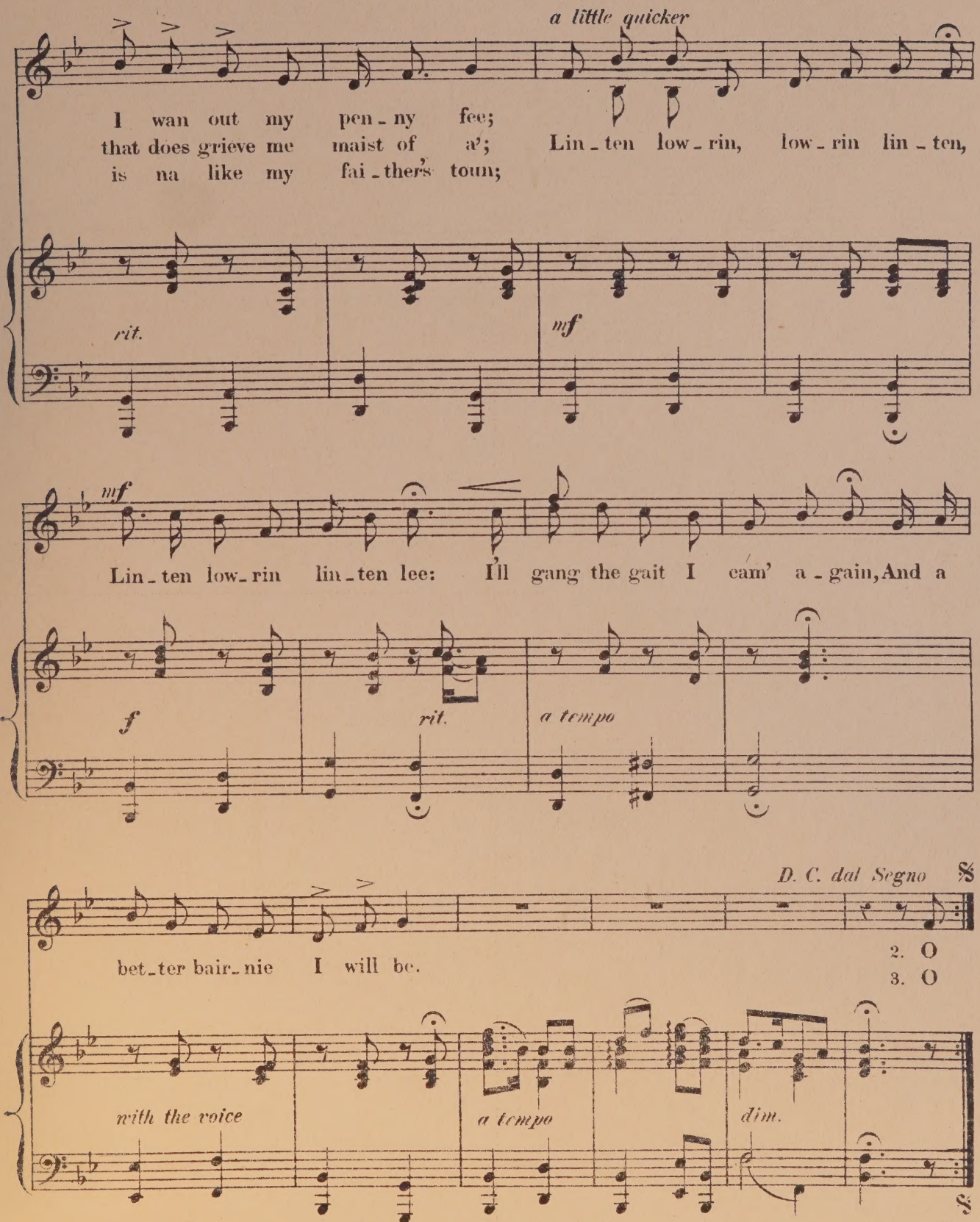

a little quicker
I wan out my pen-ny fee;
that does grieve me maist of a';
is na like my fai-ther's toun;
Lin-ten low-rin, low-rin lin-ten,
rit.
mf
mf
Lin-ten low-rin lin-ten lee: I'll gang the gait I cam' a-gain, And a
f
rit.
a tempo
D. C. dal Segno 𝄋
bet-ter bair-nie I will be.
2. O
3. O
with the voice
a tempo
dim.
𝄋

LINTEN LOWRIN.

I SHEARED my first hairst in Bogend,
Doun by the fit o' Benachie ;
And sair I wrought and sair I fought,
But I wan out my penny fee.
Linten lowrin, lowrin linten,
Linten lowrin, linten lee ;
I 'll gang the gait I cam' again,
And a better bairnie I will be.

O ! Rhynie's wark is ill to work,
And Rhynie's wages are but sma' ;
And Rhynie's laws are double straight,
And that does grieve me maist of a'.
Linten lowrin, &c.

O ! Rhynie is a Hieland place,
It doesna suit a Lawland loon ;
And Rhynie is a cauld clay hole,
It is na like my faither's toun.
Linten lowrin, &c.

Old Aberdeenshire Song.

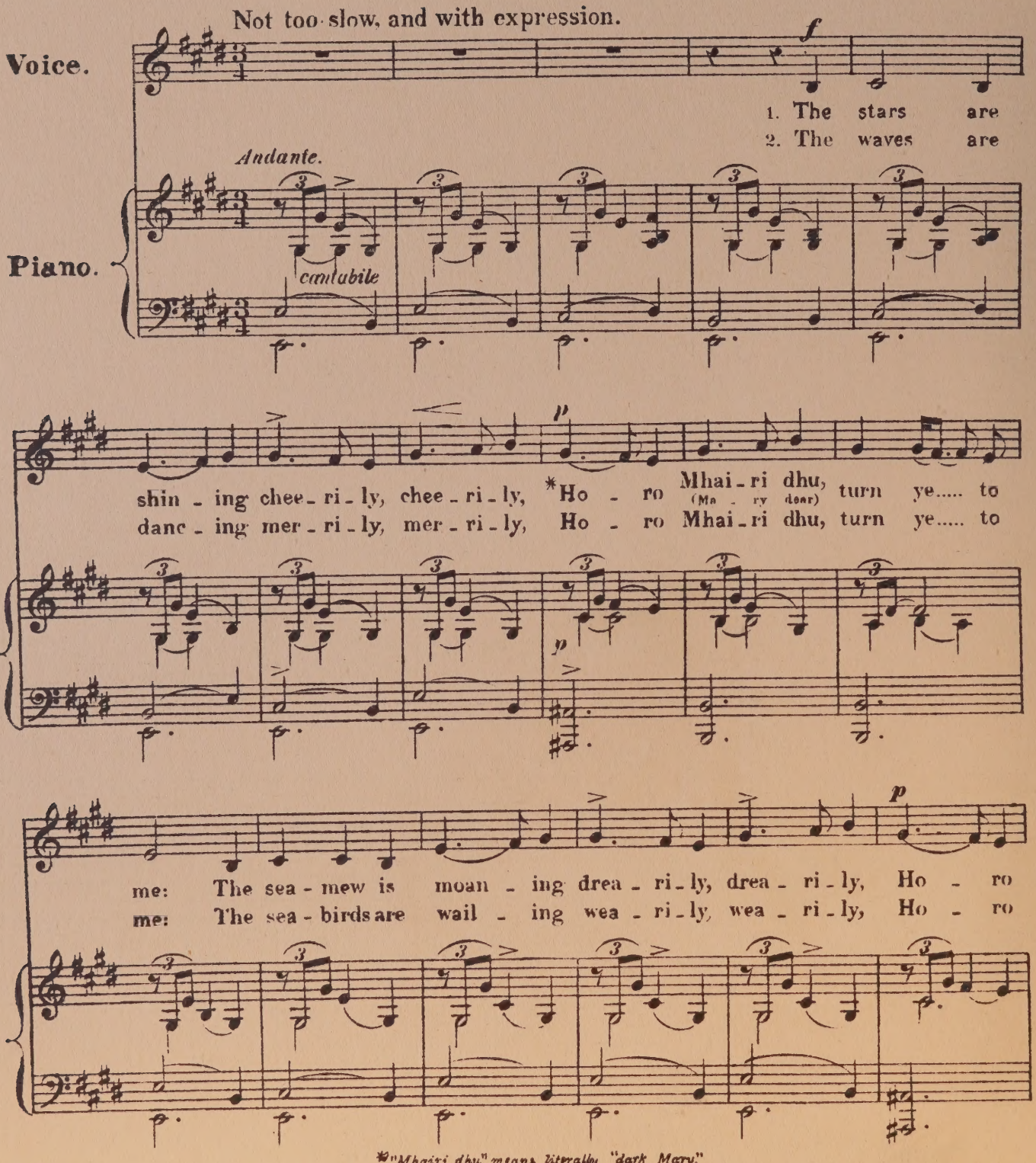
Turn ye to me.

XXXII.

TURN YE TO ME.

Words by
JOHN WILSON. (Christopher North.)

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.


Not too slow, and with expression.
Voice.
Piano.
Andante.
cantabile
1. The stars are
2. The waves are
shin - ing chee - ri - ly, chee - ri - ly, *Ho - ro Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye..... to
dane - ing mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Ho - ro Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye..... to
(Ma - ry dear)
me: The sea - mew is moan - ing drea - ri - ly, drea - ri - ly, Ho - ro
me: The sea - birds are wail - ing wea - ri - ly, wea - ri - ly, Ho - ro

*"Mhairi dhu" means literally "dark Mary."

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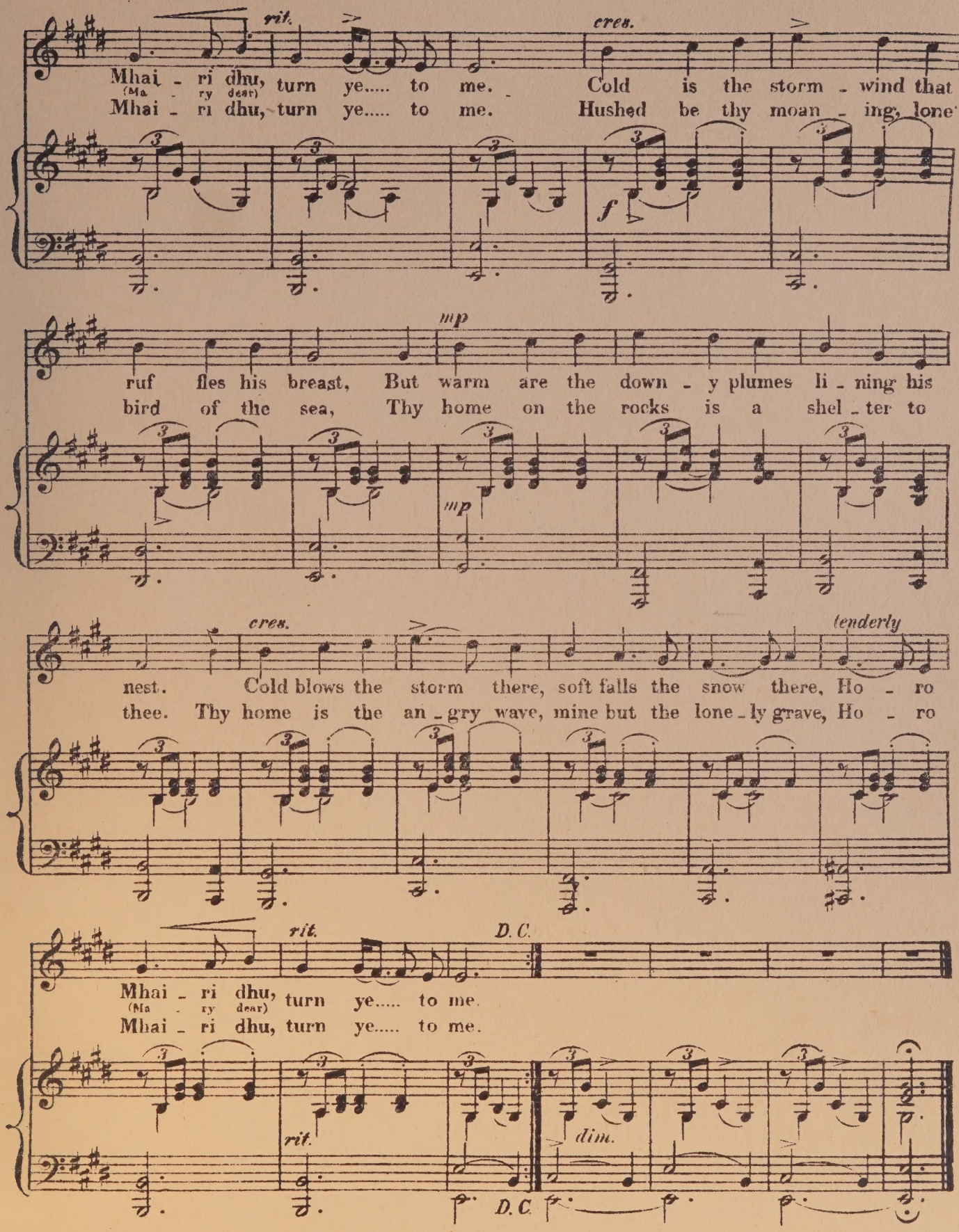

rit.
cres.
Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye..... to me. Cold is the storm - wind that
(Ma - ry dear)
Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye..... to me. Hushed be thy moan - ing, lone
f
mp
ruf fles his breast, But warm are the down - y plumes li - ning his
bird of the sea, Thy home on the rocks is a shel - ter to
mp
cres.
tenderly
nest. Cold blows the storm there, soft falls the snow there, Ho - ro
thee. Thy home is the an - gry wave, mine but the lone - ly grave, Ho - ro
rit.
D.C.
Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye..... to me.
(Ma - ry dear)
Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye..... to me.
rit.
dim.
D.C.

TURN YE TO ME.

THE stars are shining cheerily, cheerily,
Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me ;
The sea-mew is moaning drearily, drearily,
Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me.
Cold is the storm-wind that ruffles his breast,
But warm are the downy plumes lining his nest ;
Cold blows the storm there,
Soft falls the snow there,
Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me.

The waves are dancing merrily, merrily,
Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me ;
The sea-birds are wailing wearily, wearily,
Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me.
Hushed be thy moaning, lone bird of the sea,
Thy home on the rocks is a shelter to thee,
Thy home is the angry wave,
Mine but the lonely grave.
Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me.

JOHN WILSON.
("Christopher North.")

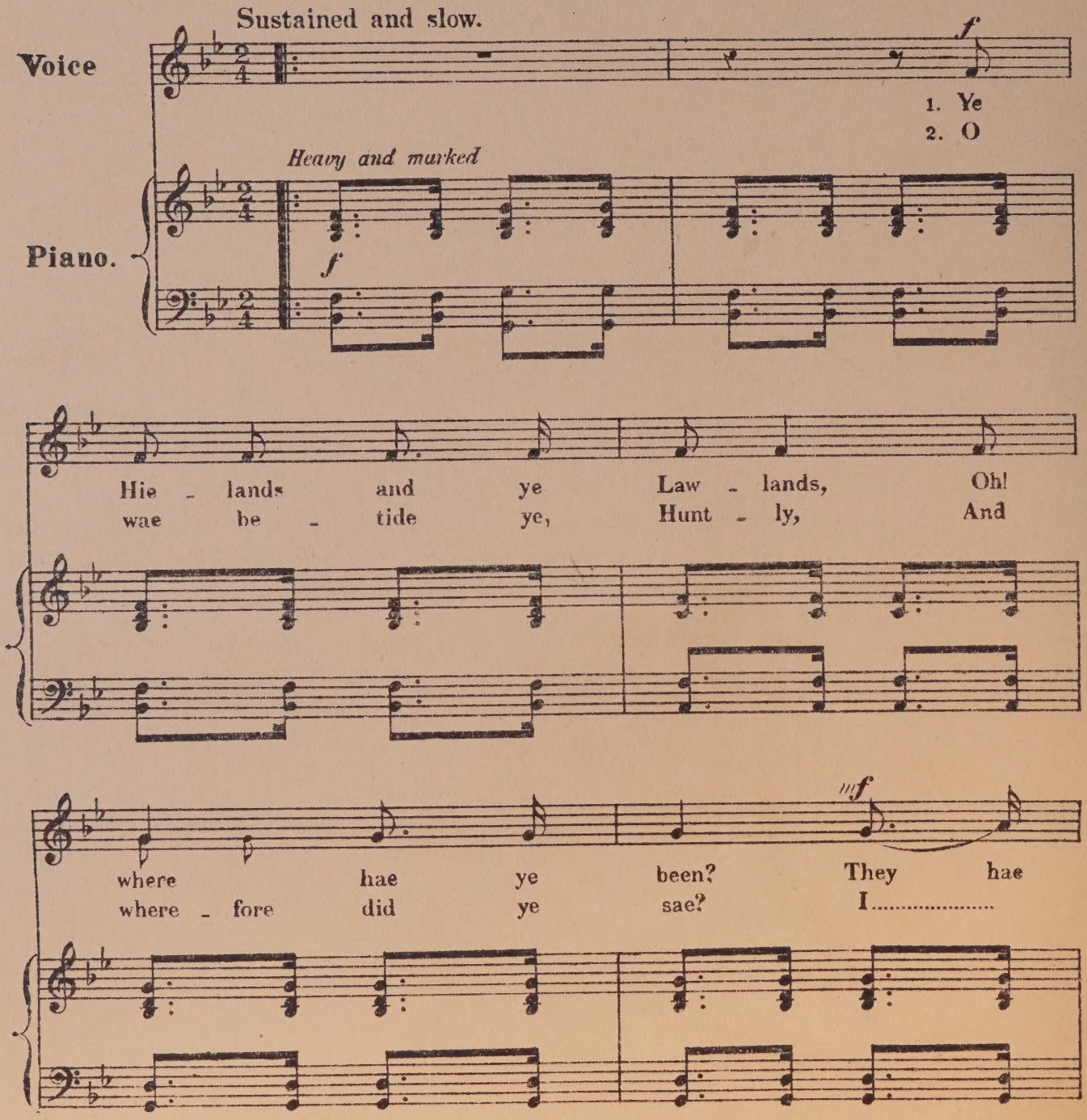
The Bonnie Earl o' Moray.

XXXIII.

THE BONNIE EARL O' MORAY.

Old Scottish Song.

Traditional Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.



"On Feb. 7th, 1592, the Earl of Moray was cruelly murdered by the Earl of Huntly at Dunibrissel in Fifeshire....; to satisfy the King's (James VI) jealousy of Moray, whom the Queen more rashly than wisely had commended in the King's hearing with too many epithets of a proper and gallant man." Sir James Balfour's History of Scotland.

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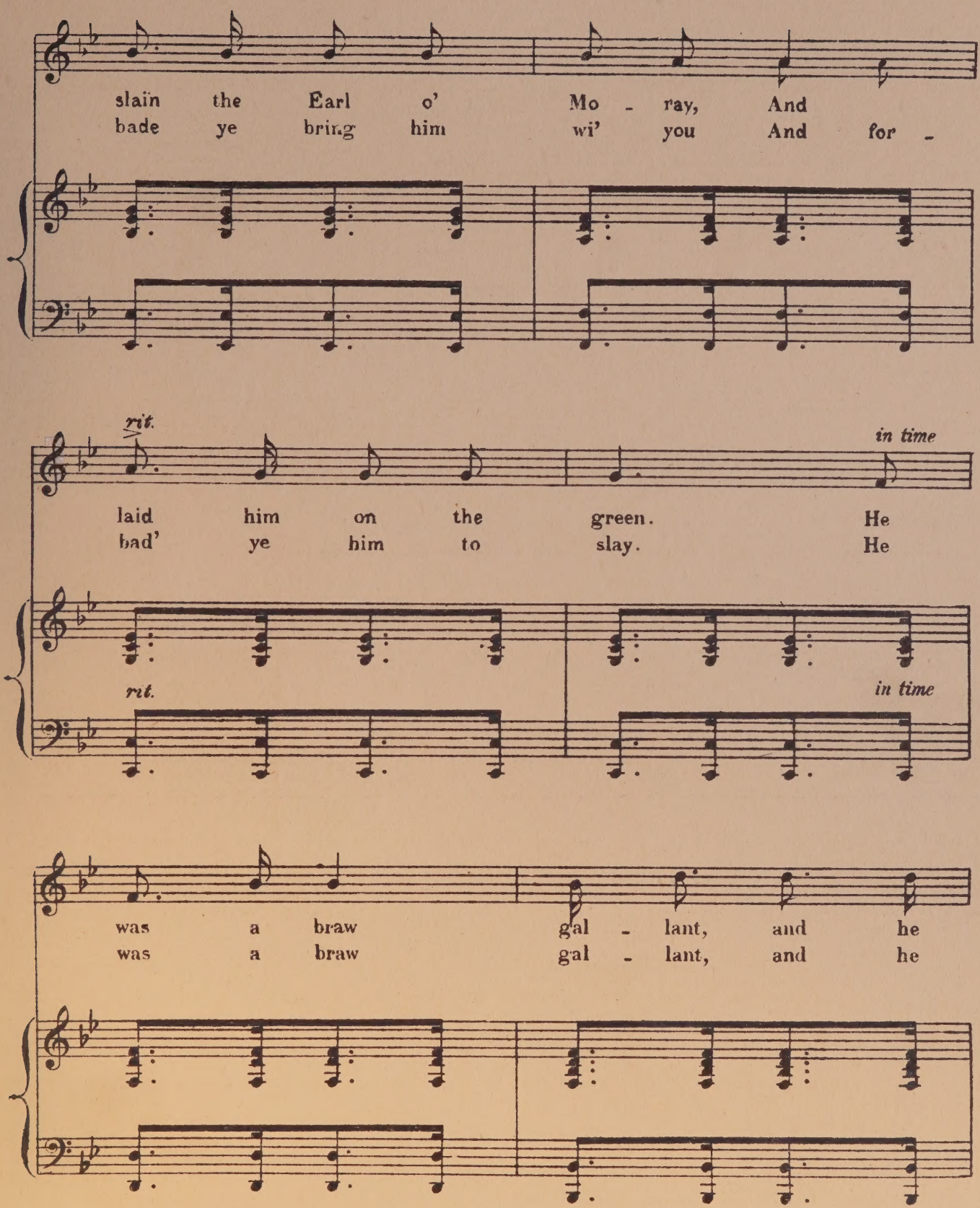
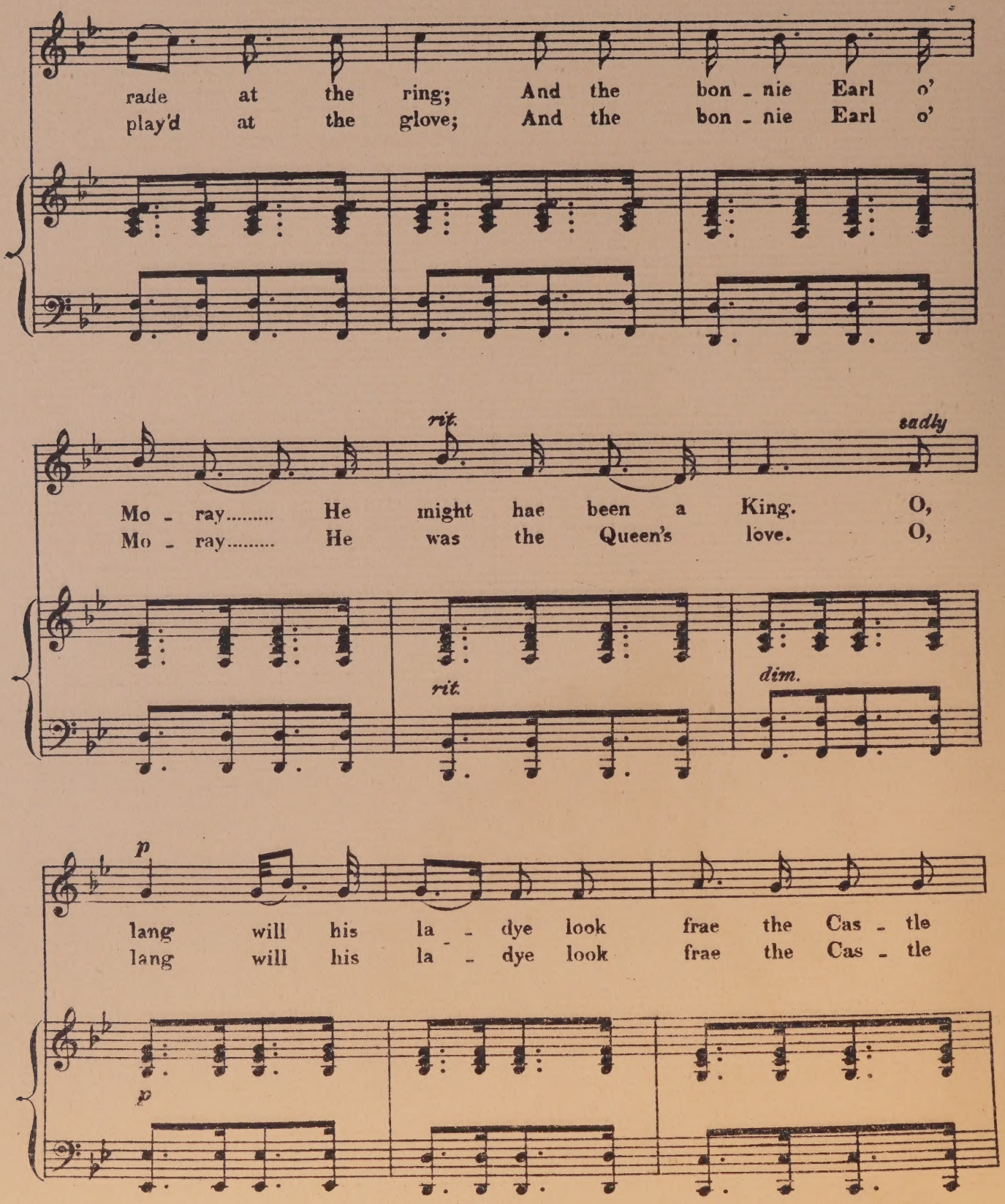
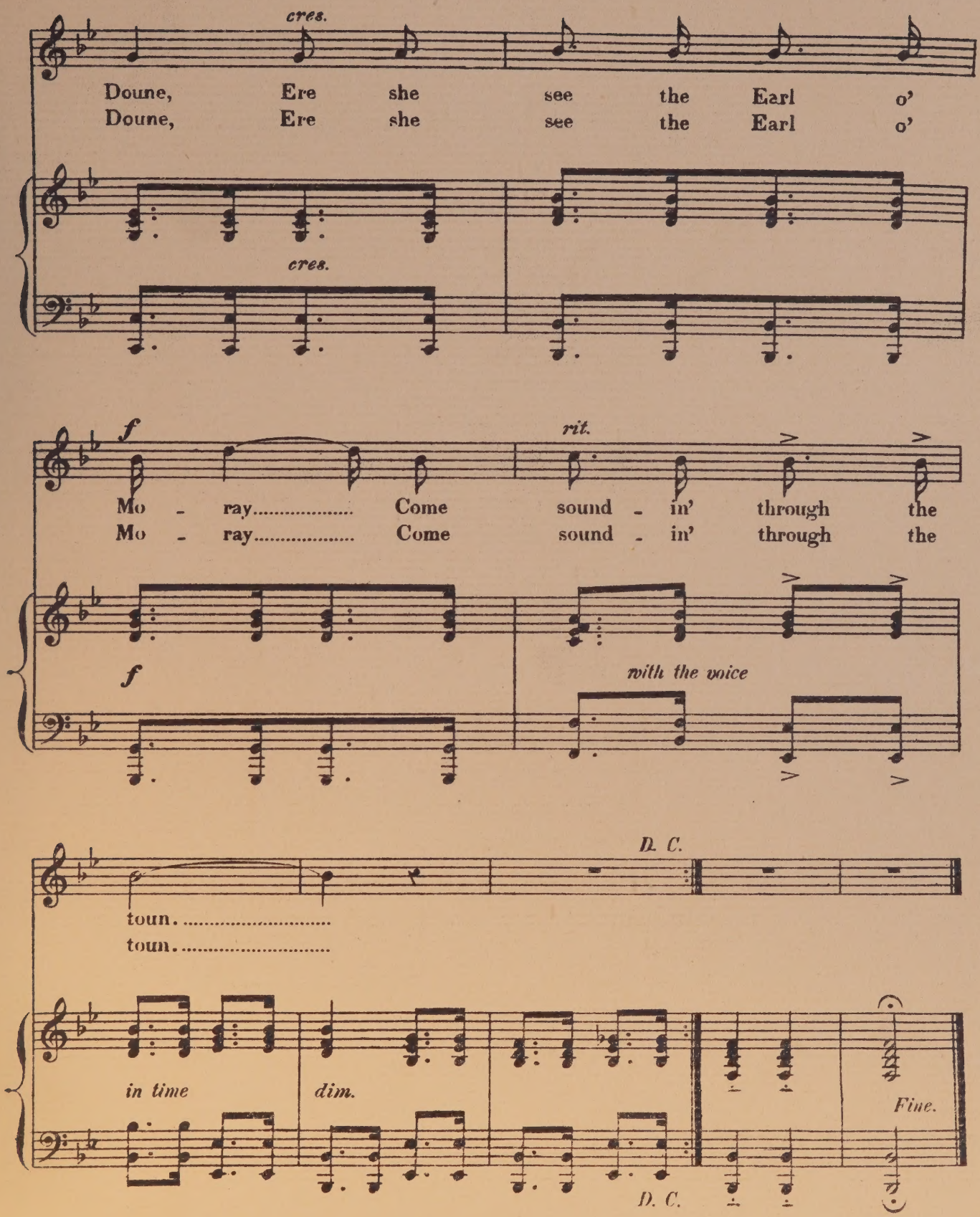

slain the Earl o' Mo - ray, And
bade ye bring him wi' you And for -
rit.
in time
laid him on the green. He
bad' ye him to slay. He
rit.
in time
was a braw gal - lant, and he
was a braw gal - lant, and he


rade at the ring; And the bon - nie Earl o'
play'd at the glove; And the bon - nie Earl o'
rit.
sadly
Mo - ray..... He might hae been a King. O,
Mo - ray..... He was the Queen's love. O,
rit.
dim.
p
lang will his la - dye look frae the Cas - tle
lang will his la - dye look frae the Cas - tle
p

cres.
Doune, Ere she see the Earl o'
Doune, Ere she see the Earl o'
cres.
f
rit.
Mo - ray..... Come sound - in' through the
Mo - ray..... Come sound - in' through the
f
with the voice
D. C.
toun.....
toun.....
in time
dim.
D. C.
Fine.

THE BONNIE EARL O' MORAY.

YE Hielands and ye Lawlands,
Oh! Whar ha'e ye been?
They ha'e slain the Earl o' Moray,
And laid him on the green.
He was a braw gallant,
And he rade at the ring;
And the bonnie Earl o' Moray
He might ha'e been a king.

Oh! Lang will his ladye look frae the Castle Doune
Ere she see the Earl o' Moray come soundin' through the toun.

Oh! Wae betide ye, Huntly,
And wherefore did ye sae?
I bade ye bring him wi' you,
And forbad' ye him to slay.
He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the glove;
And the bonnie Earl o' Moray,
He was the Queen's love.

Oh! Lang will his ladye look frae the Castle Doune
Ere she see the Earl o' Moray come soundin' through the toun

Old Scottish Ballad.

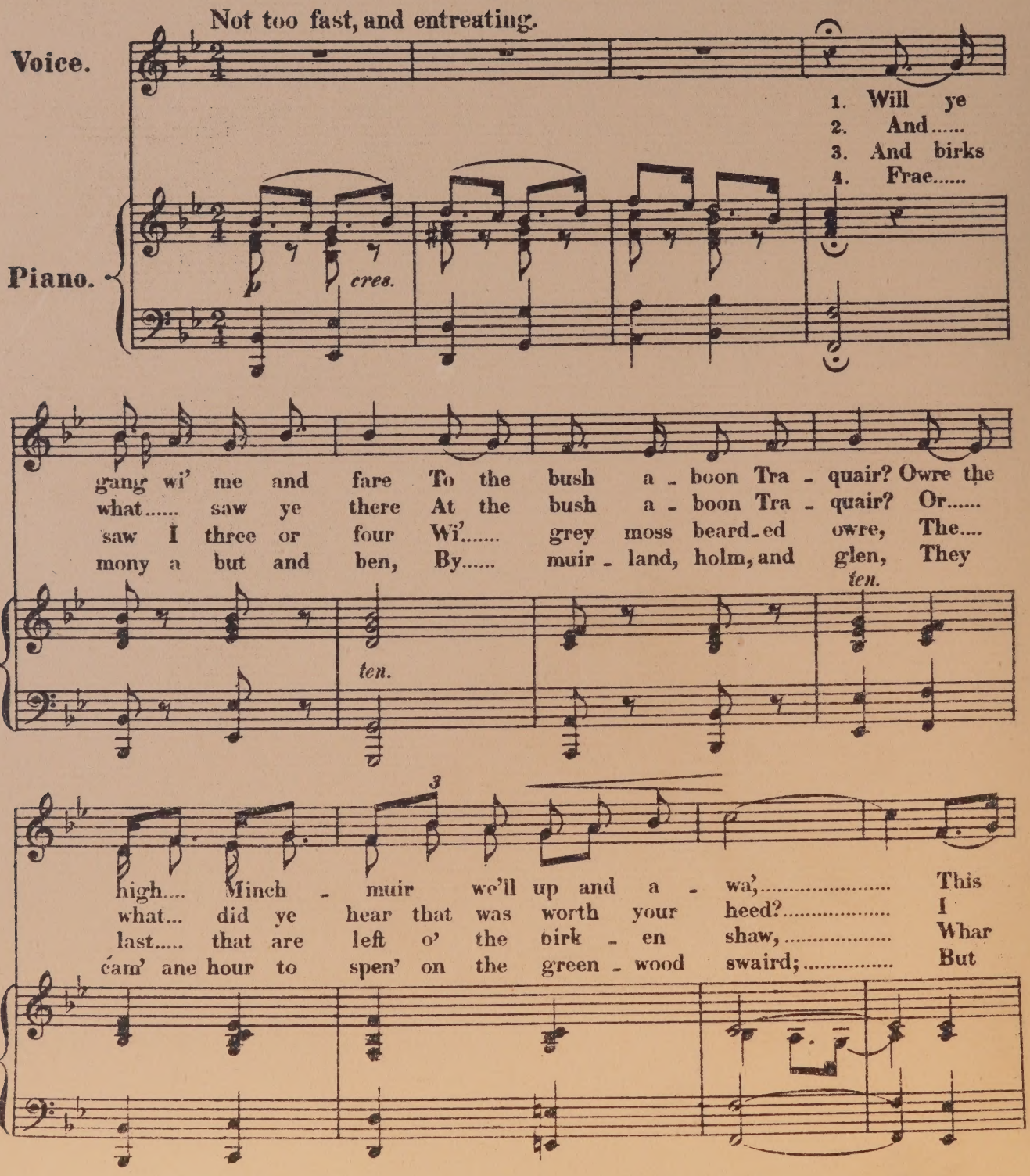
The Bush aboon Traquair.

XXXIV.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

Words by
Principal SHAIRP.

Music by
HAROLD BOULTON.


Not too fast, and entreating.
Voice.
Piano.
1. Will ye
2. And.....
3. And birks
4. Frae.....
cres.
gang wi' me and fare To the bush a - boon Tra - quair? Owre the
what..... saw ye there At the bush a - boon Tra - quair? Or.....
saw I three or four Wi'..... grey moss beard-ed owre, The....
mony a but and ben, By..... muir - land, holm, and glen, They
ten.
ten.
3
high.... Minch - muir we'll up and a - wa',..... This
what... did ye hear that was worth your heed?..... I
last..... that are left o' the birk - en shaw,..... Whar
cam' ane hour to spen' on the green - wood swaird;..... But

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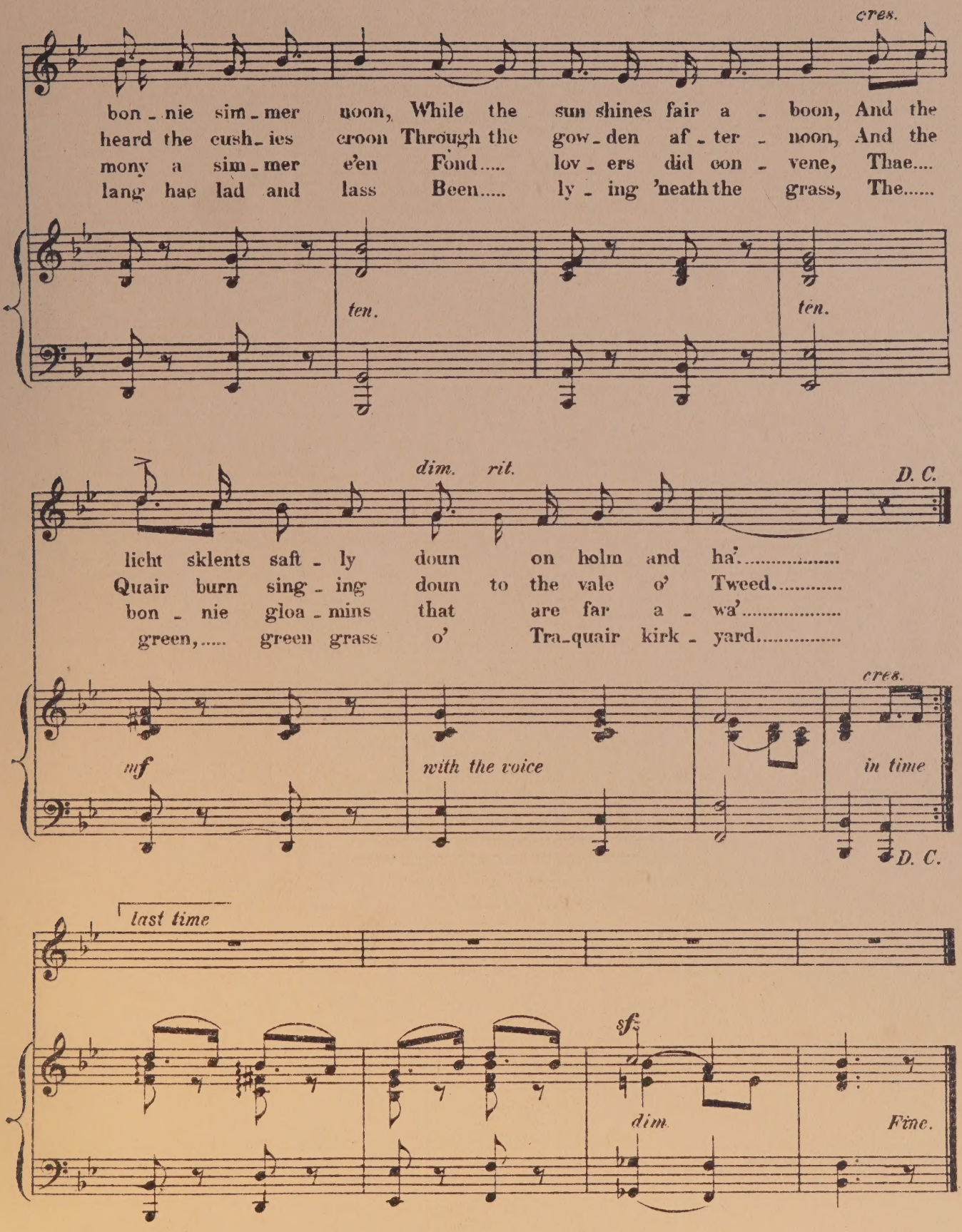

cres.
bon - nie sim - mer noon, While the sun shines fair a - boon, And the
heard the cush - ies croon Through the gow - den af - ter - noon, And the
mony a sim - mer e'en Fond..... lov - ers did con - vene, Thae....
lang hae lad and lass Been..... ly - ing 'neath the grass, The.....
ten.
ten.
dim. rit.
D. C.
licht sklents saft - ly doun on holm and ha'.....
Quair burn sing - ing doun to the vale o' Tweed.....
bon - nie gloa - mins that are far a - wa'.....
green,..... green grass o' Tra - quair kirk - yard.....
cres.
mf
with the voice
in time
D. C.
last time
sfz
dim.
Fine.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR

WILL ye gang wi' me and fare
To the bush aboon Traquair?
Owre the high Minchmuir we'll up and awa
This bonnie simmer noon,
While the sun shines fair aboon,
And the licht sklents saftly doun on holm and ha.

And what wad ye do there,
At the bush aboon Traquair?
A lang dreich road, ye had better let it be;
Save some auld scrunts o' birk
I' the hill-side lirk,
There 's nocht in the warld for man to see.

But the blythe lilt o' yon air,
The bush aboon Traquair,
I need nae mair, it 's eneuch for me;
Owre my cradle its sweet chime
Cam' sughin' frae auld time,
Sae, tide what may be, I 'll awa' and see.

And what saw ye there,
At the bush aboon Traquair?
Or what did ye hear that was worth your heed?
I heard the cushies croon
Thro' the gowden afternoon,
And the Quair burn singing doun to the vale o' Tweed

And birks saw I three or four
Wi' grey moss bearded owre,
The last that are left o' the birken shaw,
Whar mony a simmer e'en
Fond lovers did convene,
Thae bonnie, bonnie gloamin's that are lang awa'.

Frae mony a but and ben,
By muirland, holm, and glen,
They cam' ane hour to spen' on the greenwood swaird
But lang ha'e lad an' lass
Been lying 'neath the grass,
The green, green grass o' Traquair kirkyard.

They were blest beyond compare
When they held their trysting there,
Amang thae greenest hills shone on by the sun;
And then they wan a rest,
The lownest and the best,
I' Traquair kirkyard when a' was dune.

Now the birks to dust may rot,
Names o' lovers be forgot,
Nae lads and lasses there ony mair convene,
But the blythe lilt o' yon air
Keeps the bush aboon Traquair
And the luve that ance was there aye fresh and green.

PRINCIPAL SHAIRP

Ho-ro my Nut-brown Maiden.

(HO-RO MO NIGHEAN DHONN EHOIDHEACH.)

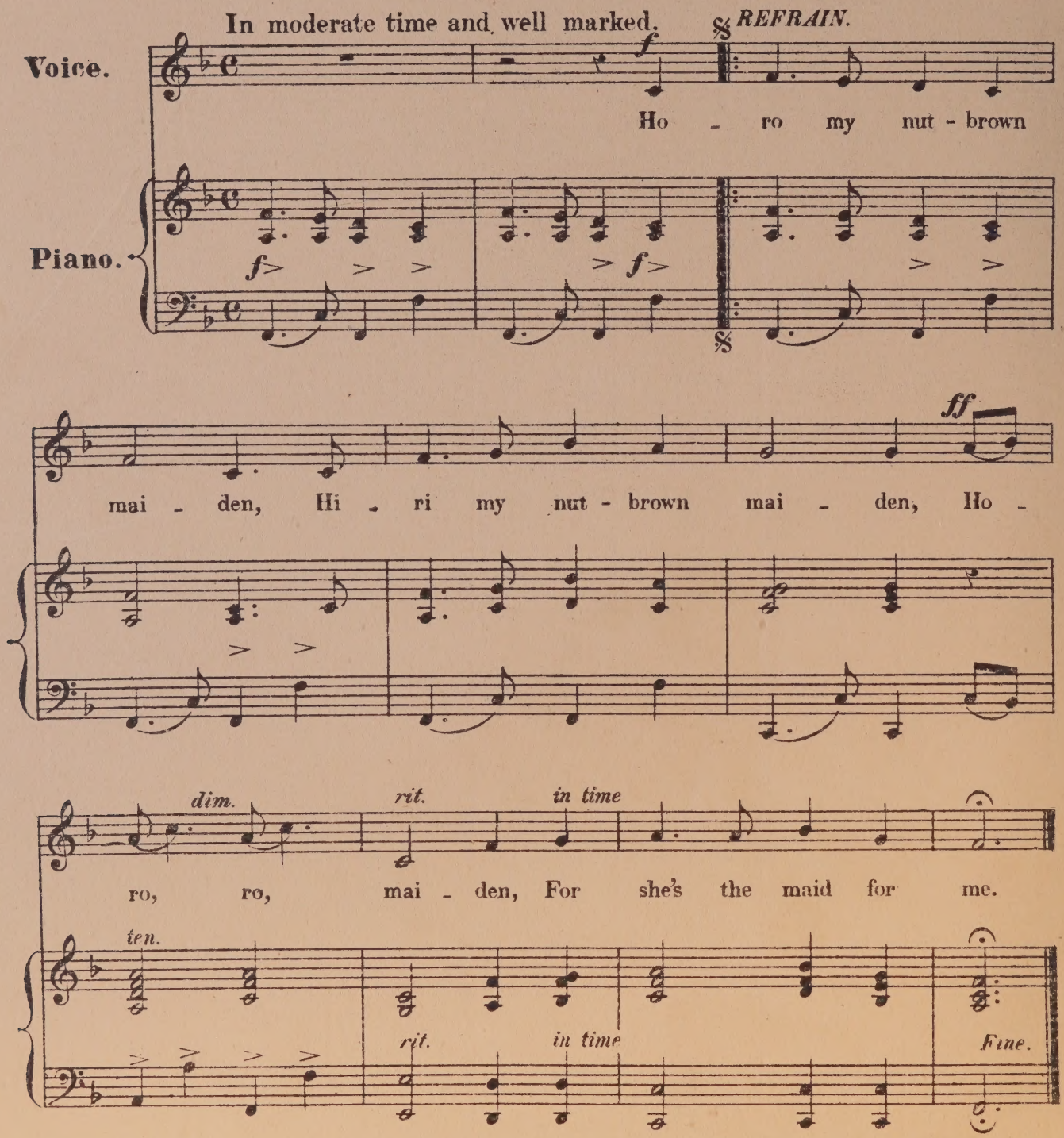
XXXV.

HO RO MY NUT-BROWN MAIDEN.

(HO RO MO NIGHEAN DHONN BHOIDHEACH.)

Translated from the Gaelic by
Professor BLACKIE.

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.



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ONE VOICE.

mf

1. Her eye so mild - ly beam - ing, Her look so frank and free, In..... wak - ing and in dream - ing Is ev - er - more with me. Ho -
2. O Ma - ry, mild - eye'd Ma - ry, By land or on the sea, Though time and tide may va - ry, My heart beats true to thee. Ho -
3. In Glas - gow or Dun - e - din Were mai - dens fair to see, But.... nev - er a Low - land mai - den Could lure mine eyes from thee. Ho -
4. And when with blos - soms la - den, Bright sum - mer comes a - gain, I'll..... fetch my nut - brown mai - den Doun from the bon - nie glen. Ho -

mf

Refrain D. C. dal Segno 𝄋

HO-RO MY NUT-BROWN MAIDEN.

(HO-RO MO NIGHEAN DHONN BHOIDHEACH.)

HO-RO my nut-brown maiden !
Hi-ri my nut-brown maiden !
Ho-ro my nut-brown maiden !
O, she 's the maid for me !

Her eye so mildly beaming,
Her look so frank and free,
In waking and in dreaming
Is evermore with me.
Ho-ro, &c., &c., &c.

O Mary, mild-eyed Mary,
By land, or on the sea,
Though time and tide may vary,
My heart beats true to thee.
Ho-ro, &c., &c., &c.

And since from thee I parted,
A long and weary while,
I wander heavy-hearted
With longing for thy smile.
Ho-ro, &c., &c., &c.

In Glasgow and Dunedin
Were maidens fair to see,
But never a Lowland maiden
Could lure mine eyes from thee.
Ho-ro, &c., &c., &c.

Mine eyes that never vary
From pointing to the glen
Where blooms my Highland Mary
Like wild-rose 'neath the Ben.
Ho-ro, &c., &c., &c.

And when with blossoms laden
Bright summer comes again,
I'll fetch my nut-brown maiden
Doun from the bonnie glen.
Ho-ro, &c., &c., &c.

Translated from the Gaelic by PROFESSOR BLACKIE

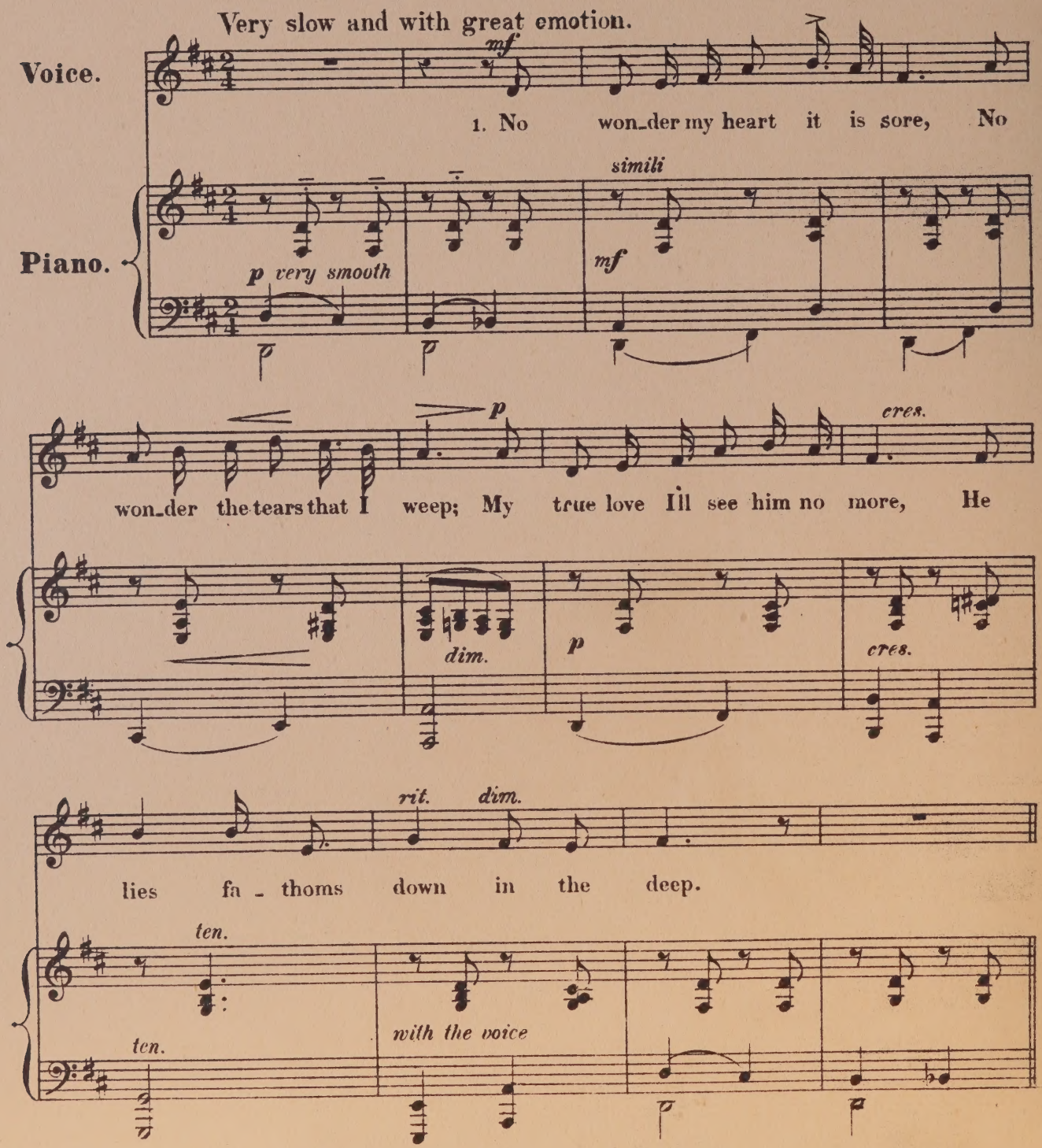
Drowned.

XXXVI.

DROWNED.

Words translated from the Gaelic by the Rev. A. Stewart. L. L. D. "Nether Lochaber."

Old Highland Air. (Arisaig district) arranged by Malcolm Lawson.



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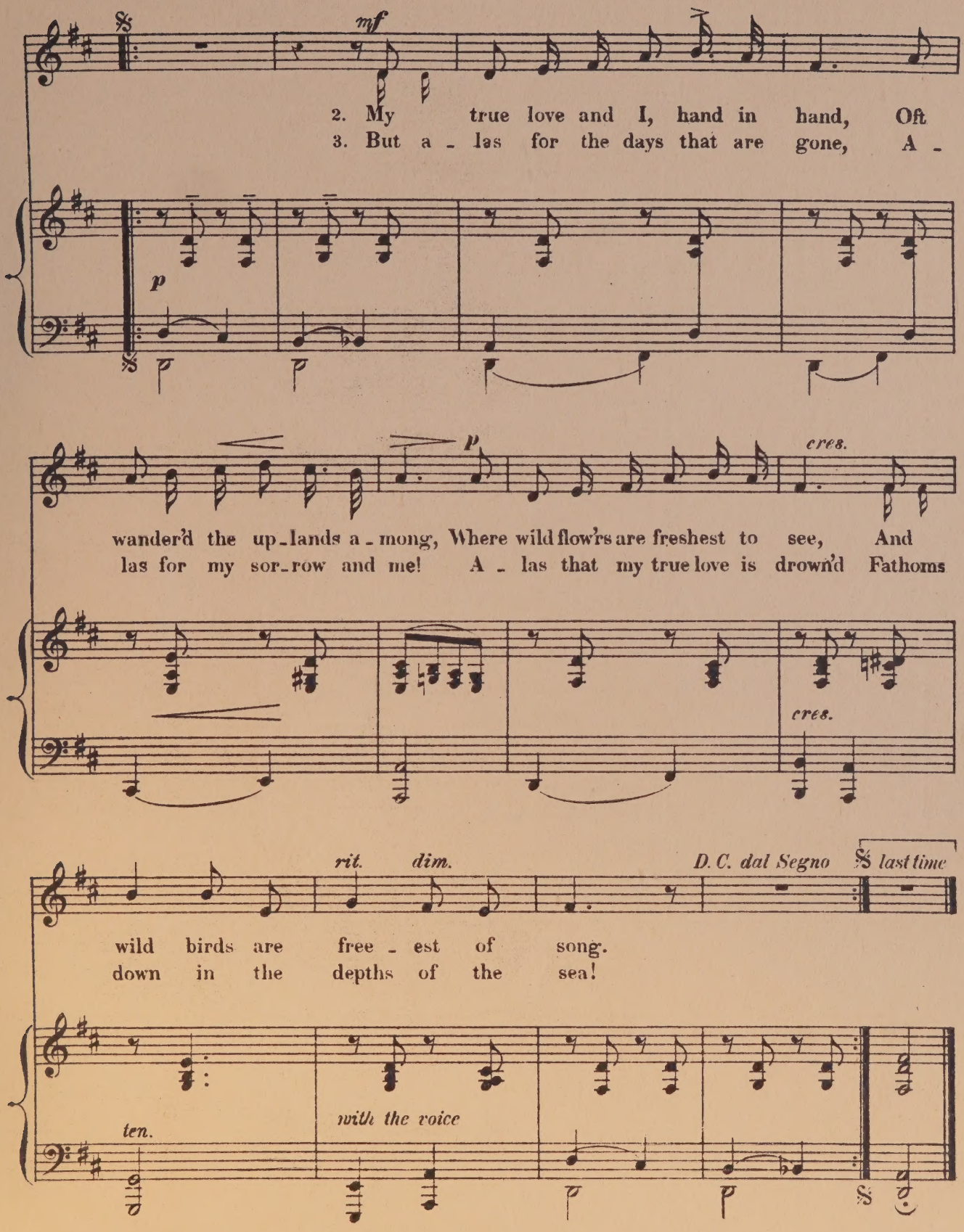

mf
2. My true love and I, hand in hand, Oft
3. But a - las for the days that are gone, A -
p
p
cres.
wander'd the up-lands a-mong, Where wild flow'rs are freshest to see, And
las for my sor-row and me! A - las that my true love is drown'd Fathoms
cres.
rit. dim.
D.C. dal Segno
last time
wild birds are free - est of song.
down in the depths of the sea!
ten.
with the voice

DROWNED.

NO wonder my heart it is sore,
No wonder the tears that I weep;
My true love I'll see him no more,
He lies fathoms down in the deep.

He lies fathoms down in the deep,
Where the cold clammy seaweeds abound:
How cruel thy wild waves to me,
O sea that my true love hast drowned!

O sea that my true love hast drowned,
Thou hast reft me of joy evermore;
Thy waves make me shudder with fear
As I listen and hear their wild roar.

My true love and I, hand in hand,
Often wandered the uplands among,
Where the wild flowers are freshest to see,
And the wild birds are freest of song;

But alas for the days that are gone,
Alas for my sorrow and me!
Alas that my true love is drowned
Fathoms down in the depths of the sea!

Translated from the Gaelic by the
REV. A. STEWART, LL.D.,
"Nether Lochaber."

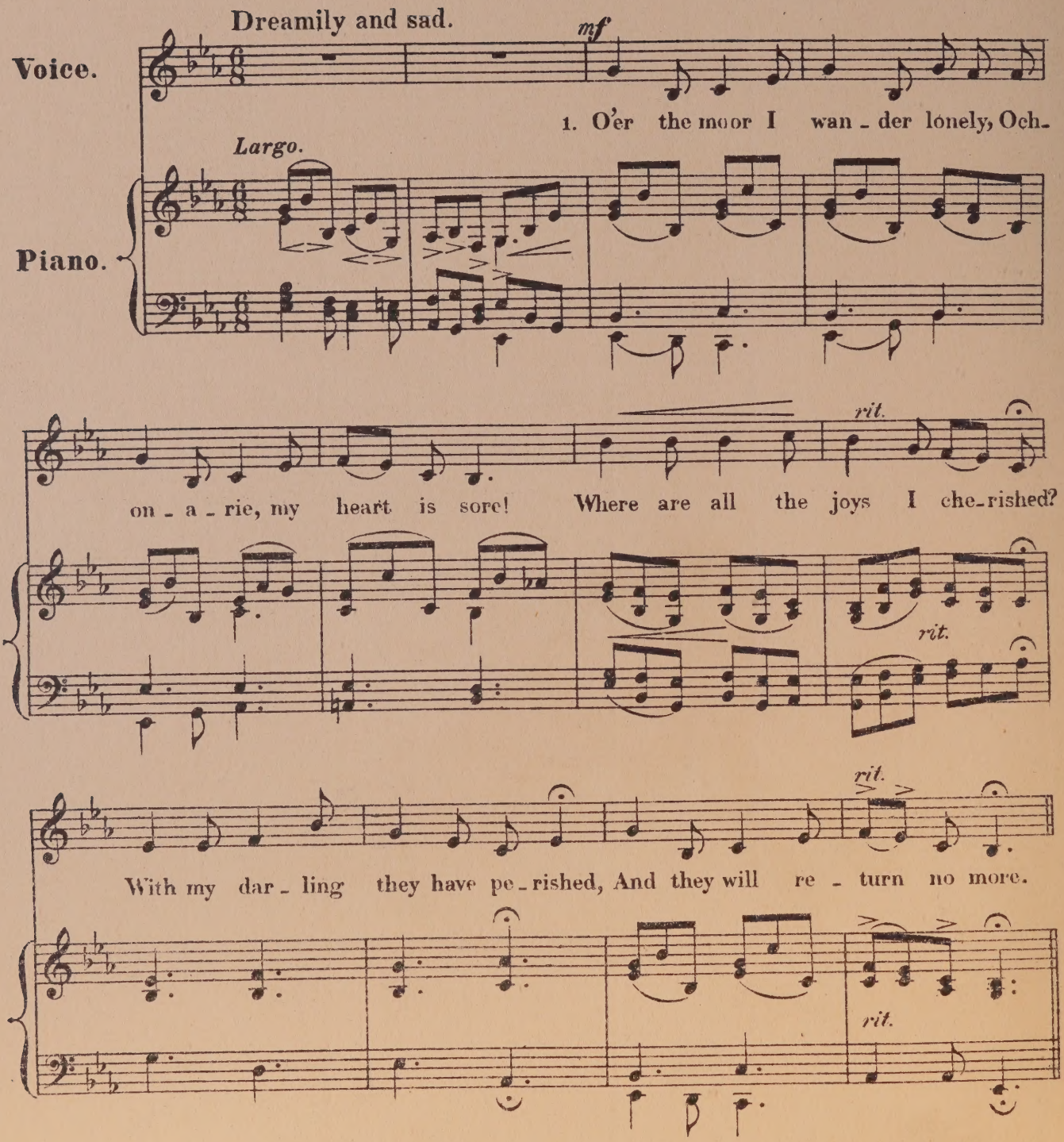
O'er the Moor.

XXXVII.

O'ER THE MOOR.

Words by
A. C. Macleod.

Old Highland Melody arranged by
Malcolm Lawson.


Dreamily and sad.
mf
Voice.
1. O'er the moor I wan - der lonely, Och-
Largo.
Piano.
on - a - rie, my heart is sore! Where are all the joys I che-rished?
rit.
rit.
rit.
With my dar - ling they have pe - rished, And they will re - turn no more.
rit.

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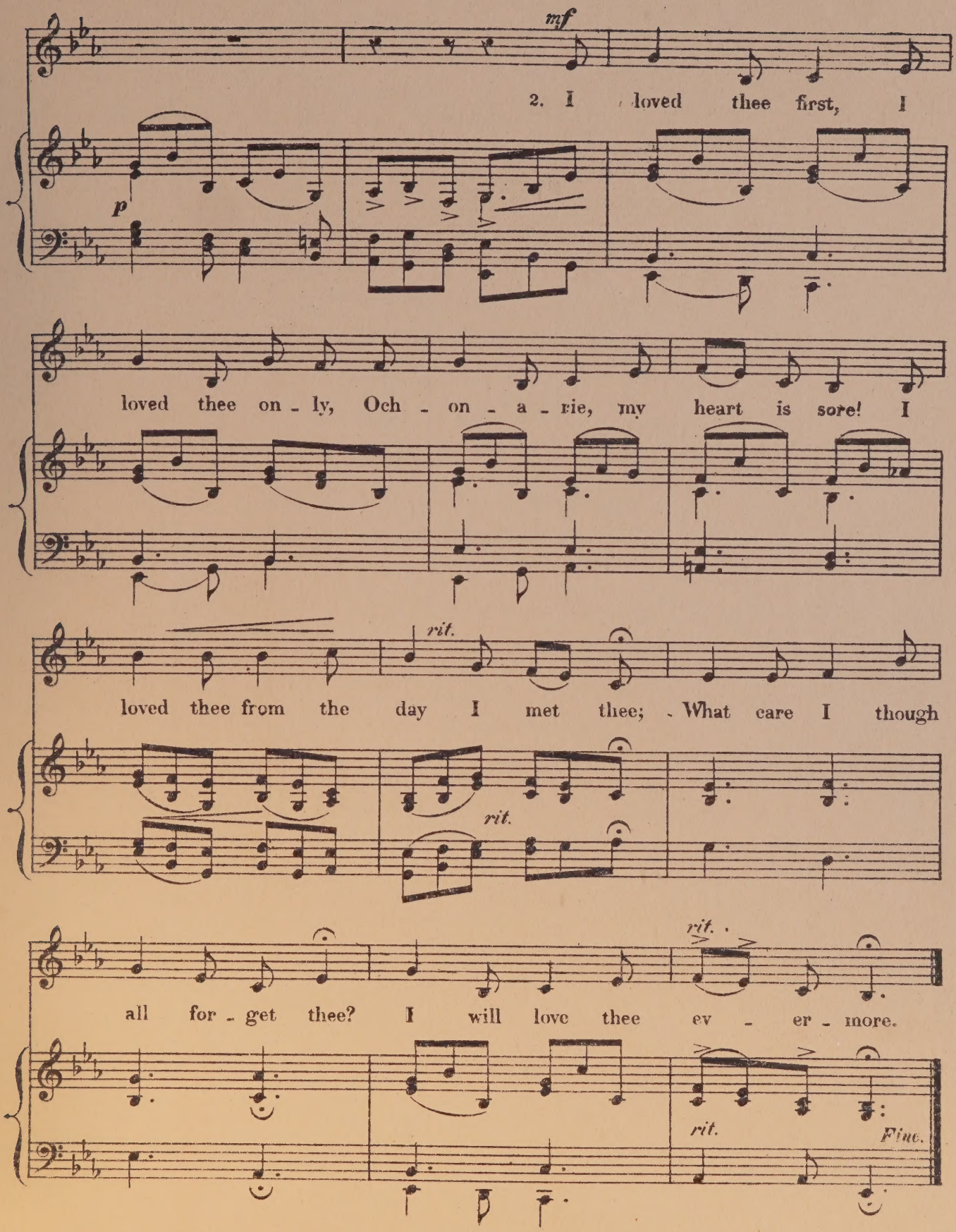

mf
2. I loved thee first, I
p
loved thee on - ly, Och - on - a - rie, my heart is sore! I
rit.
loved thee from the day I met thee; What care I though
rit.
rit.
all for - get thee? I will love thee ev - er - more.
rit.
Fine.

O'ER THE MOOR.

O'ER the moor I wander lonely,
Ochon-a-rie, my heart is sore!
Where are all the joys I cherished?
With my darling they have perished,
And they will return no more.

I loved thee first, I loved thee only,
Ochon-a-rie, my heart is sore!
I loved thee from the day I met thee.
What care I though all forget thee?
I will love thee evermore.

A. C. MACLEOD

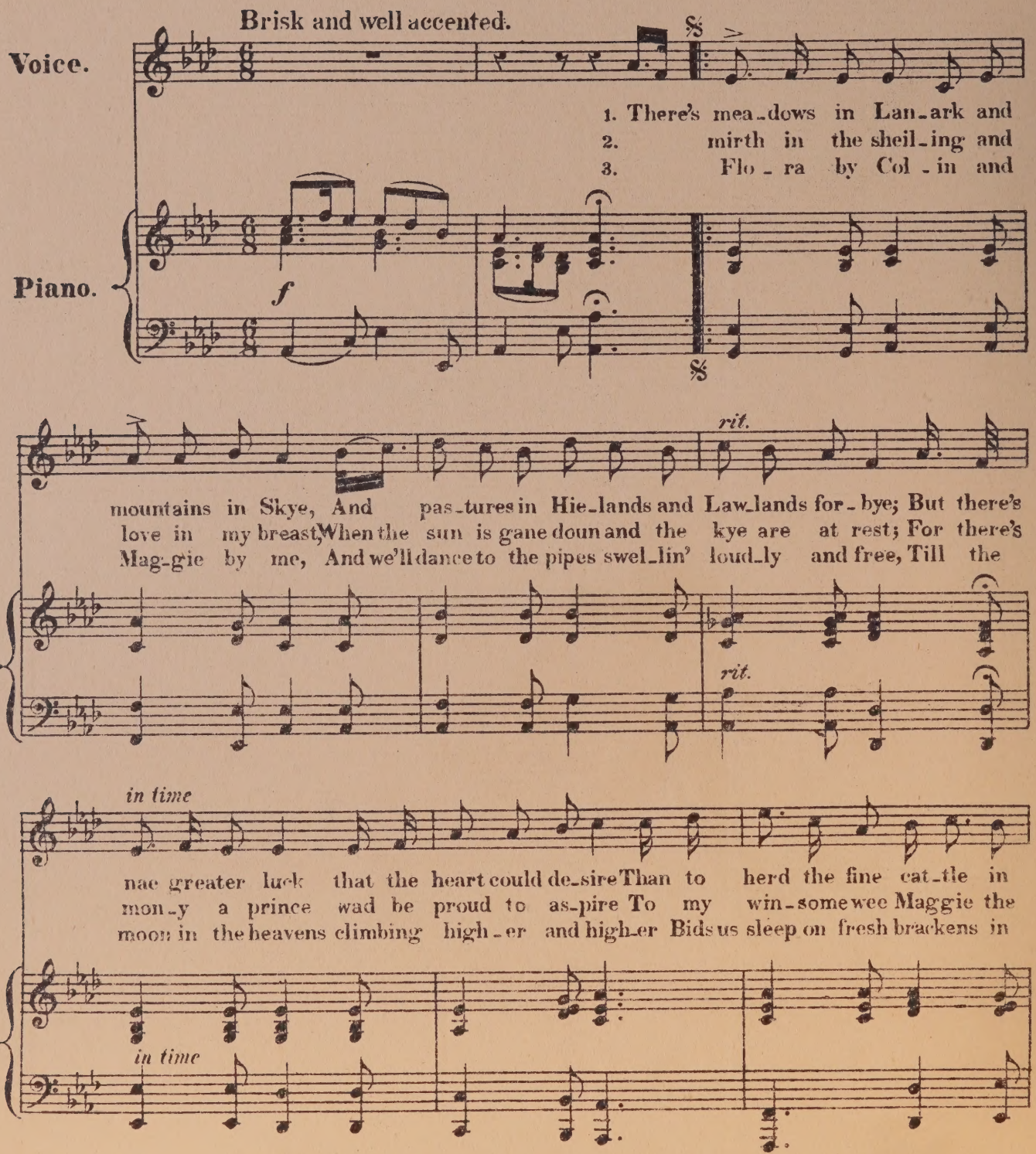
Bonnie Strathyre.

XXXVIII.

BONNIE STRATHYRE.

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Music adapted from old Air "Taymouth"
and arranged by MALCOLM LAWSON.


Brisk and well accented.
Voice.
Piano.
1. There's mea-dows in Lan-ark and
2. mirth in the sheil-ing and
3. Flo-ra by Col-in and
f
rit.
mountains in Skye, And pas-tures in Hie-lands and Law-lands for-bye; But there's
love in my breast, When the sun is gane doun and the kye are at rest; For there's
Mag-gie by me, And we'll dance to the pipes swel-lin' loud-ly and free, Till the
rit.
in time
nae greater luck that the heart could de-sire Than to herd the fine cat-tle in
mon-y a prince wad be proud to as-pire To my win-some wee Maggie the
moon in the heavens climbing high-er and high-er Bids us sleep on fresh brackens in
in time

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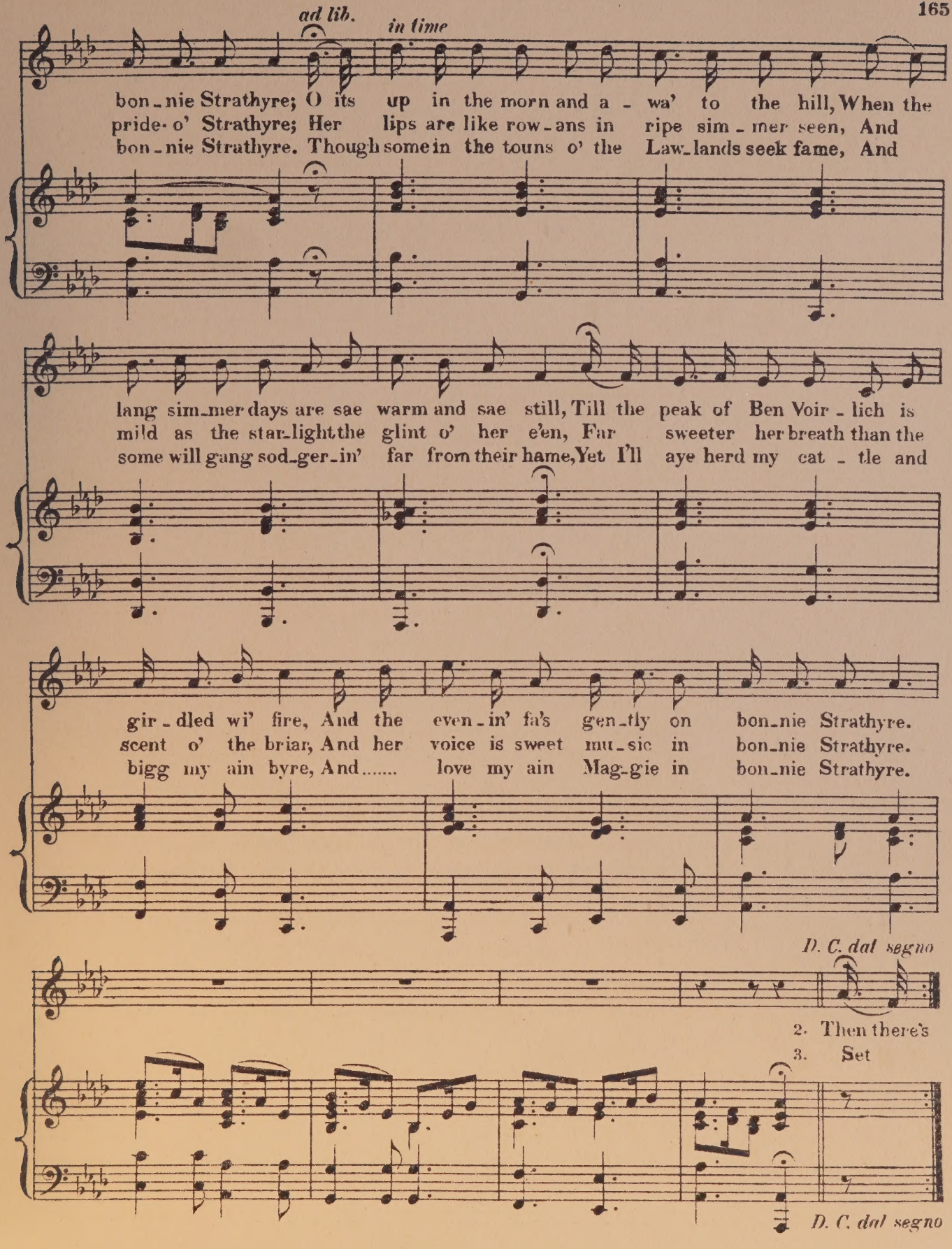

ad lib.
in time
bon-nie Strathyre; O its up in the morn and a - wa' to the hill, When the
pride o' Strathyre; Her lips are like row-ans in ripe sim-mer seen, And
bon-nie Strathyre. Though some in the touns o' the Law-lands seek fame, And
lang sim-mer days are sae warm and sae still, Till the peak of Ben Voir-lich is
mild as the star-light the glint o' her e'en, Far sweeter her breath than the
some will gang sod-ger-in' far from their hame, Yet I'll aye herd my cat - tle and
gir-dled wi' fire, And the even-in' fa's gen-tly on bon-nie Strathyre.
scent o' the briar, And her voice is sweet mu-sic in bon-nie Strathyre.
bigg my ain byre, And..... love my ain Mag-gie in bon-nie Strathyre.
D. C. dal segno
2. Then there's
3. Set
D. C. dal segno

BONNIE STRATHYRE.

THERE 's meadows in Lanark and mountains in Skye,
And pastures in Hielands and Lawlands forbye ;
But there 's nae greater luck that the heart could desire
Than to herd the fine cattle in bonnie Strathyre.

O its up in the morn and awa' to the hill,
When the lang simmer days are sae warm and sae still,
Till the peak o' Ben Voirlich is girdled wi' fire,
And the evenin' fa's gently on bonnie Strathyre.

Then there 's mirth in the sheiling and love in my breast,
When the sun is gane doun and the kye are at rest ;
For there 's mony a prince wad be proud to aspire
To my winsome wee Maggie, the pride o' Strathyre.

Her lips are like rowans in ripe simmer seen,
And mild as the starlicht the glint o' her e'en ;
Far sweeter her breath than the scent o' the briar,
And her voice is sweet music in bonnie Strathyre.

Set Flora by Colin, and Maggie by me,
And we 'll dance to the pipes swellin' loudly and free,
Till the moon in the heavens climbing higher and higher
Bids us sleep on fresh brackens in bonnie Strathyre.

Though some in the touns o' the Lawlands seek fame
And some will gang sodgerin' far from their hame ;
Yet I 'll aye herd my cattle, and bigg my ain byre,
And love my ain Maggie in bonnie Strathyre.

HAROLD BOULTON.

Sound the Pibroch.

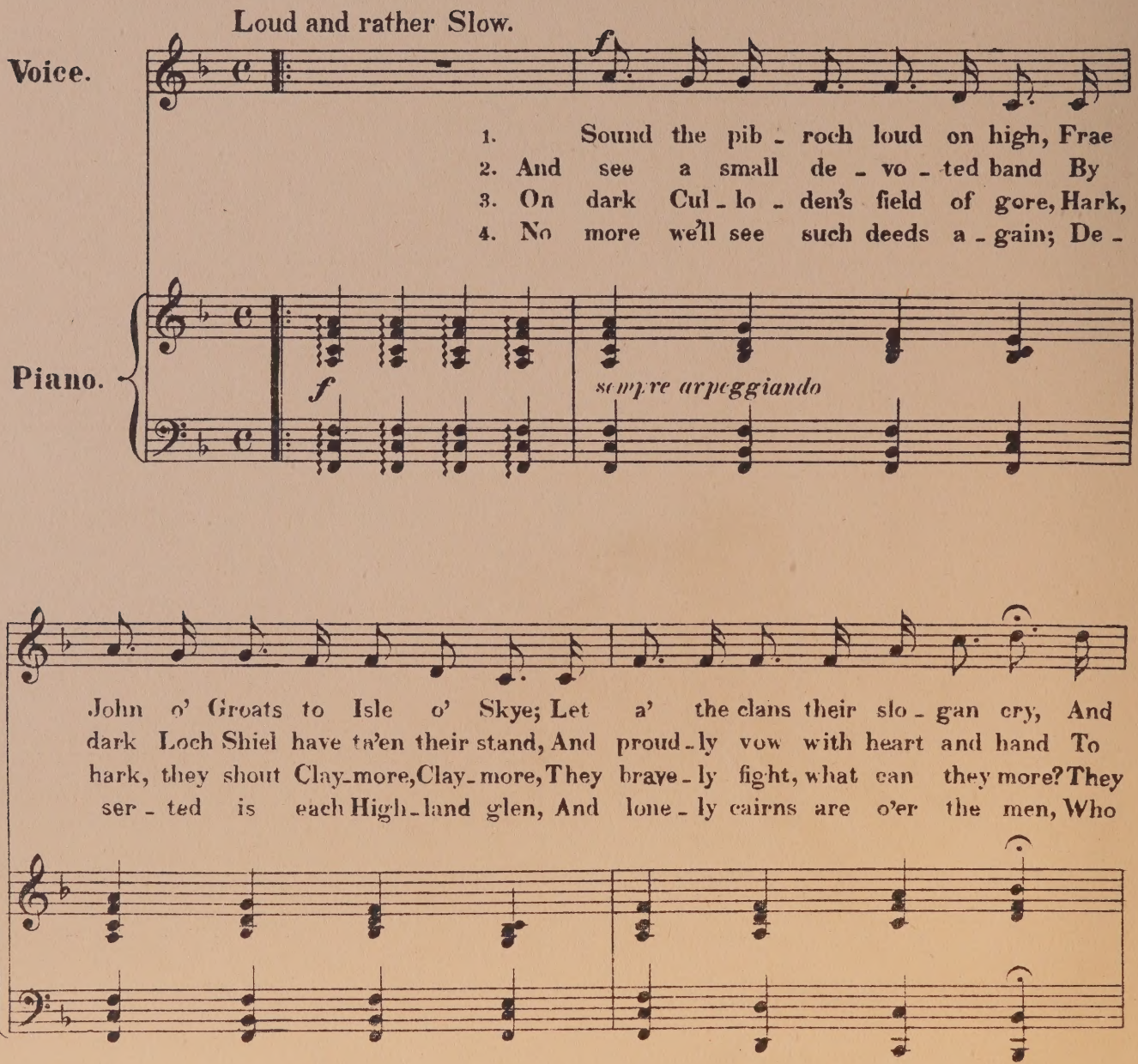
XXXIX.

SOUND THE PIBROCH.

(JACOBITE WAR SONG.)

Words by
Mrs Norman Macleod Senior.

Traditional Melody arranged by
Malcolm Lawson.


Loud and rather Slow.
Voice.
f
1. Sound the pib - roch loud on high, Frae
2. And see a small de - vo - ted band By
3. On dark Cul - lo - den's field of gore, Hark,
4. No more we'll see such deeds a - gain; De -
Piano.
f
sempre arpeggiando
John o' Groats to Isle o' Skye; Let a' the clans their slo - gan cry, And
dark Loch Shiel have ta'en their stand, And proud - ly vow with heart and hand To
hark, they shout Clay-more, Clay-more, They brave - ly fight, what can they more? They
ser - ted is each High-land glen, And lone - ly cairns are o'er the men, Who

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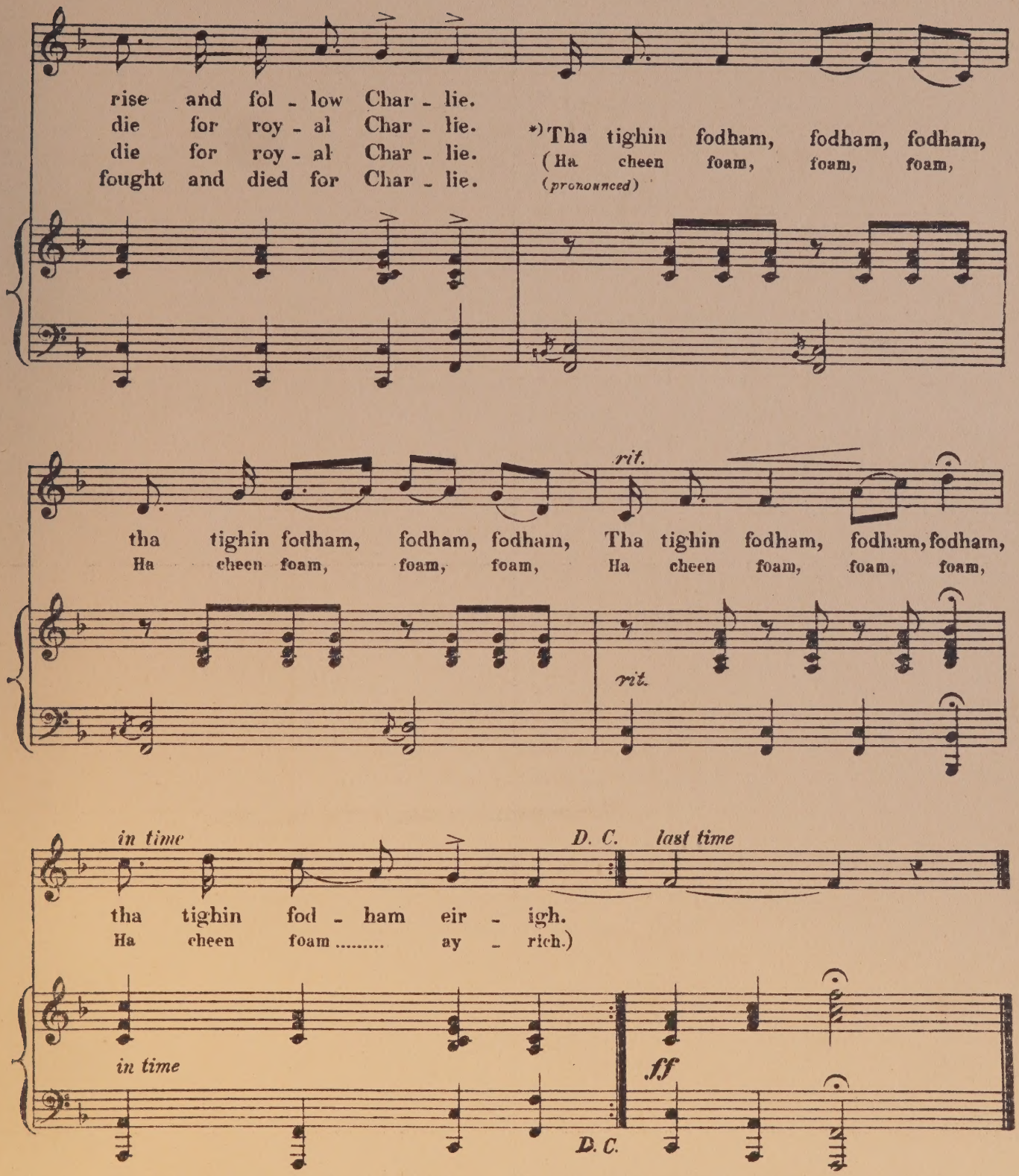

rise and fol - low Char - lie.
die for roy - al Char - lie.
die for roy - al Char - lie.
fought and died for Char - lie.
*) Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham,
(Ha cheen foam, foam, foam,
(pronounced)
rit.
tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham, Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham,
Ha cheen foam, foam, foam, Ha cheen foam, foam, foam,
rit.
in time
D. C. last time
tha tighin fod - ham eir - igh.
Ha cheen foam ..... ay - rich.)
in time
ff
D. C.

*) Pronounced Hatcheen foam ayrich, which means literally "it comes upon me to arise" (i.e. for Prince Charlie)

SOUND THE PIBROCH.

SOUND the pibroch loud on high
Frae John o' Groats to isle o' Skye,
Let a' the clans their slogan cry,
And rise and follow Charlie.

Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham,
Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham,
Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham,
Tha tighin fodham, eirigh!

And see a small devoted band
By dark Loch Shiel have ta'en their stand,
And proudly vow with heart and hand
To fight for royal Charlie.

Tha tighin fodham, &c., &c., &c.

From every hill and every glen
Are gathering fast the loyal men,
They grasp their dirks and shout again
"Hurrah! for royal Charlie!"

Tha tighin fodham, &c., &c., &c.

On dark Culloden's field of gore
Hark! Hark! they shout "Claymore! claymore!
They bravely fight, what can they more?
They die for royal Charlie.

Tha tighin fodham, &c., &c., &c.

No more we 'll see such deeds again,
Deserted is each Highland glen,
And lonely cairns are o'er the men
Who fought and died for Charlie.

Tha tighin fodham, &c., &c., &c.

MRS. NORMAN MACLEOD (Senior).

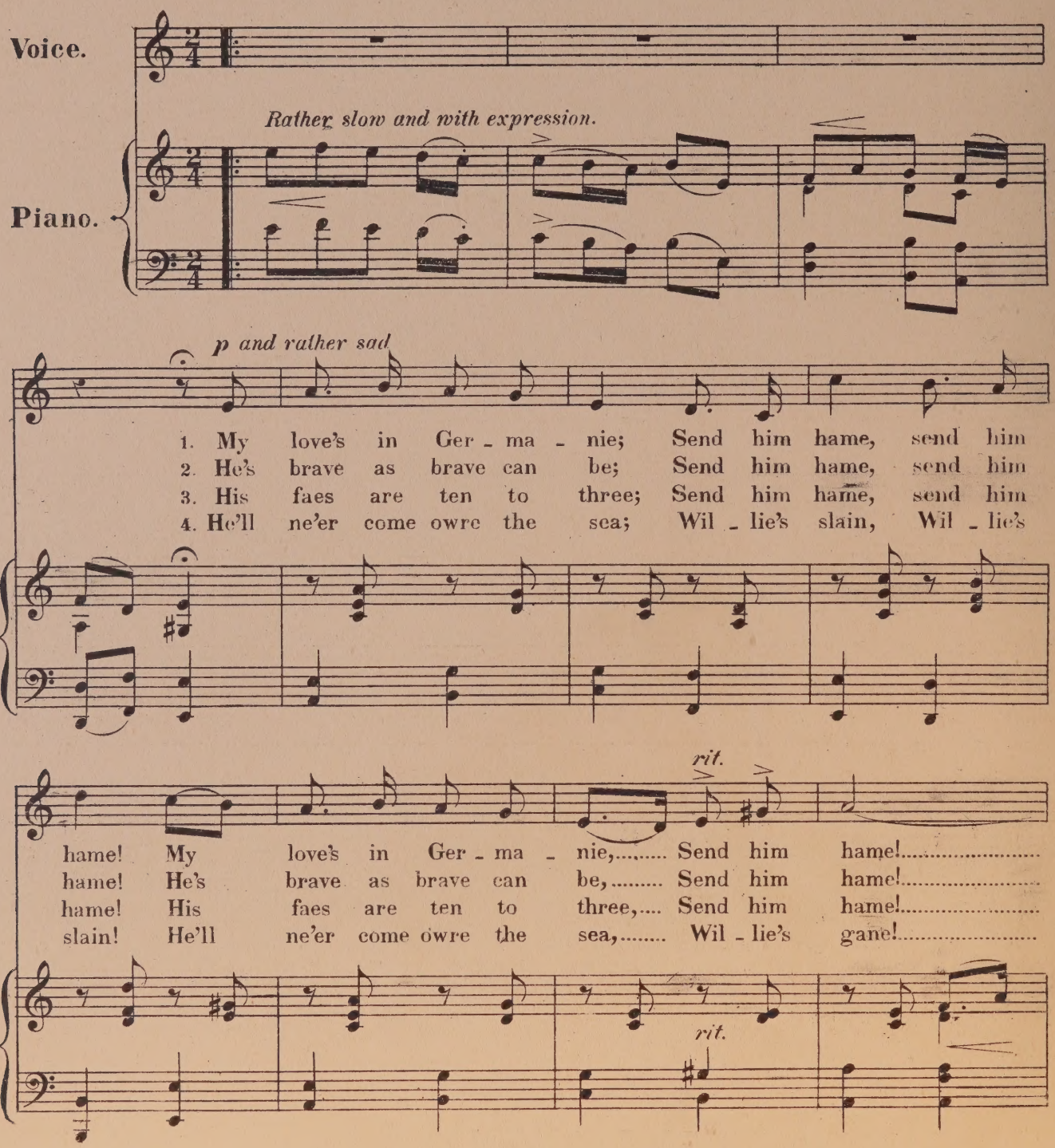
My Love's in Germanie.

XL.

MY LOVE'S IN GERMANIE.

Words by
HECTOR MACNEIL.

Old Scottish Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.


Voice.
Piano.
Rather slow and with expression.
p and rather sad
1. My love's in Ger - ma - nie; Send him hame, send him
2. He's brave as brave can be; Send him hame, send him
3. His faes are ten to three; Send him hame, send him
4. He'll ne'er come owre the sea; Wil - lie's slain, Wil - lie's
rit.
hame! My love's in Ger - ma - nie,..... Send him hame!.....
hame! He's brave as brave can be,..... Send him hame!.....
hame! His faes are ten to three,.... Send him hame!.....
slain! He'll ne'er come owre the sea,..... Wil - lie's gane!.....
rit.

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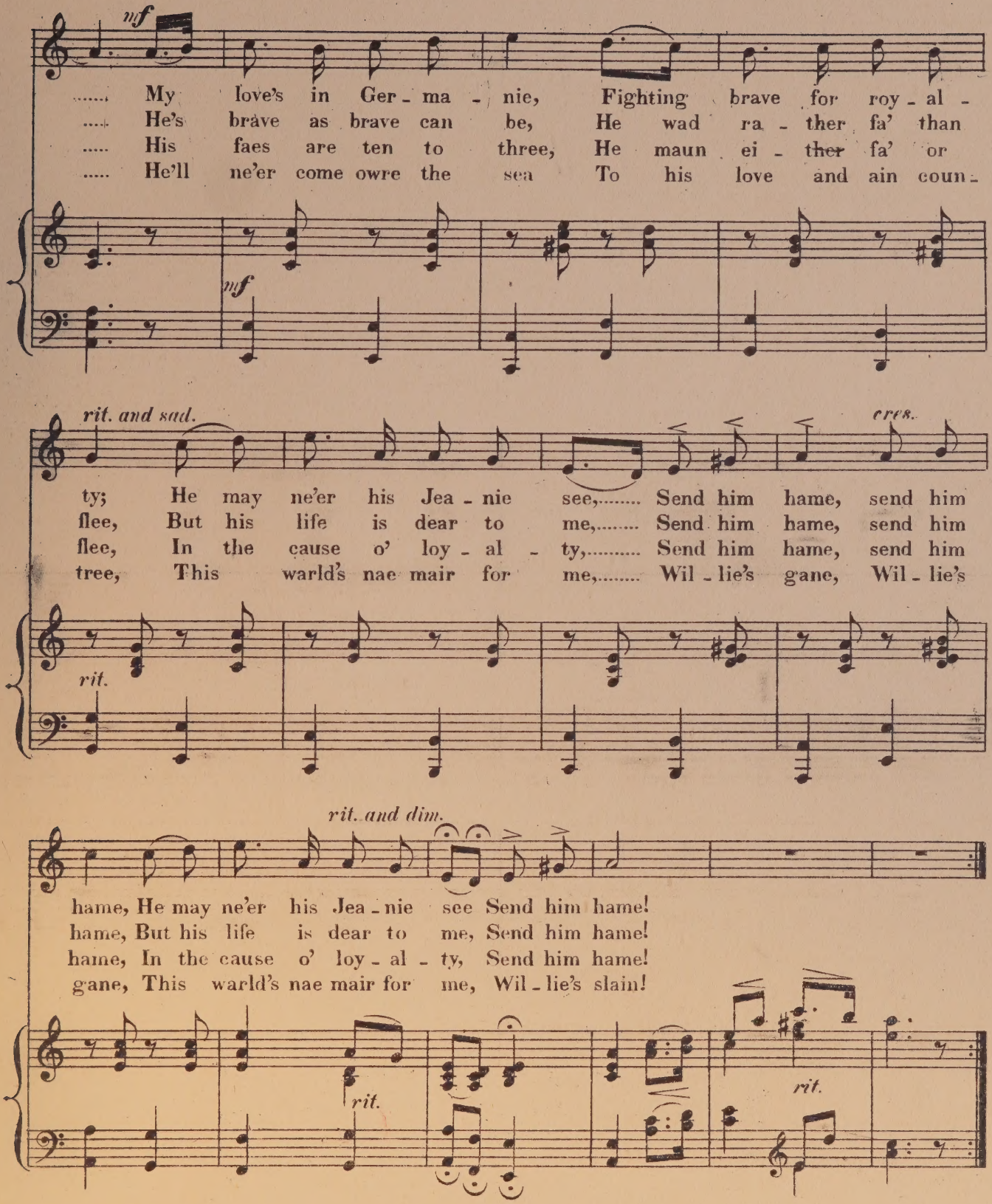

mf
..... My love's in Ger - ma - nie, Fighting brave for roy - al -
..... He's brave as brave can be, He wad ra - ther fa' than
..... His faes are ten to three, He maun ei - ther fa' or
..... He'll ne'er come owre the sea To his love and ain coun -
mf
rit. and sad.
cres.
ty; He may ne'er his Jea - nie see,..... Send him hame, send him
flee, But his life is dear to me,..... Send him hame, send him
flee, In the cause o' loy - al - ty,..... Send him hame, send him
tree, This warld's nae mair for me,..... Wil - lie's gane, Wil - lie's
rit.
rit. and dim.
hame, He may ne'er his Jea - nie see Send him hame!
hame, But his life is dear to me, Send him hame!
hame, In the cause o' loy - al - ty, Send him hame!
gane, This warld's nae mair for me, Wil - lie's slain!
rit.
rit.

MY LOVE 'S IN GERMANIE.

MY love 's in Germanie ;
Send him hame, send him hame ;
My love 's in Germanie, send him hame !
My love 's in Germanie
Fighting brave for royalty,
He may ne'er his Jeannie see,
Send him hame, send him hame ;
He may ne'er his Jeannie see, send him hame !

He 's brave as brave can be,
Send him hame, send him hame ;
He 's brave as brave can be, send him hame !
He 's brave as brave can be,
He wad rather fa' than flee,
But his life is dear to me,
Send him hame, send him hame ;
But his life is dear to me, send him hame !

His faes are ten to three,
Send him hame, send him hame ;
His faes are ten to three, send him hame !
His faes are ten to three,
He maun either fa' or flee ;
In the cause o' loyalty
Send him hame, send him hame ;
In the cause o' loyalty send him hame !

Your love ne'er learnt to flee,
Bonnie dame, winsome dame ;
Your love ne'er learnt to flee, winsome dame !
Your love ne'er learnt to flee,
But he fell in Germanie
Fighting brave for royalty,
Bonnie dame, mournfu' dame ;
Fighting brave for royalty, mournfu' dame !

He 'll ne'er come owre the sea,
Willie 's slain, Willie 's slain ;
He 'll ne'er come owre the sea, Willie 's gane !
He 'll ne'er come owre the sea
To his love and ain countree ;
This warld 's nae mair for me,
Willie 's gane, Willie 's gane ;
This warld 's nae mair for me, Willie 's slain.

HECTOR MACNEIL.

Health and joy be with you.

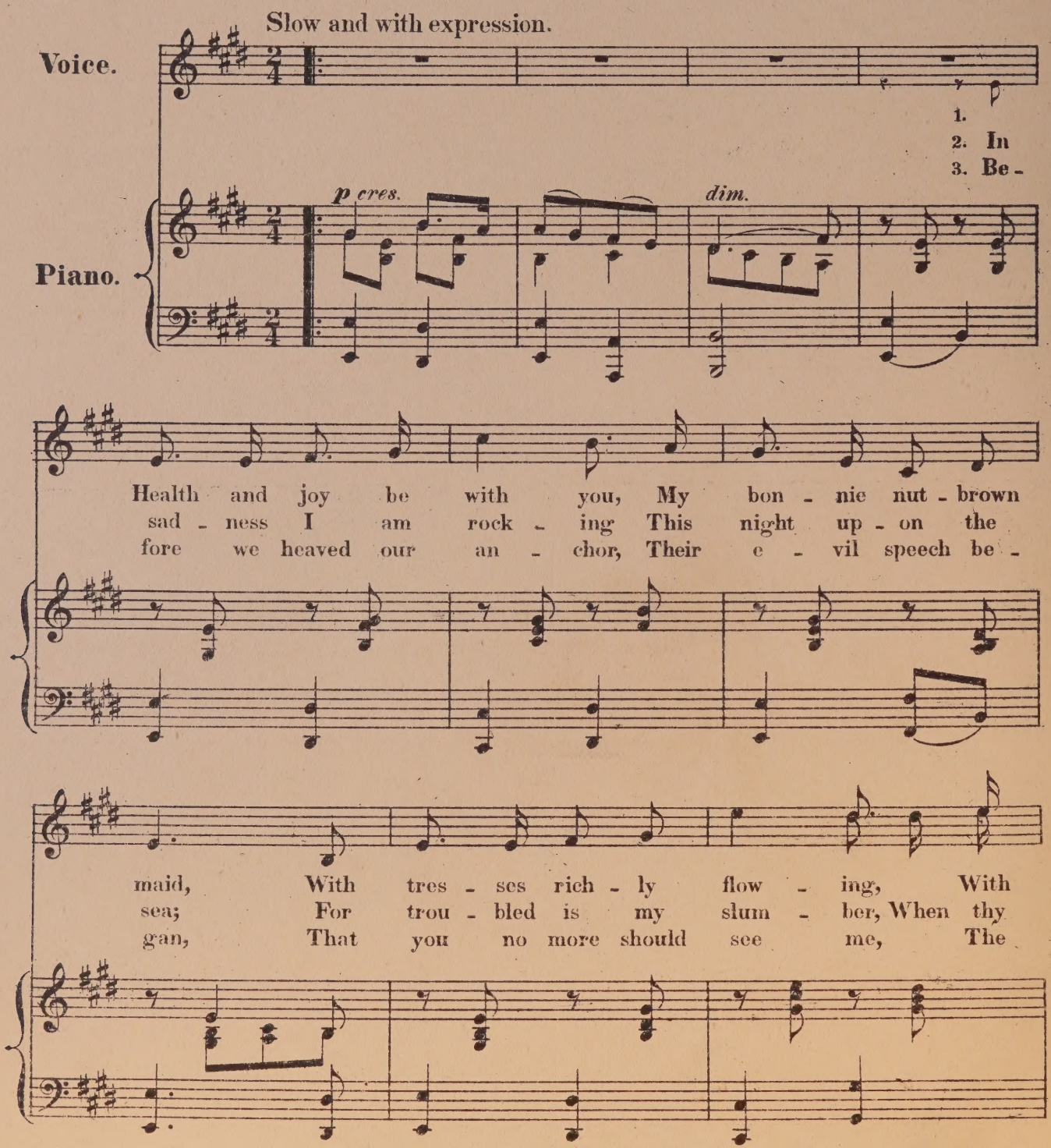
(GU MA SLAN A CHI ML)

XLI.

HEALTH AND JOY BE WITH YOU.

(GU MA SLAN A CHI MI.)

Translated from the Gaelic by
Professor BLACKIE.

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Slow and with expression.
Voice.
Piano.
p cres.
dim.
1.
2. In
3. Be -
Health and joy be with you, My bon - nie nut - brown
sad - ness I am rock - ing This night up - on the
fore we heaved our an - chor, Their e - vil speech be -
maid, With tres - ses rich - ly flow - ing, With
sea; For trou - bled is my slum - ber, When thy
gan, That you no more should see me, The

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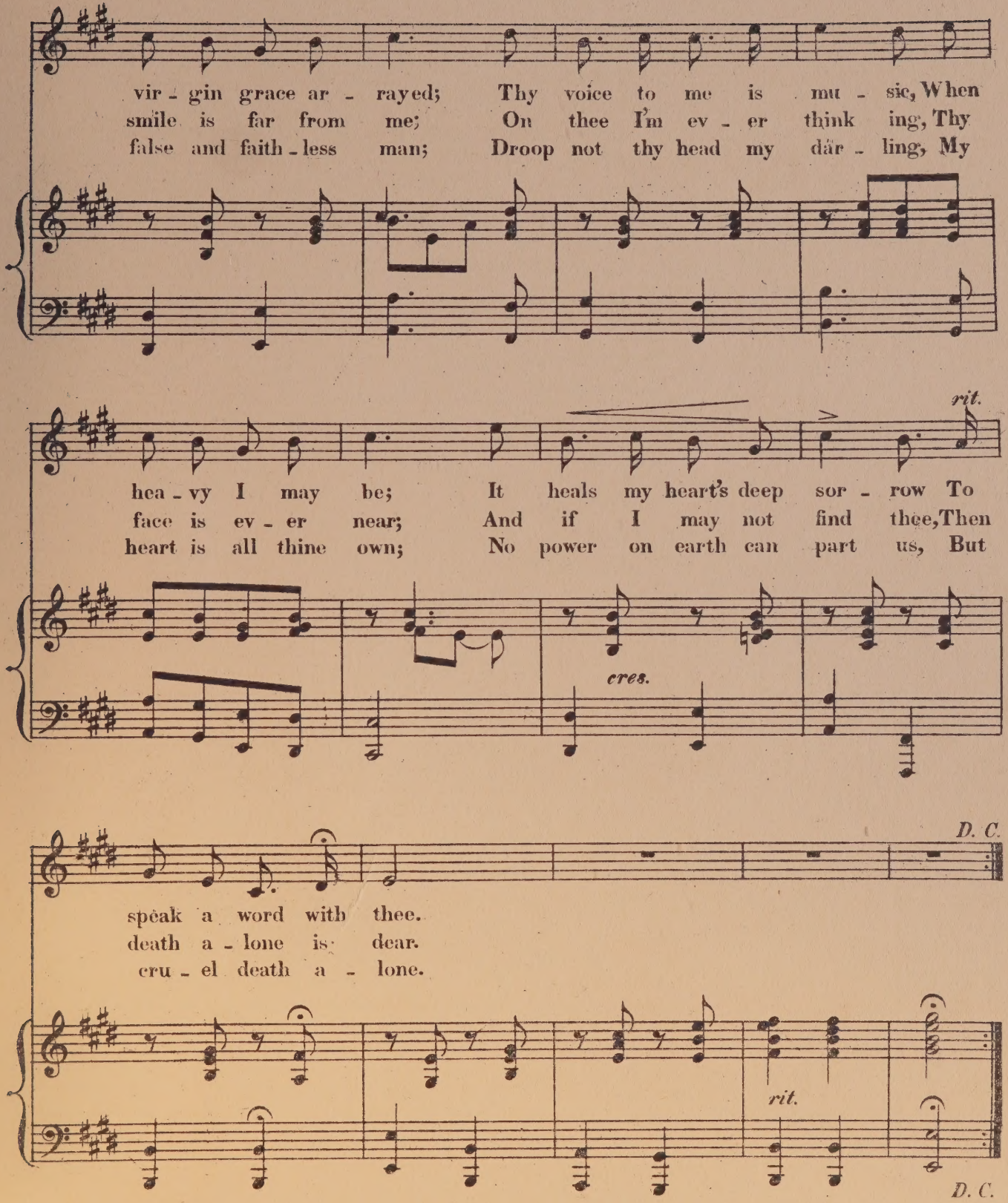

vir - gin grace ar - rayed; Thy voice to me is mu - sic, When
smile is far from me; On thee I'm ev - er think ing, Thy
false and faith - less man; Droop not thy head my där - ling, My
rit.
hea - vy I may be; It heals my heart's deep sor - row To
face is ev - er near; And if I may not find thee, Then
heart is all thine own; No power on earth can part us, But
cres.
D. C.
speak a word with thee.
death a - lone is dear.
cru - el death a - lone.
rit.
D. C.

HEALTH AND JOY BE WITH YOU.

(GU MA SLAN A CHI MI.)

HEALTH and joy be with you,
My bonnie nut-brown maid,
With tresses richly flowing,
With virgin grace arrayed;
Thy voice to me is music
When heavy I may be,
And it heals my heart's deep sorrow
To speak a word with thee.

In sadness I am rocking
This night upon the sea,
For troubled is my slumber
When thy smile is far from me;
On thee I'm ever thinking,
Thy face is ever near,
And if I may not find thee
Then death alone is dear.

Before we heaved our anchor
Their evil speech began,
That you no more should see me,
The false and faithless man.
Droop not thy head, my darling,
My heart is all thine own,
No power on earth can part us,
But cruel death alone.

Translated from the Gaelic by PROFESSOR BLACKIE

Colin's Cattle.

(CRODH CHAILLEAN)

A MILKING SONG.

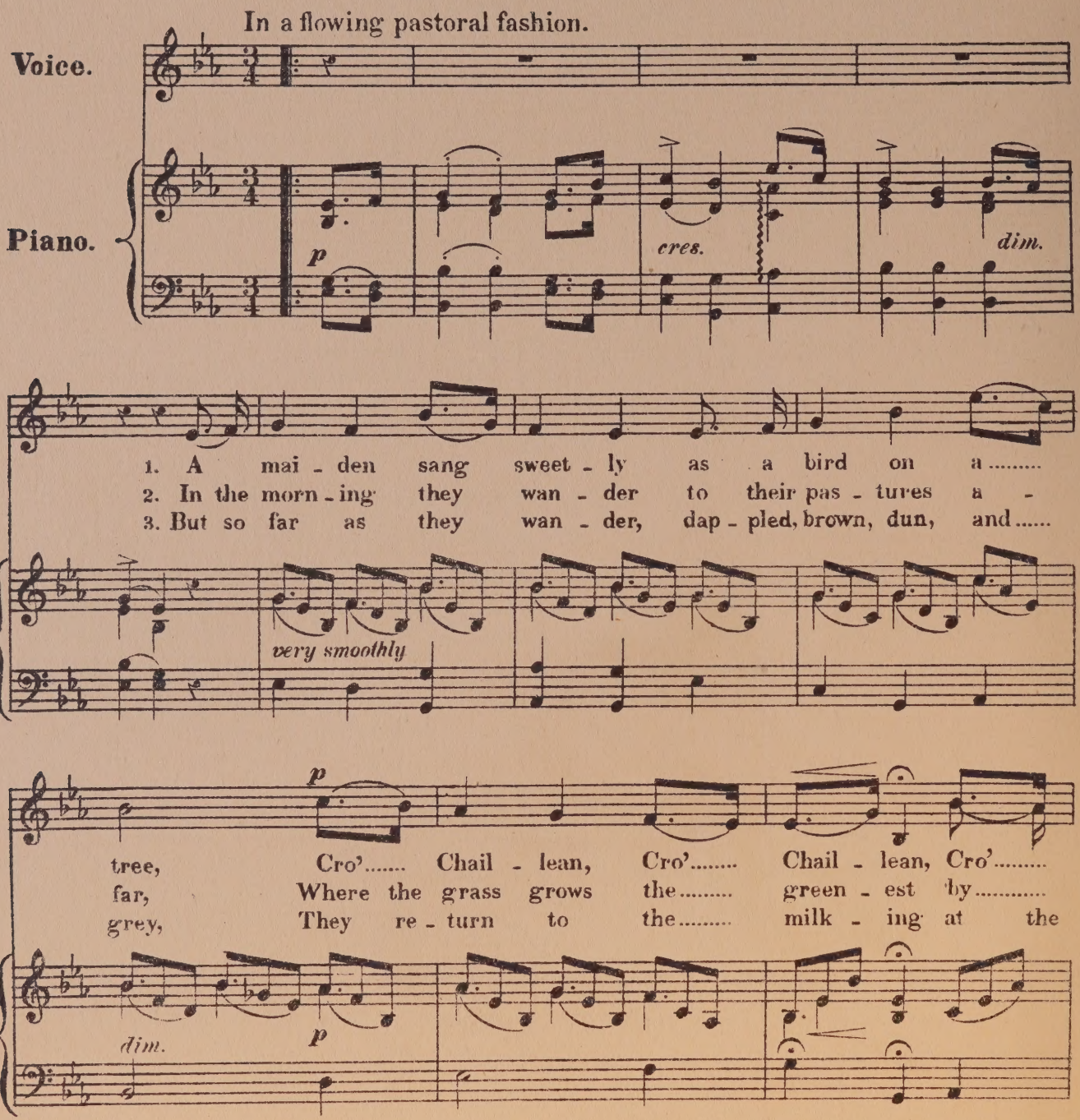
XLII.

*) COLIN'S CATTLE.

(CRODH CHAILLEAN.)

Words translated from the Gaelic by the Rev. A. STEWART, L. L. D. "Nether Lochaber."

Old Highland Melody arranged by MALCOLM LAWSON.


In a flowing pastoral fashion.
Voice.
Piano.
p
cres.
dim.
1. A mai - den sang sweet - ly as a bird on a .....
2. In the morn - ing they wan - der to their pas - tures a -
3. But so far as they wan - der, dap - pled, brown, dun, and .....
very smoothly
p
tree, Cro' ..... Chail - lean, Cro' ..... Chail - lean, Cro' .....
far, Where the grass grows the ..... green - est by .....
grey, They re - turn to the ..... milk - ing at the
dim.
p

*) *Moray, a fair young maiden, is stolen by the Fairies on the very day of her marriage with Colin. It is promised that she shall be allowed to return in a year and a day; meanwhile she is permitted to milk Colin's cattle every evening, and as she milks she sings this song. Being under the fairy spell Colin cannot see her, though he can hear her singing, and he listens every evening to her voice in the happy hope that she will be restored to him at the end of a year and a day.*

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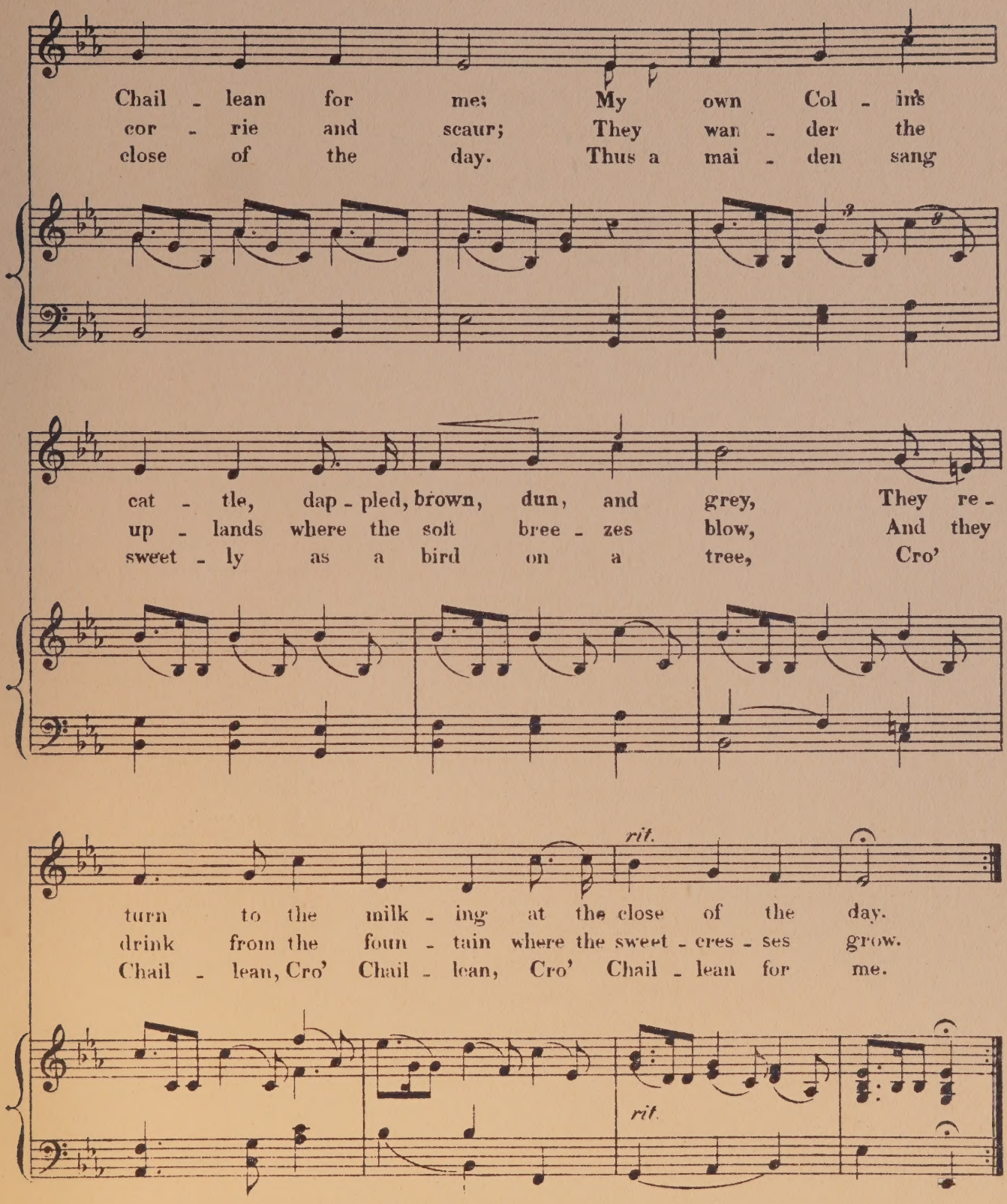

Chail - lean for me; My own Col - in's
cor - rie and scaur; They wan - der the
close of the day. Thus a mai - den sang
cat - tle, dap - pled, brown, dun, and grey, They re -
up - lands where the soft bree - zes blow, And they
sweet - ly as a bird on a tree, Cro'
rit.
turn to the milk - ing at the close of the day.
drink from the foun - tain where the sweet - cres - ses grow.
Chail - lean, Cro' Chail - lean, Cro' Chail - lean for me.
rit.

COLIN'S CATTLE

(CRODH CHAILLEAN),

A MILKING SONG.

A MAIDEN sang sweetly
As a bird on a tree,
Cro' Chaillean, Cro' Chaillean,
Cro' Chaillean for me.

My own Colin's cattle,
Dappled, brown, dun, and grey,
They return to the milking
At the close of the day.

In the morning they wander
To their pastures afar,
Where the grass grows the greenest
By corrie and scaur.

They wander the uplands
Where the soft breezes blow,
And they drink from the fountain
Where the sweet cresses grow.

But so far as they wander,
Dappled, brown, dun, and grey,
They return to the milking
At the close of the day.

My bed 's in the shian
On the canach's soft down,
But I 'd sleep best with Colin
In our sheiling alone.

Thus a maiden sang sweetly
As a bird on a tree,
Cro' Chaillean, Cro' Chaillean,
Cro' Chaillean for me.

Translated from the Gaelic by the
REV. A. STEWART, LL.D.
"Nether Lochaber."

O gin I were where Gowdie rins.

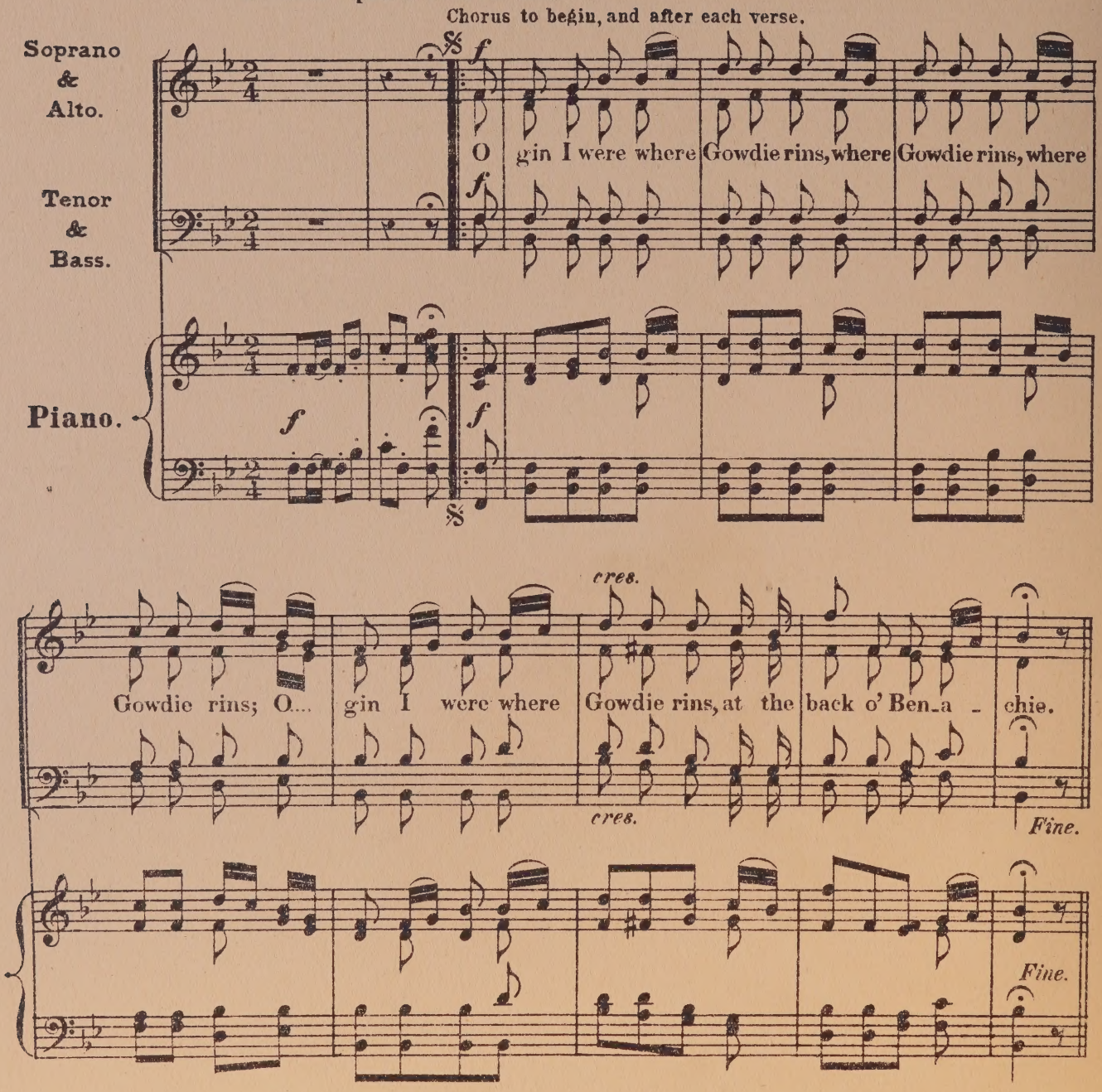
XLIII.

O GIN I WERE WHERE GOWDIE RINS.

*Words by the late Dr JOHN PARK of St. Andrews.

Old Aberdeenshire Melody arranged by MALCOLM LAWSON.

Rather quick and fresh.

Chorus to begin, and after each verse.

Soprano & Alto.
Tenor & Bass.
Piano.
O gin I were where Gowdie rins, where Gowdie rins, where
Gowdie rins; O.... gin I were where Gowdie rins, at the back o' Ben-a - chie.
cres.
Fine.

*This old Melody was taken down by Dr Park from the singing of a peasant girl in the Aberdeenshire Highlands; he afterwards wrote the words to the melody.

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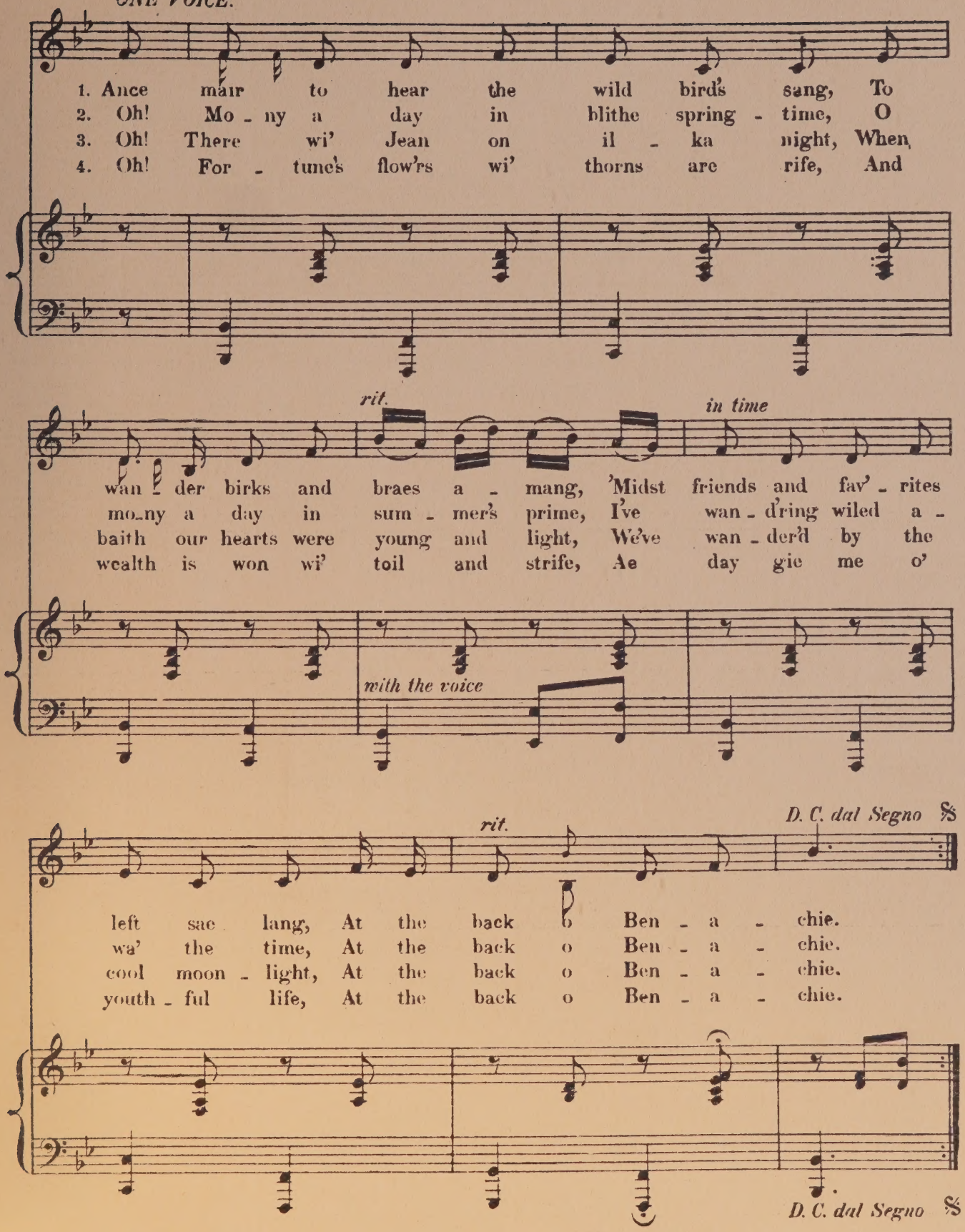
ONE VOICE.

1. Ance mair to hear the wild birds sang, To
2. Oh! Mo - ny a day in blithe spring - time, O
3. Oh! There wi' Jean on il - ka night, When
4. Oh! For - tune's flow'rs wi' thorns are rife, And
rit.
in time
wan - der birks and braes a - mang, 'Midst friends and fav' - rites
mo-ny a day in sum - mer's prime, I've wan - d'ring wiled a -
baith our hearts were young and light, We've wan - der'd by the
wealth is won wi' toil and strife, Ae day gie me o'
with the voice
rit.
D. C. dal Segno 𝄋
left sae lang, At the back o Ben - a - chie.
wa' the time, At the back o Ben - a - chie.
cool moon - light, At the back o Ben - a - chie.
youth - ful life, At the back o Ben - a - chie.
D. C. dal Segno 𝄋

O GIN I WERE WHERE GOWDIE RINS.

O GIN I were where Gowdie rins,
Where Gowdie rins, where Gowdie rins,
O gin I were where Gowdie rins
At the back o' Benachie!

Ance mair to hear the wild bird's sang,
To wander birks and braes amang,
'Midst friends and fav'rites left sae lang
At the back o' Benachie.

O gin I were, &c., &c., &c.

Oh! Mony a day in blithe spring-time,
Oh! Mony a day in summer's prime,
I 've wand'ring wiled awa' the time
At the back o' Benachie.

O gin I were, &c., &c., &c.

Oh! There wi' Jean on ilka night,
When baith our hearts were young and light,
We 've wandered by the cool moonlight
At the back o' Benachie.

O gin I were, &c., &c., &c.

Oh! Fortune's flow'rs wi' thorns are rife,
And wealth is won wi' toil and strife;
Ae day gie me o' youthful life
At the back o' Benachie!

O gin I were, &c., &c., &c.

DR. JOHN PARK.

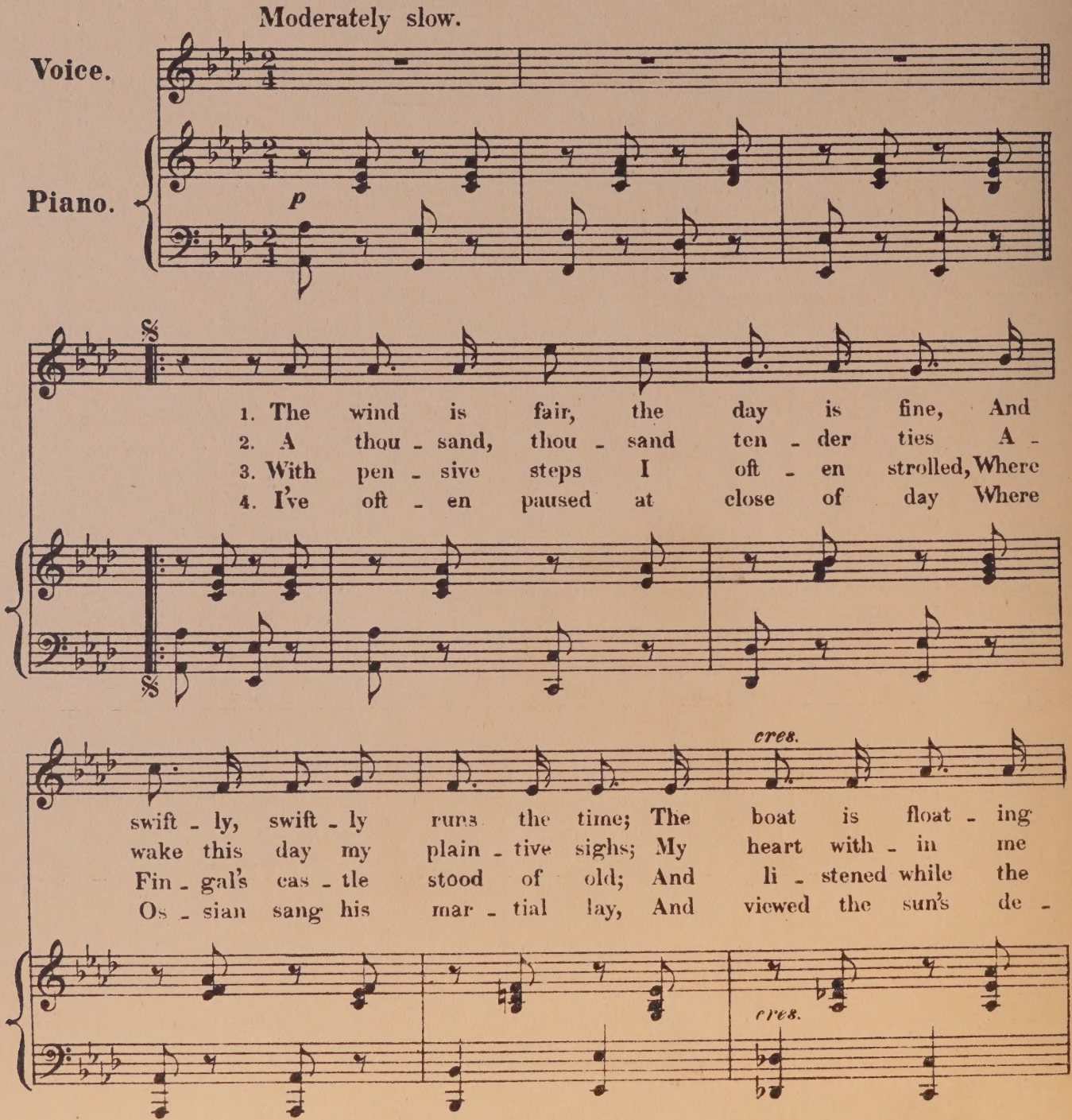
Farewell to Fiunary.

XLIV.

FAREWELL TO FIUNARY.

Words by the
Rev. NORMAN MACLEOD, D. D. senior.

Traditional Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.


Moderately slow.
Voice.
Piano.
p
1. The wind is fair, the day is fine, And
2. A thou - sand, thou - sand ten - der ties A -
3. With pen - sive steps I oft - en strolled, Where
4. I've oft - en paused at close of day Where
swift - ly, swift - ly runs the time; The boat is float - ing
wake this day my plain - tive sighs; My heart with - in me
Fin - gal's cas - tle stood of old; And li - stened while the
Os - sian sang his mar - tial lay, And viewed the sun's de -
cres.
cres.

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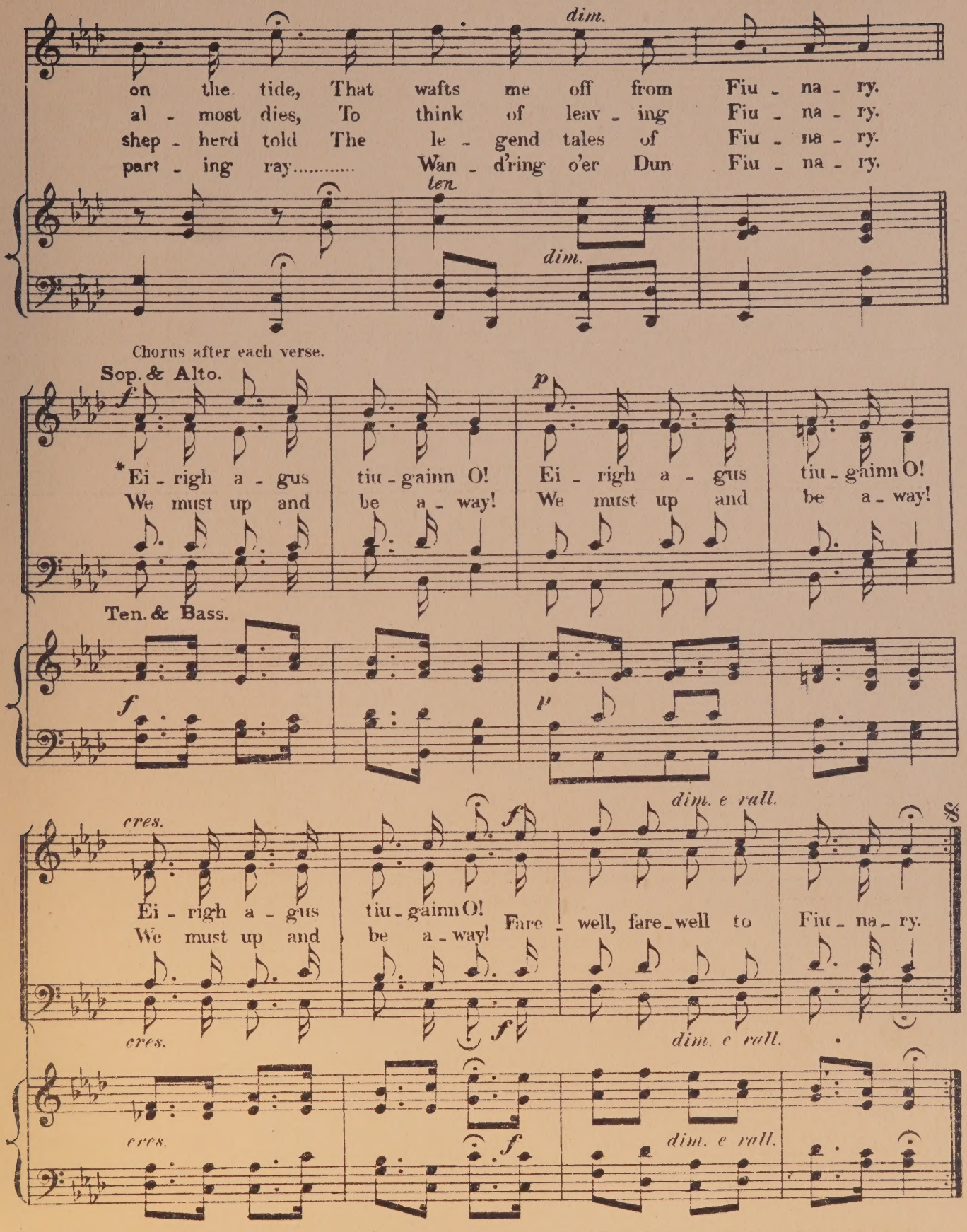

dim.
on the tide, That wafts me off from Fiu - na - ry.
al - most dies, To think of leav - ing Fiu - na - ry.
shep - herd told The le - gend tales of Fiu - na - ry.
part - ing ray..... Wan - d'ring o'er Dun Fiu - na - ry.
ten.
dim.
Chorus after each verse.
Sop. & Alto.
f
p
*Ei - righ a - gus tiu - gainn O! Ei - righ a - gus tiu - gainn O!
We must up and be a - way! We must up and be a - way!
Ten. & Bass.
f
p
dim. e rall.
cres.
f
Ei - righ a - gus tiu - gainn O! Fare - well, fare - well to Fiu - na - ry.
We must up and be a - way!
cres.
f
dim. e rall.
cres.
f
dim. e rall.

*Pronounced: "Iyrich agus teukin O," which means: "We must up and be away."

FAREWELL TO FIUNARY.

THE wind is fair, the day is fine,
And swiftly, swiftly runs the time,
The boat is floating on the tide
That wafts me off from Fiunary.

Eirigh agus tiugainn O !
Eirigh agus tiugainn O !
Eirigh agus tiugainn O !
Farewell, farewell to Fiunary !

A thousand thousand tender ties
Awake this day my plaintive sighs,
My heart within me almost dies
To think of leaving Fiunary.

Eirigh, &c., &c., &c.

With pensive steps I often strolled
Where Fingal's castle stood of old,
And listened while the shepherd told
The legend tales of Fiunary.

Eirigh, &c., &c., &c.

I 've often paused at close of day
Where Ossian sang his martial lay,
And viewed the sun's departing ray
Wandering o'er Dun Fiunary.

Eirigh, &c., &c., &c.

REV. NORMAN MACLEOD.

Brown-haired Maiden.

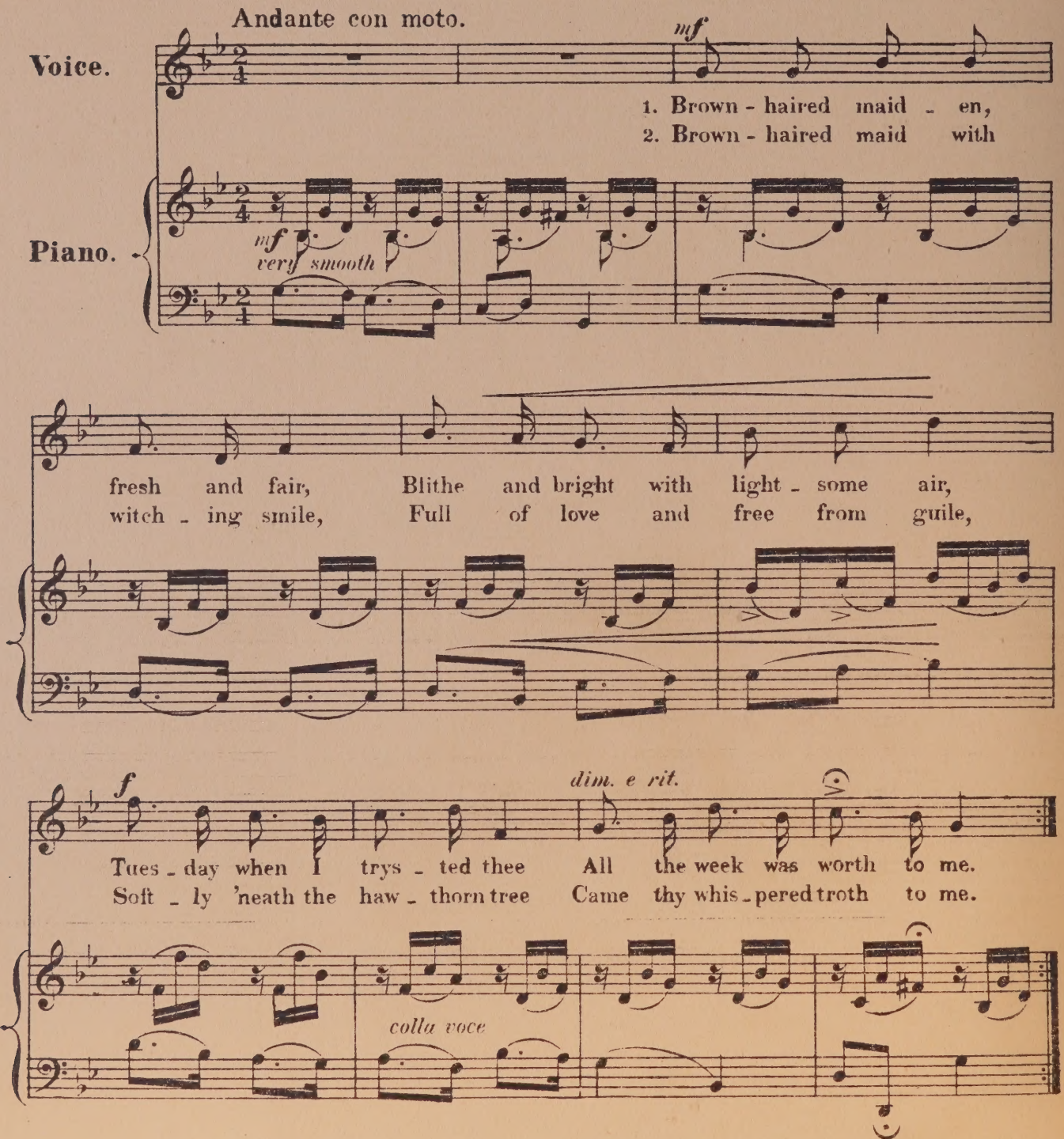
(GRUAGACH DHONN.)

XLV.

BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN.

(GRUAGACH DHONN.)

Translated from the Gaelic by
Professor BLACKIE.

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Andante con moto.
Voice.
mf
1. Brown - haired maid - en,
2. Brown - haired maid with
Piano.
mf
very smooth
fresh and fair, Blithe and bright with light - some air,
witch - ing smile, Full of love and free from guile,
f
dim. e rit.
Tues - day when I trys - ted thee All the week was worth to me.
Soft - ly 'neath the haw - thorn tree Came thy whis - pered troth to me.
colla voce

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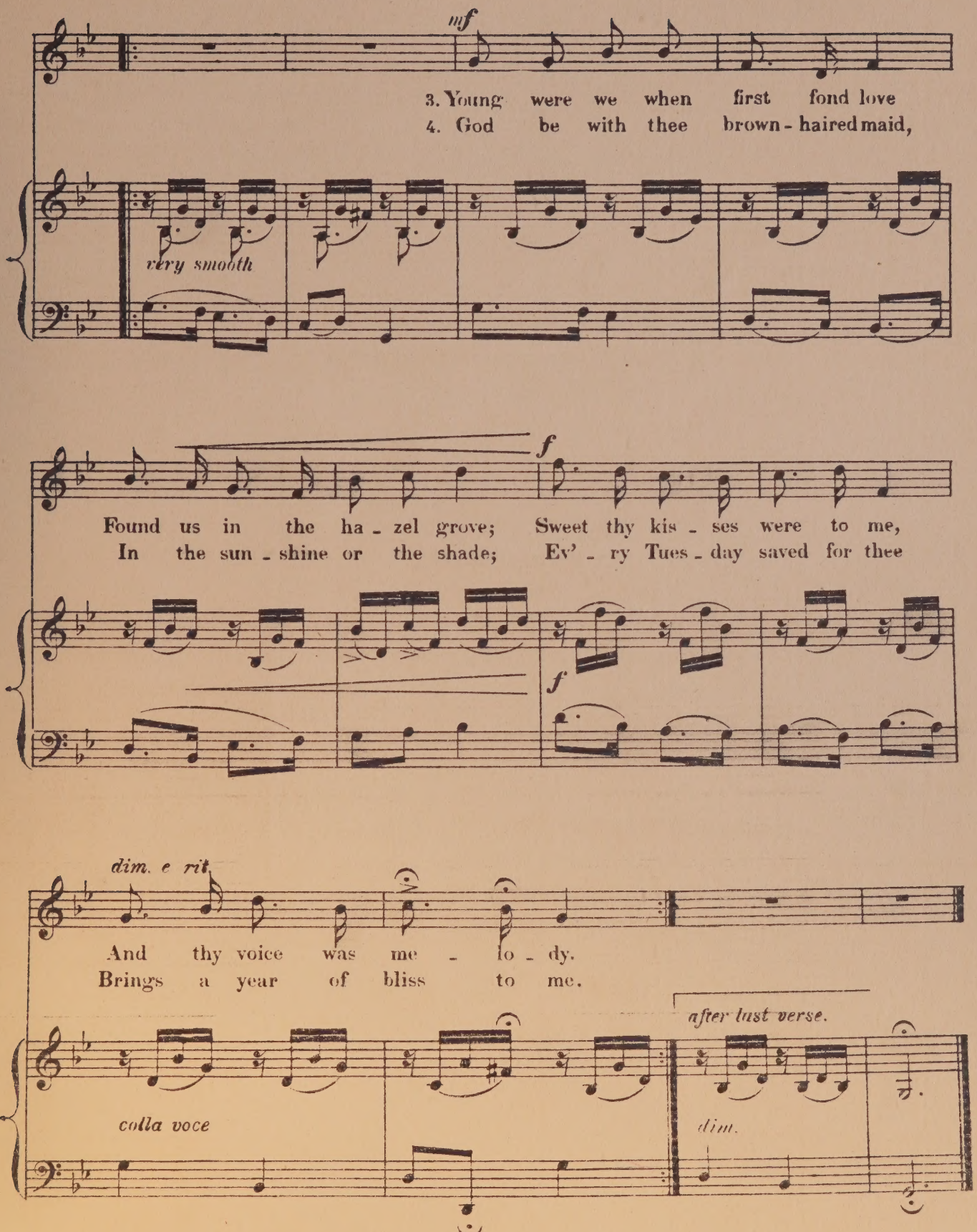

mf
3. Young were we when first fond love
4. God be with thee brown-haired maid,
very smooth
f
Found us in the ha-zel grove; Sweet thy kis-ses were to me,
In the sun-shine or the shade; Ev'-ry Tues-day saved for thee
f
dim. e rit
And thy voice was me-lo-dy.
Brings a year of bliss to me.
after last verse.
colla voce
dim.

BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN.

(GRUAGACH DHONN.)

BROWN-HAIRED maiden, fresh and fair,
Blithe and bright with lightsome air,
Tuesday when I trysted thee
All the week was worth to me.

Brown-haired maid with witching smile,
Full of love and free from guile,
Softly 'neath the hawthorn tree
Came thy whispered troth to me.

Young were we when first fond love
Found us in the hazel grove ;
Sweet thy kisses were to me,
And thy voice was melody.

God be with thee, brown-haired maid,
In the sunshine or the shade ;
Ev'ry Tuesday saved for thee
Brings a year of bliss to me.

Translated from the Gaelic by PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

Maiden of Morven.

(AN OSSIANIC LOVE-LAMENT.)

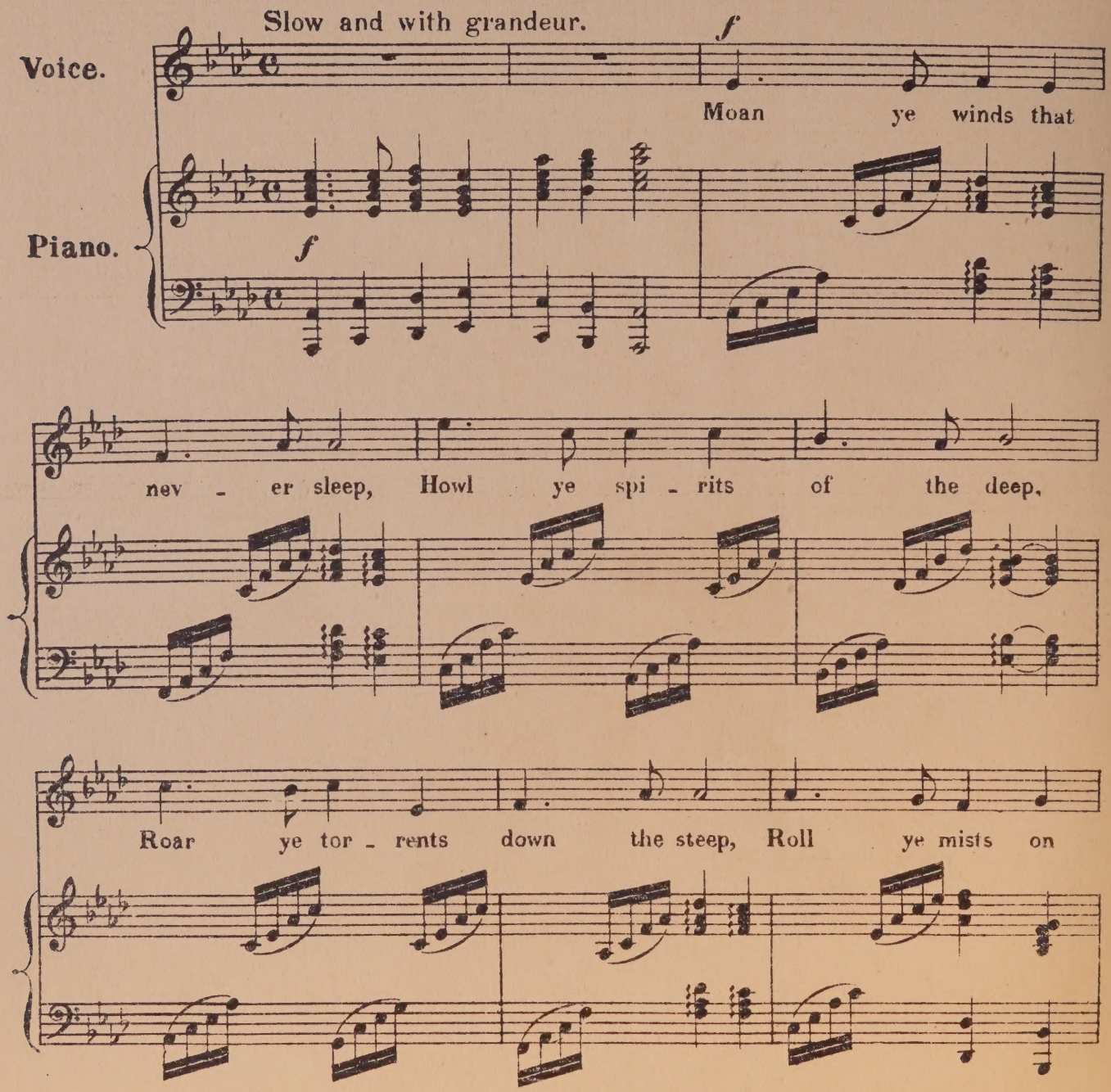
XLVI.

MAIDEN OF MORVEN.*

(The lament of an Ossianic hero for the death of his lady-love accidentally lost in a storm off the point of Ardnamurchan.)

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.


Slow and with grandeur.
Voice.
Piano.
f
f
Moan ye winds that
nev - er sleep, Howl ye spi - rits of the deep,
Roar ye tor - rents down the steep, Roll ye mists on

*Morven was the name formerly given to a large part of the Western Highlands, and not only to the district now bearing the name.

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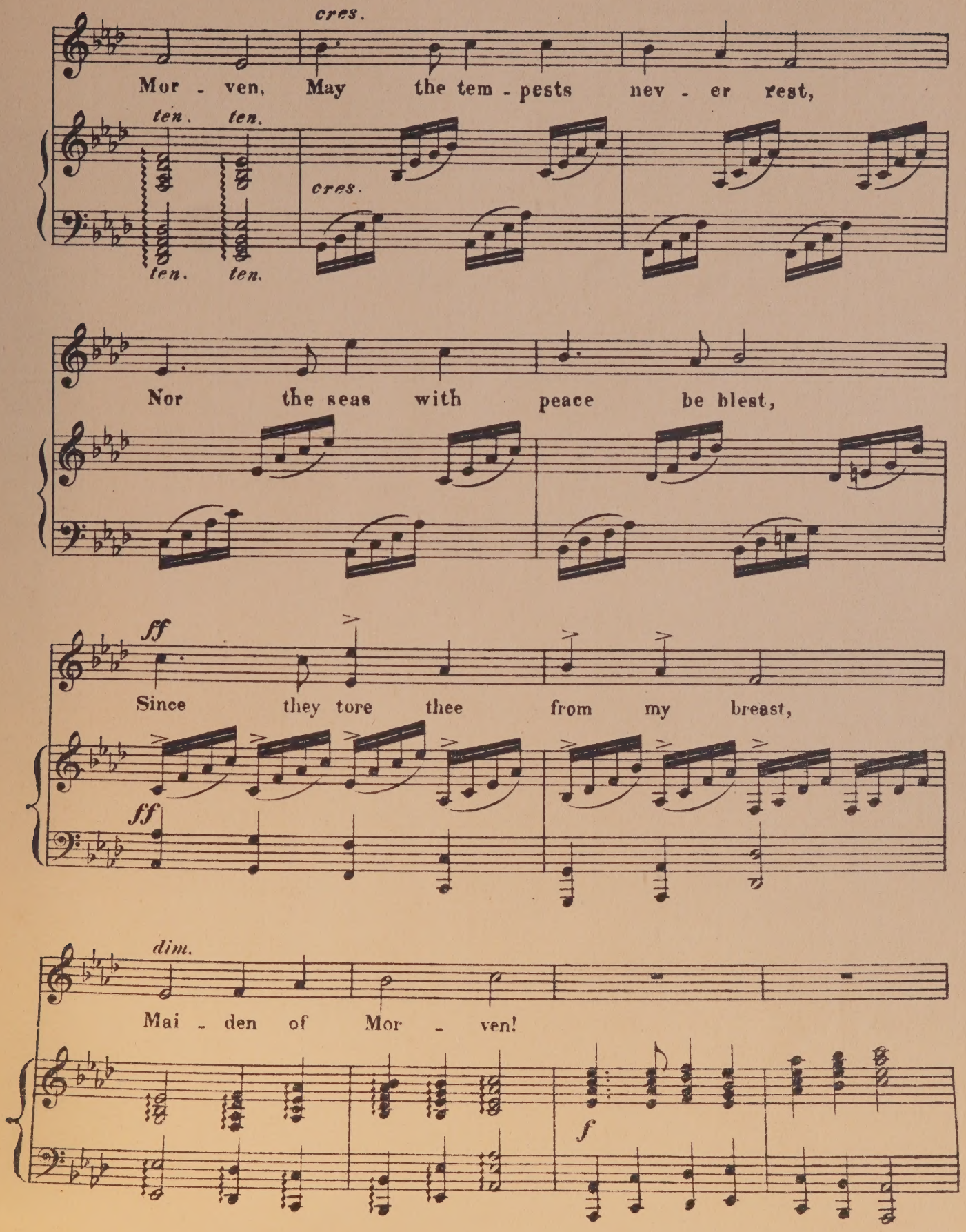
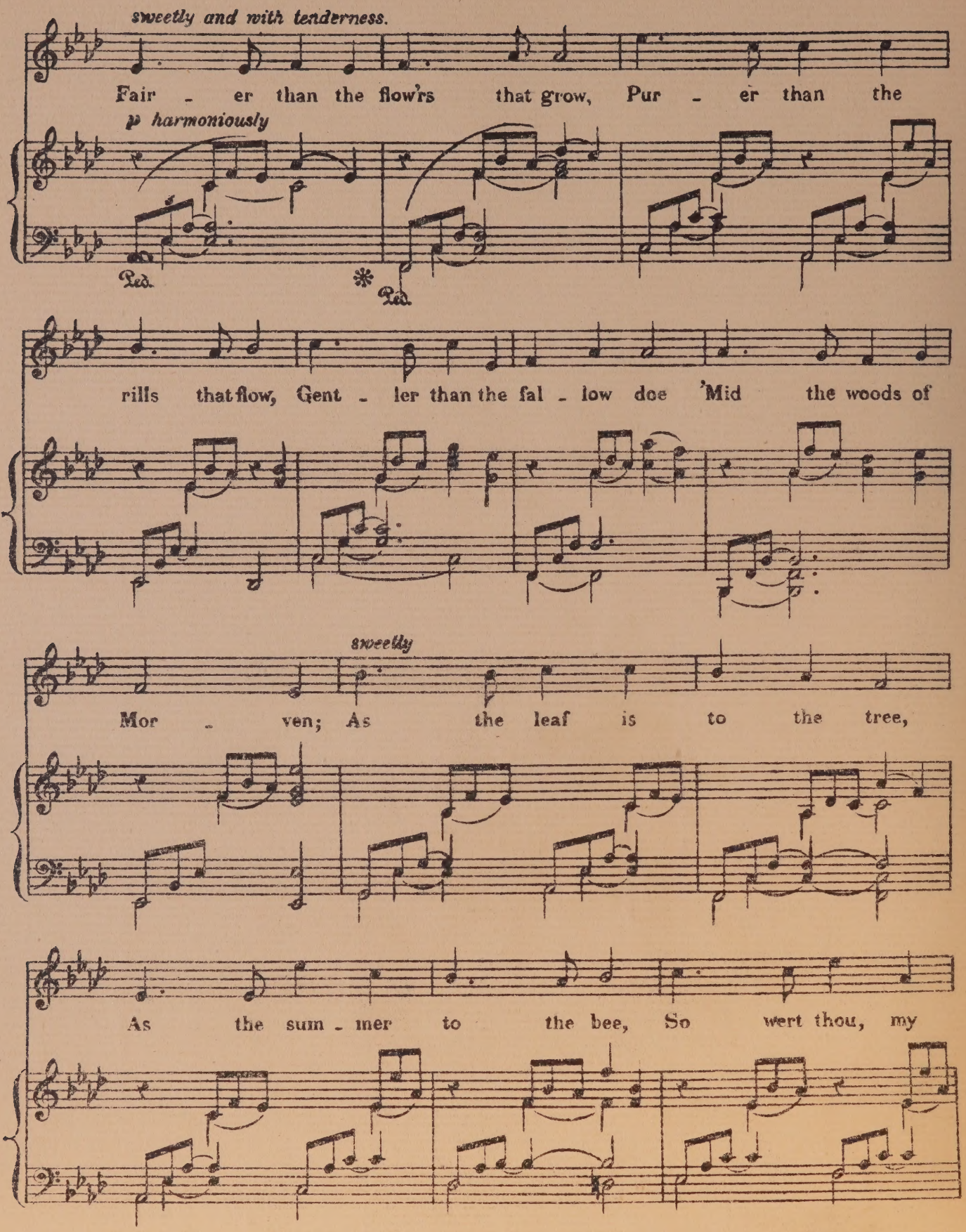
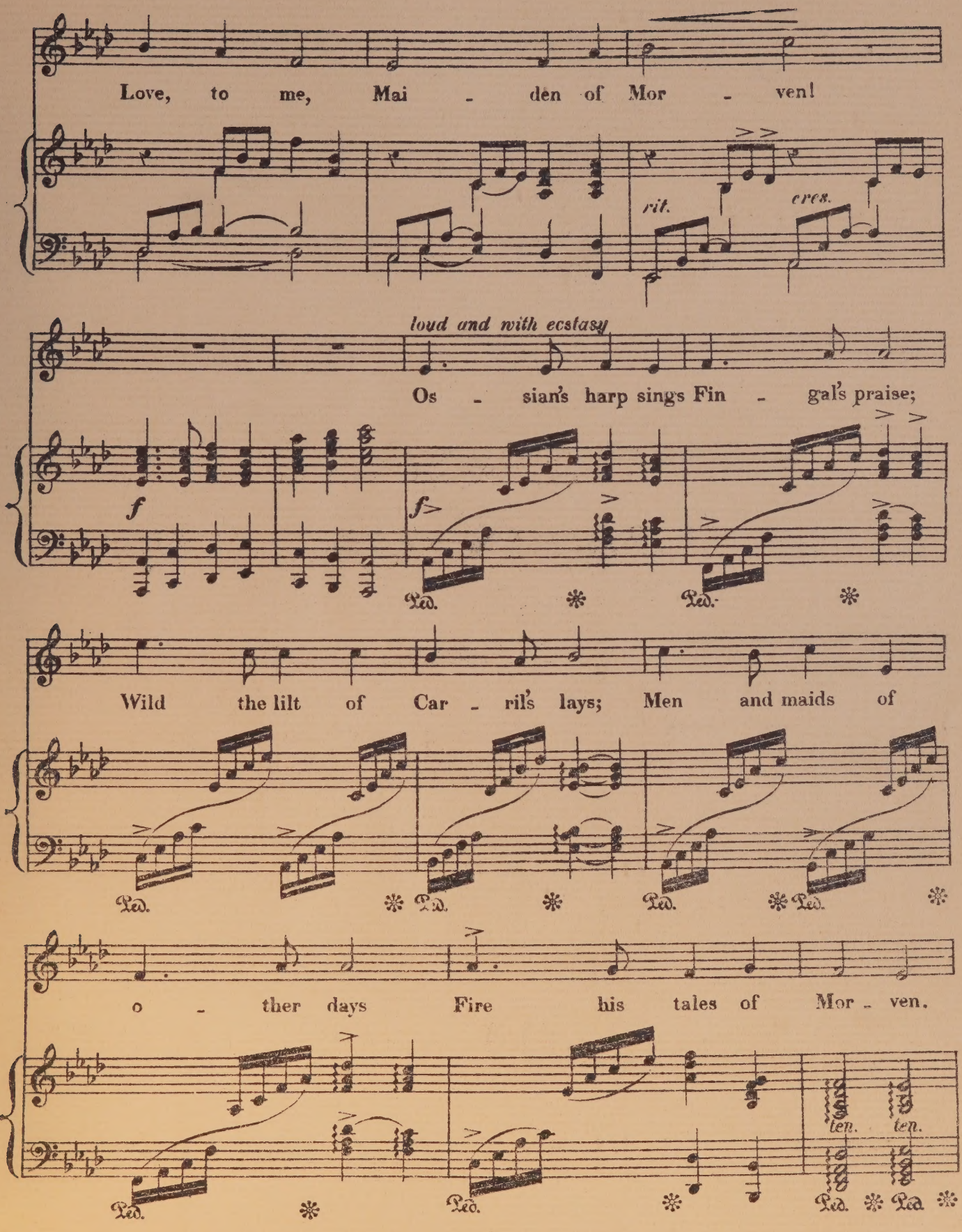
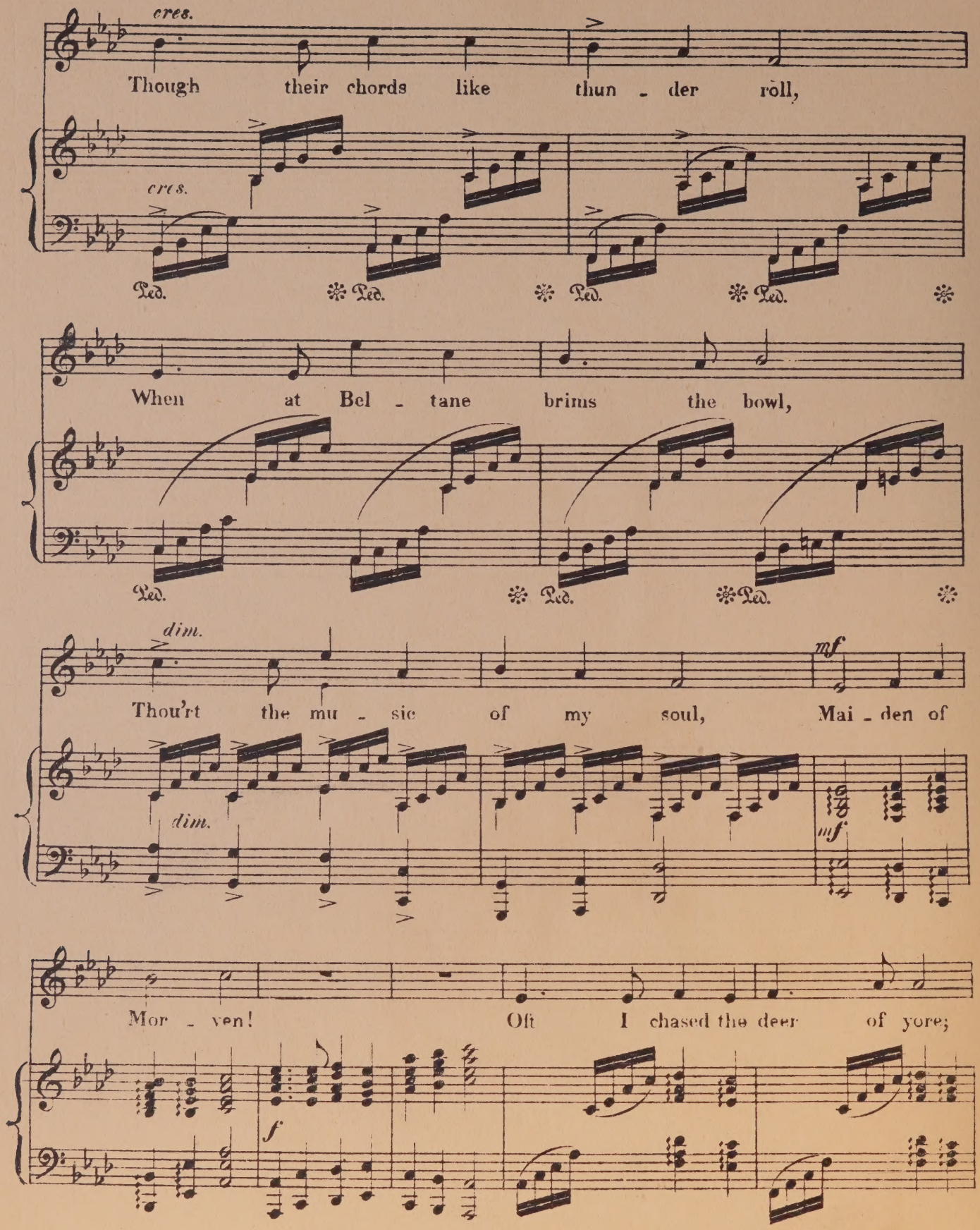
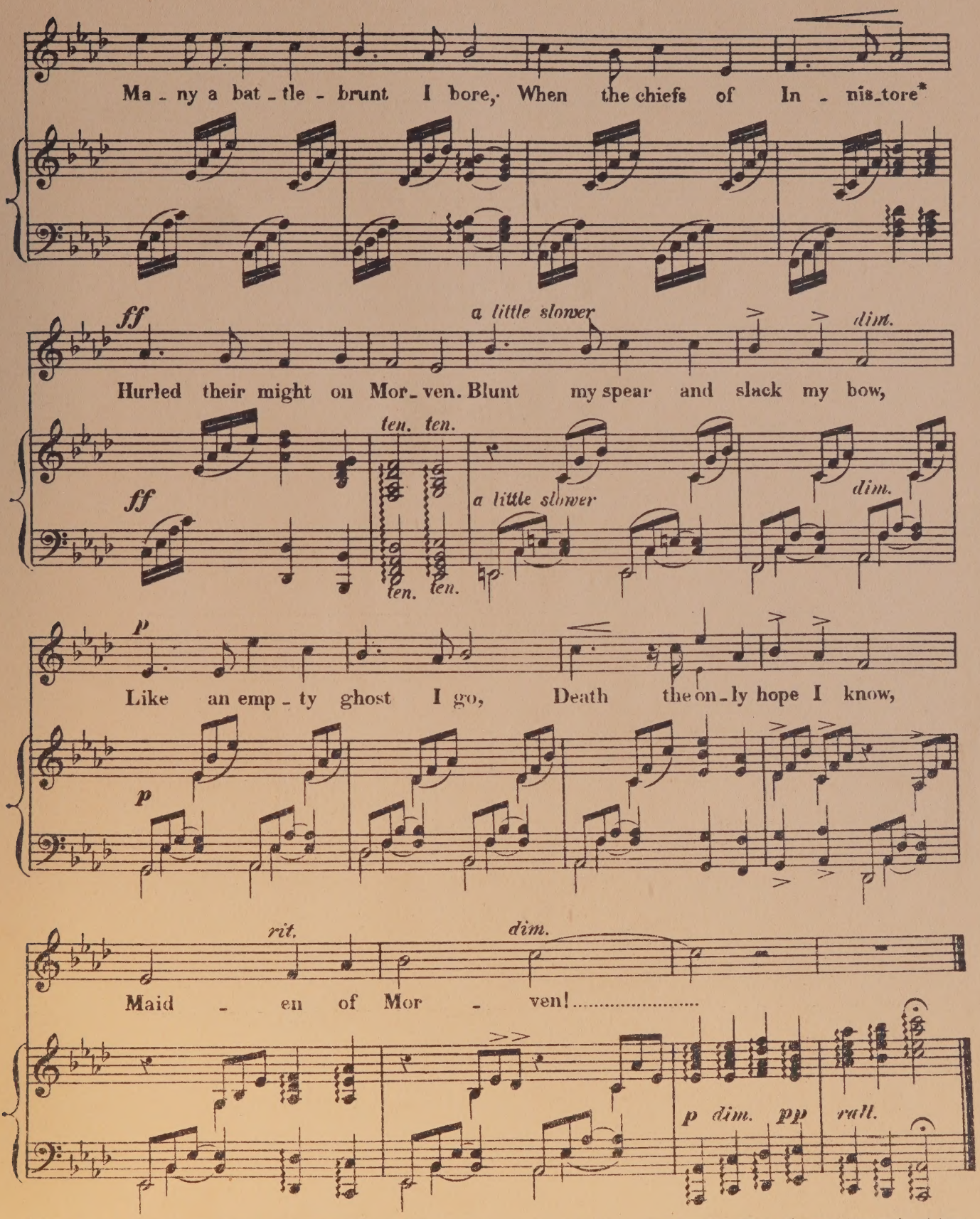

cres.
Mor - ven, May the tem - pests nev - er rest,
ten. ten.
cres.
ten. ten.
Nor the seas with peace be blest,
ff
Since they tore thee from my breast,
ff
dim.
Mai - den of Mor - ven!
f


sweetly and with tenderness.
Fair - er than the flow'rs that grow, Pur - er than the
p harmoniously
Ped.
Ped.
rills that flow, Gent - ler than the fal - low doe 'Mid the woods of
sweetly
Mor - ven; As the leaf is to the tree,
As the sum - mer to the bee, So wert thou, my


Love, to me, Mai - den of Mor - ven!
rit.
cres.
loud and with ecstasy
Os - sian's harp sings Fin - gal's praise;
f
f
Ped.
Ped.
Wild the lilt of Car - ril's lays; Men and maids of
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
o - ther days Fire his tales of Mor - ven.
ten.
ten.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


cres.
Though their chords like thun - der roll,
cres.
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
When at Bel - tane brims the bowl,
Ped. Ped. Ped.
dim.
Thou'rt the mu - sic of my soul,
mf
Mai - den of
dim.
mf
Mor - ven!
Oft I chased the deer of yore;
f


Ma - ny a bat - tle - brunt I bore, When the chiefs of In - nis-tore*
ff
a little slower
dim.
Hurled their might on Mor-ven. Blunt my spear and slack my bow,
ten. ten.
ff
a little slower
dim.
ten. ten.
p
Like an emp - ty ghost I go, Death the on-ly hope I know,
p
rit.
dim.
Maid - en of Mor - ven!.....
p dim. pp
rall.

* *Innistore = the Orkney Islands, then like many of the Islands under the dominion of the Scandinavian Kings, who were frequently at war with the Celtic Fingalians of the Mainland.*

MAIDEN OF MORVEN.

(AN OSSIANIC LOVE-LAMENT.)

MOAN ye winds that never sleep,
Howl ye spirits of the deep,
Roar ye torrents down the steep,
Roll ye mists on Morven.
May the tempests never rest,
Nor the seas with peace be blest
Since they tore thee from my breast,
Maiden of Morven!

Fairer than the flowers that grow,
Purer than the rills that flow,
Gentler than the fallow doe
'Mid the woods of Morven;
As the leaf is to the tree,
As the summer to the bee,
So wert thou, my Love, to me,
Maiden of Morven!

Ossian's harp sings Fingal's praise;
Wild the lilt of Carril's lays,
Men and maids of other days
Fire his tales of Morven.
Through their chords like thunder roll,
When at Beltane brims the bowl,
Thou 'rt the music of my soul,
Maiden of Morven!

Oft I chased the deer of yore;
Many a battle-brunt I bore,
When the chiefs of Innistore
Hurled their might on Morven.
Blunt my spear, and slack my bow,
Like an empty ghost I go,
Death the only hope I know,
Maiden of Morven!

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Lament of the Border Widow
My Heart's in the Highlands
Jingling Johnnie
My Dear and Only Love (Montrose's Love Song)
The Flowers of the Forest
The Heiress
Roderick Vich Alpin Dhu
The Cooper o' Fife
The Bonnie Wee Rose
L'Adieu de Marie Stuart
Tarry Woo
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie
The Lad with the Curly Black Hair
The Royal Rose
The Sun Rises Bright in France
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